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BY C. B. FRY.

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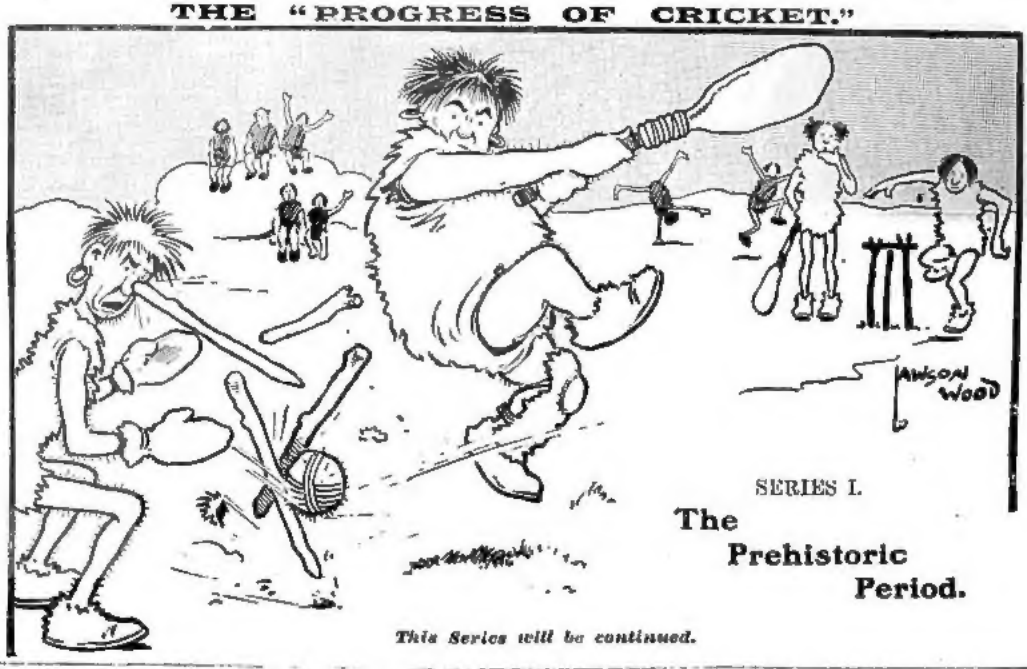

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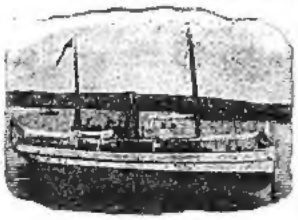

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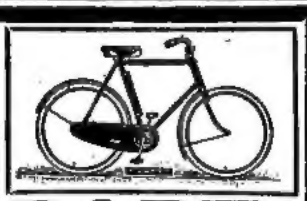

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20 Honduras		8	20 Servia		6	10 Labuan		9
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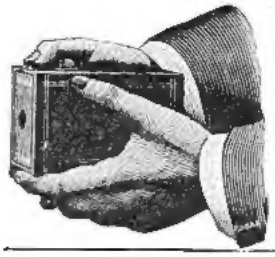

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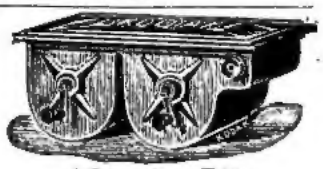

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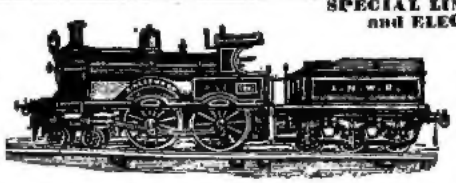

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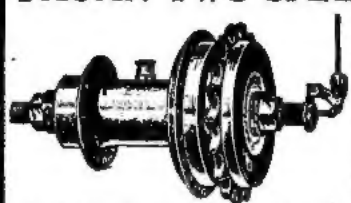

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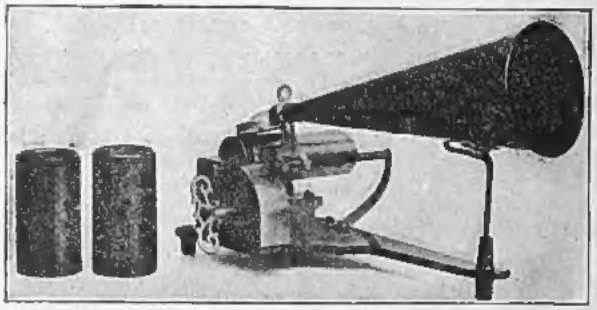

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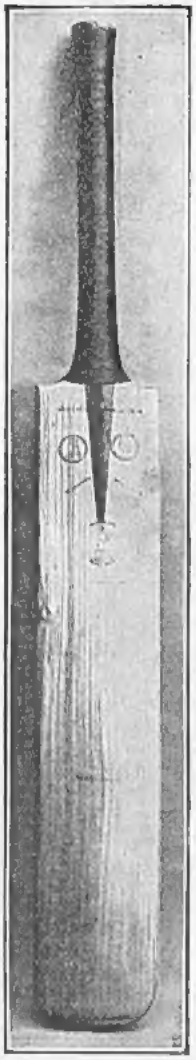

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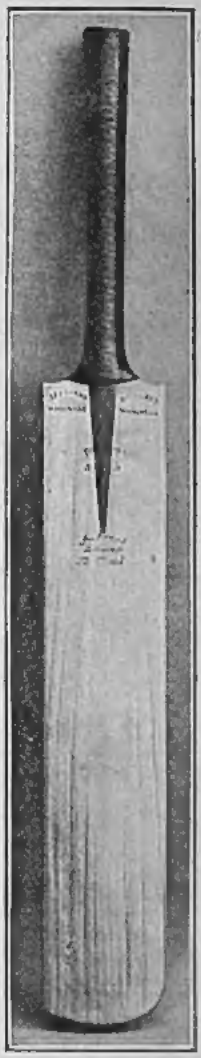

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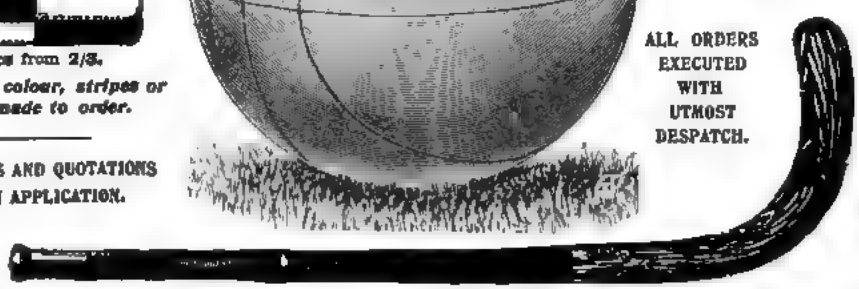

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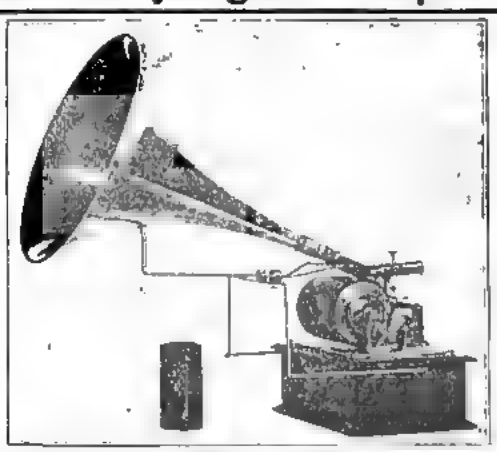

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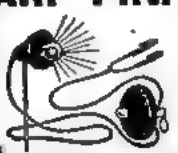

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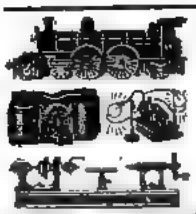

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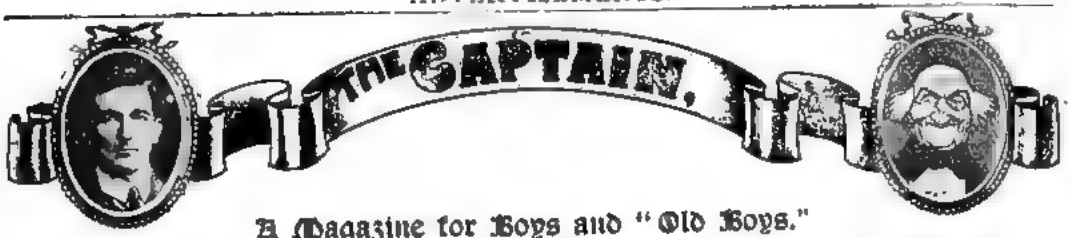

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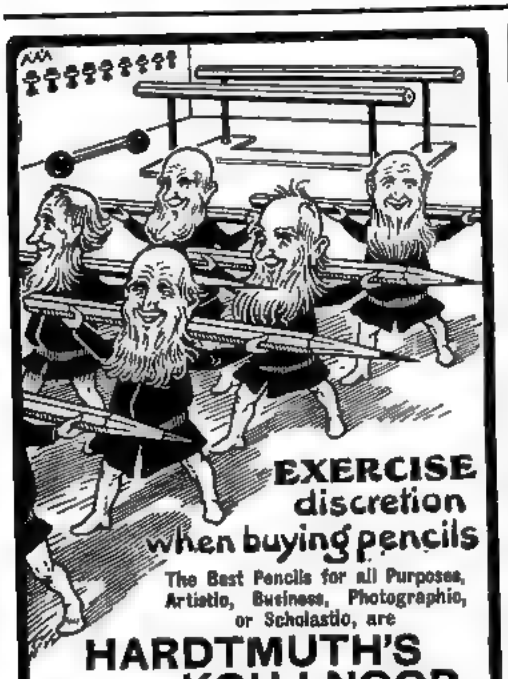

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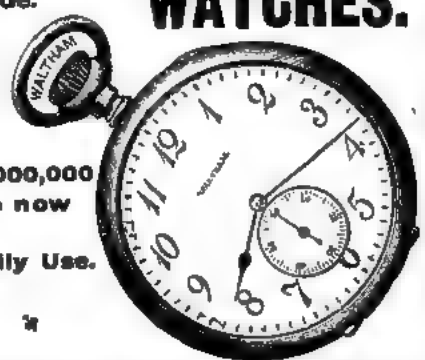

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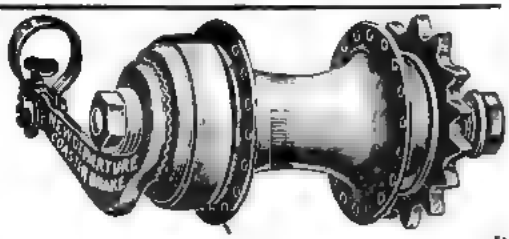

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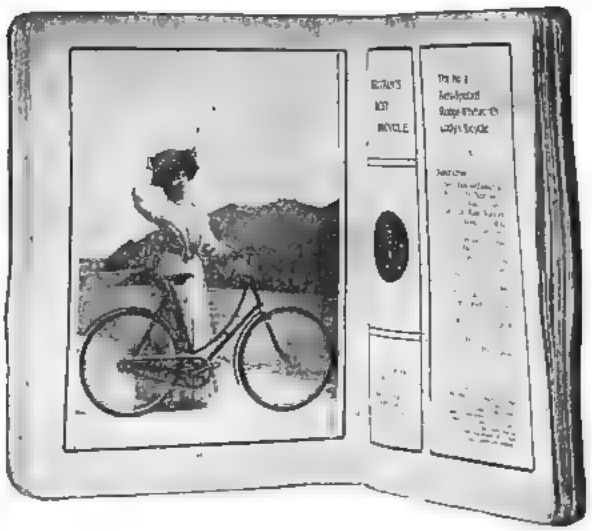

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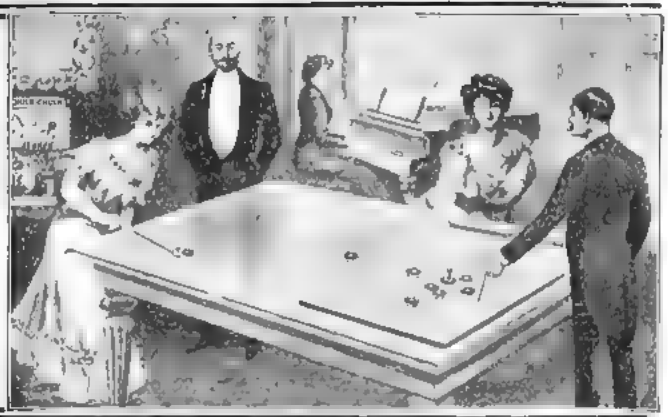

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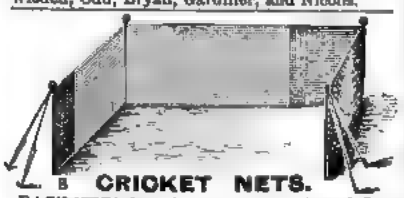

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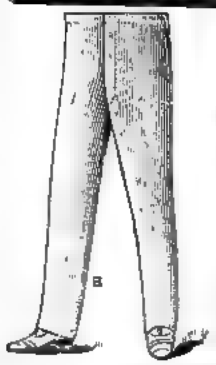

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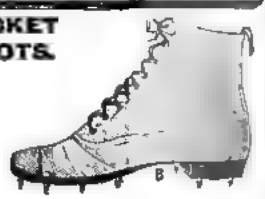

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See page 497

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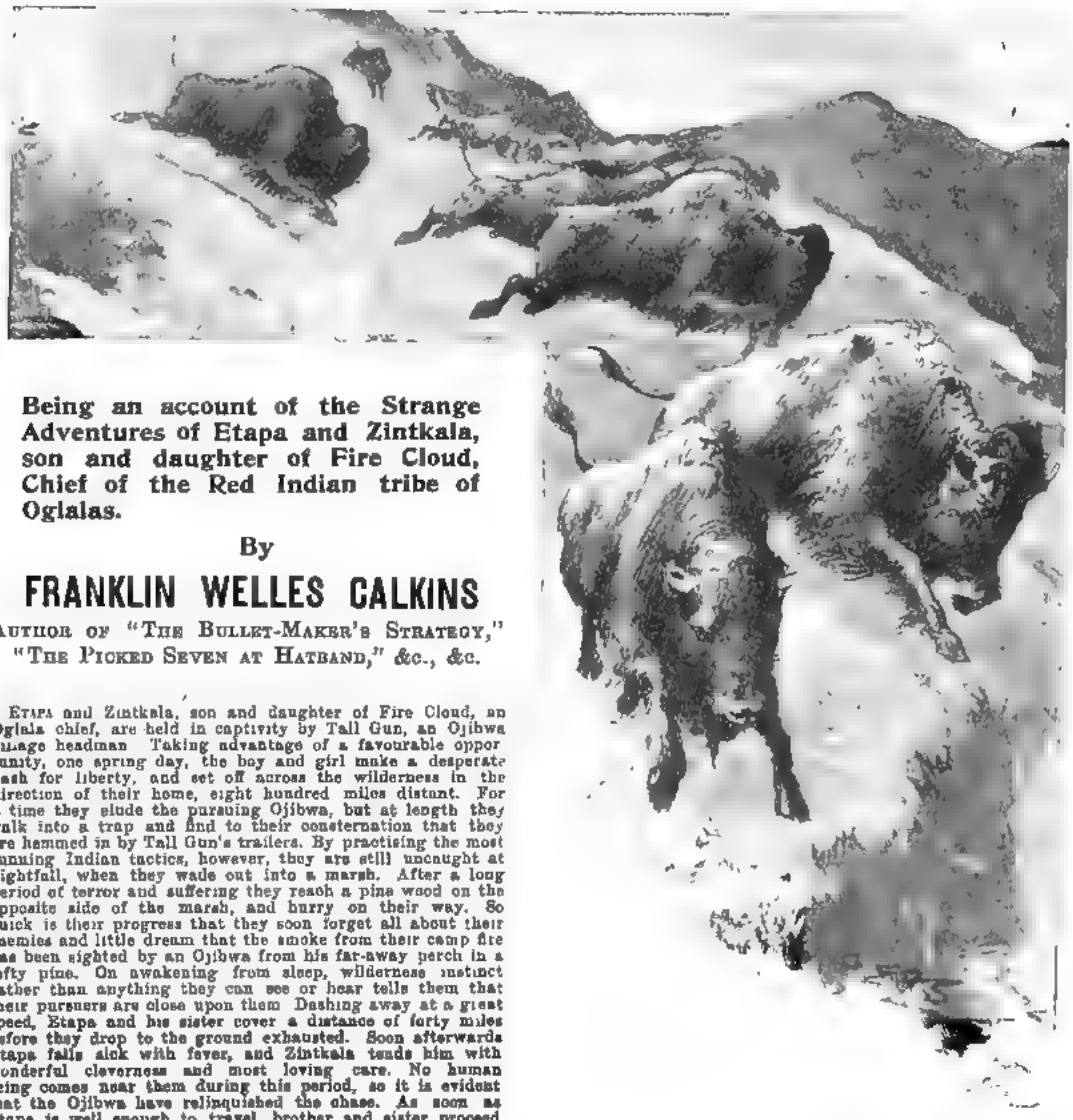

Being an account of the Strange Adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Oglalas.

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ETAPA and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, an Oglala chief, are held in captivity by Tall Gun, an Ojibwa village headman. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, one spring day, the boy and girl make a desperate dash for liberty, and set off across the wilderness in the direction of their home, eight hundred miles distant. For a time they elude the pursuing Ojibwa, but at length they walk into a trap and find to their consternation that they are hemmed in by Tall Gun's trailers. By practising the most cunning Indian tactics, however, they are still uncaught at nightfall, when they wade out into a marsh. After a long period of terror and suffering they reach a pine wood on the opposite side of the marsh, and hurry on their way. So quick is their progress that they soon forget all about their enemies and little dream that the smoke from their camp fire has been sighted by an Ojibwa from his far-away perch in a lofty pine. On awakening from sleep, wilderness instinct rather than anything they can see or hear tells them that their pursuers are close upon them. Dashing away at a great speed, Etapa and his sister cover a distance of forty miles before they drop to the ground exhausted. Soon afterwards Etapa falls sick with fever, and Zintkala tends him with wonderful cleverness and most loving care. No human being comes near them during this period, so it is evident that the Ojibwa have relinquished the chase. As soon as Etapa is well enough to travel, brother and sister proceed to a village whose smoke Zintkala has descried in the distance. They are made welcome by the people of the village, with whom they stay for some little time. The arrival, however, of some of Tall Gun's men frightens them into the wilderness again. Reaching a river, they proceed by means of a boat which had belonged to a trapper, and, on taking to land again, astride ponies which they steal from an Indian encampment on the confines of their own territory. Finally, on arriving at the spot where their home used to be, they find to their grief and dismay that their father, mother, and all the inhabitants of their native village have disappeared. Thinking they must have gone after buffalo, a long distance away, the children decide to await their return. During this period they narrowly escape being captured and put to the torture by Pawnees. After running great risks they manage to elude their pursuers and conceal themselves.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BUFFALOES.

WHETHER the Pawnees failed to find the trail of the fleet runners, or whether they became fearful lest an Oglala camp was hidden near at hand, cannot be known. Very likely they discovered the body of the dead hunter and were incredulous that either of the young Sioux they had

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seen could have killed him. At any rate, the little voyagers saw no more of them.

They therefore determined to wait no longer for the return of their father and his people, but to follow their tracks, and, if possible, intercept them on their way home.

The trail of the Oglalas led through a land of plenty. Elk, deer, and antelope were seen in large numbers every day. Of marmots, bush rabbits, and sage hens there was never lack in the warm seasons. On this trail the little voyagers were never in want of meat.

Journeying on, the boy and girl next crossed a high rough country and came to a stream which ran beside a low range of mountains. Among the coulées of the foot hills they now found plums ripening in great abundance. Here for a number of days —probably during the last weeks of August—they lingered, feasting continuously. It now appeared that, as the buffalo killing season had approached, the Oglalas would, if indeed they were coming back that way, soon return upon their trail. If they were to return by some other route it would be impossible for people on foot to overtake them.

The voyagers did not reason this out together but it was the unspoken thought in their minds To tell the truth, each was fearful of further advance into an unknown country upon an ageing trail. So they spoke together quite often about the return of their people, saying that they must look for them to appear during the next moon. A cold rain fell for several days, and drove them to the rock covert of a coulée. In this coulée, after the rains, they discovered a lair of the big yellow cats; and as these great flesh eaters were very mysterious in their actions the wandering ones moved on again, going slowly down the stream. The now dim trail of the Oglalas led directly along this river, but so it had followed two streams before and the distances between camps showed that the tribe had abated nothing of its hurry to go to some far country.

Thus the voyagers loitered aimlessly. Their only cheer was found in the abundance by which they were surrounded. The numerous plum thickets of the river ravines were red with luscious fruit. The young of the sage grouse were so numerous and so tame that one could, at any time, kill a number by knocking them over with sticks. The cow-men have dubbed these unsuspicious and apparently witless birds "fool hens." When quickly dressed, after killing, the meat of the young is excellent.

In spite of disappointments and desperate uncertainty the little voyagers grew plump and vigorous upon their diet of fruit and birds. Yet, as the days wore on, they became surfeited with eating, and the home hunger again stripped their hearts. They feared to go back to the Smoky River even more than they dreaded to go forward. The dim Oglala trail still lay along the river's course.

"Wan, older sister," said Etapa, one morning, "We must now go quickly on to find the Oglalas. Because of the war it appears that they have gone, and they will stay all winter at that place where they have arrived. They have surely gone far down this river."

Zintkala had been thinking of this also, and she acceded with energy to the proposal to go on with more speed.

"It appears that we have indeed stayed too long at this place," she said.

All that day they travelled with expedition upon the old trail. During the next forenoon they passed beyond the low range of mountains and suddenly found themselves among the buffaloes. The trail had led for some time through a narrow pass of the river valley, and, at a sharp turn, the travellers were startled by a mob of huge brown cattle descending the steep slope of a near bluff

"The buffaloes! The buffaloes!" they shouted joyously. "Now we shall surely find the Oglalas!"

Some big bulls ran off the hill directly toward them. As these lunged downward they bellowed and kicked up a great dust. They were evidently young bulls having a frolic. But they were leaders, and a whole herd plunged after them, roaring and leaping amid clouds of dirt. They acted so crazily that the voyagers became alarmed. They sped swiftly across the river—drenching themselves thoroughly and ran out upon the highlands beyond. Fortunately the buffaloes checked their mad stampede and filled the channel of the stream, jumping against and over each other, to get into the water. The animals drank eagerly of a current thick with the mud of their trampling.

A little way out upon the highland stood a sharp knob or butte of red earth. The voyagers ran swiftly and climbed this high hill. Upon its cap they stood and whooped and exclaimed in joyous wonder. They had seen many bison but never such herds as now greeted their eyes. The buffaloes were mostly at that moment to west and north. Over a great stretch of rough plain as far as the eye could reach—their masses extended. Brown patches upon the hills and hill sides, dark moving lines on the prairies, thin veils of dust hanging upon the far horizon, told of bison, in countless herds, moving into the river country. It appeared indeed that all the tribes of buffaloes must have agreed to meet at this river.

"Wan ho, I think that all the Indians will have to come to this river to hunt the buffaloes," shouted Etapa. "Therefore there will be much fighting unless they made a peace."

"They will not wish to fight," said Zintkala, with conviction. "They will wish to take much meat and many robes for the tepées. I think now, younger brother, that we may travel safely to find the Oglalas. I do not think that any Indian hunters will pay attention."

This seemed so reasonable, when one came to think of it, that Etapa whooped with elation.

"Whi, Tanké!" he cried, "they will see nothing but these buffaloes. I also will shoot some of those very large bulls. It is so. If any come up here I will make big holes in their skins. I will make holes thus large!"

And with the ends of thumb and forefinger touching he showed his sister what perforations the great bulls might expect. He flourished his buffalo gun and pranced about excitedly, pointing the weapon at one or another of the nearer herds. For the time they quite forgot that the trampling of such numbers must blot out the trail of the Oglalas. Indeed it would seem that no one could have thought of anything but the vast panorama of animal life.

The armies of Xerxes were doubtless of insignificant numbers as compared to the far-reaching multitudes which spread upon the plains under the eyes of these wandering children. From the top of the red butte they could command a vast scope of rough lands and everywhere soon, except to southward, were to be seen the mighty increasing throngs of the bison.

"All the buffaloes are coming!" shouted Etapa. "All the buffaloes are coming!" repeated Zintkala.

Upon their height the wet and ragged waifs, unheeding the packs upon their shoulders, stood for hours, with eyes and ears for nothing but the march of innumerable herds. Like a vast tidal wave the throngs of brown humps spread until only a narrow strip of unoccupied country lay, in a fading grey belt, to southward. Still the herds came on from north and west in undiminished numbers. They filled the valley of the stream, plunged down its steeps in roaring, bawling mobs and converted the river's current to a flow of mud in which thousands wallowed in huge enjoyment.

The Sioux children were filled with strange and thrilling emotions. Their faces were as the faces of those who stand above armies. They were no longer alone. The world was suddenly peopled with such mighty and crowding hosts as no hunter's tale had enabled them to imagine.

"All the buffaloes are coming," they repeated again and again. A breeze which had been blowing abated, and a fine dust arose, veiled the sky and hung upon the horizon. Into this haze the sun descended and became a vast ball of blood-red fire.

The voyagers, at last tired of standing, sat upon the butte. The buffaloes did not attempt to climb the steep cap of its knob, but nowhere else in all the world—save upon such high points—did there seem room for two biped travellers. It became apparent as they watched the approaching multitudes, that the two must spend their night upon the butte. Presently the pangs of hunger and thirst began to be felt, and, as the red sun was about to go under the earth, Zintkala spoke.

"Younger brother," she said, "I think you should now go down and fetch some water and some sticks. I have two birds in my parfîche. See, there are not now many buffaloes at that place," and she pointed to a turn of the river below.

"Ho, I will do as you have said, for I indeed can shoot with this gun," said the boy. He felt timid about descending the butte, but wished to appear brave, therefore he seized Zintkala's basin and his gun and ran, going, in careful leaps on account of the cactus, down to the river. A band of buffaloes which had stopped to graze ran away as he approached, and, thus encouraged, the boy lingered to dip the clearer water and to gather a good bundle of dry fagots. He returned in buoyant spirits and assured his sister that all the buffaloes were very much afraid of a hunter, and especially of one who carried a buffalo gun

So upon the red butte, which glowed in a ruby sunset like a huge and dying ember, and in the midst of marching hosts, the voyagers made a tiny blaze of willow sticks and ate much meat. As long as the light lasted, however, their eyes were but little turned from the throngs of buffalo people.

As darkness came on the voyagers, wrapped in their blankets, fell asleep to the roar and murmur of trampling herds.

In the morning there were many buffaloes grazing upon the plains and hill slopes as far up and down the river as the eye could reach, but the vast armies of the day before were scattered, leaving again the calm and peaceful plains.

The voyagers rejoiced greatly, for, they said, "Now indeed, if the Oglalas are not already upon this river, they will come to hunt the buffaloes—so we shall surely find them."

They ate a hurried breakfast, and, at sunrise, again followed the river to northward.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Voyage by Bull Boat.

THEY did not try to keep to the Oglala trail, for the rains and the armies of buffaloes had nearly everywhere obliterated all trace of it. They kept rather to the winding river's course, looking at every turn to see the tepées of their people or to meet with Oglala hunters out in chase of the bison. They ran—where they had not to avoid cactus—much of the time, shouting now and then to frighten off big bulls which grazed in their front. Sometimes the old leaders of a band were saucy and would stand, with shaggy fronts reared, pawing up dust and snorting defiance at the small bipeds, and then these would dodge behind the river's bank, wade the stream and follow on upon the other side.

Once they came upon two bulls circling about each other, each roaring a challenge. They stopped to watch and presently these angry ones came together with a mighty bump and their horns clicked like the rattle of bones at a medicine dance. With swollen muscles and shrunken flanks they heaved and tugged, ripping the sod with their hoofs. Then, in sheer impatience at useless expense of energy, they parted and again sparred for advantage. Again they bounced together and their horns cracked and they weaved to and fro in frantic buckings. One, the heavier, seemed now to gain an advantage, and pushed his antagonist slowly backward, but, when the latter broke away suddenly, he did not chase him.

Again the combatants circled and the weightier bull roared and threatened quite as though assured of victory. His confidence was vain. As he pawed and bawled he exposed an incautious flank, and, like a stroke of lightning, the lithe antagonist caught him amidribs. He was bowled over by the shock, and, in a twinkling, his entrails were ripped from his body and wound upon the victor's horns.

The Sioux children looked upon this bull as a great brave—an expert and valiant fighter—and they would gladly have addressed him, paying their compliments, but prudence forbade and they dropped behind the river's bank and passed on out of sight.

Now and then the voyagers climbed a solitary height to take observations, and everywhere they saw the bunches of brown cattle, but no sign of human presence. Toward noon the herds began to come to the river for water, and the children several times ran narrow races before bands stampeding off the bluffs. The buffaloes seemed possessed of a craze to leap, roaring and bouncing, off the river hills.

At something after midday the voyagers stopped to cook some young sage grouse, for they were ravenously hungry after so much running. They made their noon camp upon a high bank, where there were plenty of dry willows. They had nearly finished eating when

they heard the muffled thunder of hoofs which told of another stampede.

They leaped to their feet to see presently a wide front of heaving humps forge, in a cloud of dust, over the hills to westward. Like an avalanche this mass of animals rolled over and down upon the river flats. They were running as such great herds run when the hunters are upon their heels and not as creatures at play.

The voyagers looked wildly about them for some place of refuge. There were some trees down the river, but these were too far away. The buffaloes were almost upon them, and, in sheer affright, they seized their belongings, ran into the river, and took refuge under an overhanging bank, fringed with willows.

Almost instantly the thundering rout rolled over their heads. Buffaloes, plunging after and upon each other, rained into the river's channel throwing water and mud upon the hiders, who were half-choked by the dust which fell. The edges of the bank above their heads caved and huge chunks of earth fell upon them. They cowered in this ruck and confusion, hiding their faces against the bank.

Doubtless the network of willow roots above their heads alone saved them from destruction, and the blind heaving mass passed over and around, leaving them uninjured.

They were muddy, bedraggled, and sorry-looking waifs who emerged from the débris of the caving bank. But their half-blinded eyes fell upon creatures in yet more piteous plight. A number of buffaloes had been trampled to death in the stream, and still others, mortally injured, struggled to keep their noses above water. One large bull, with a broken shoulder, was trying to leap upon the low bank opposite. He gave it up presently and stood sullenly upon a dry bar with horns pushed into the earth in his front.

It seemed that the hunters must have been after these buffaloes, but the voyagers neither heard nor saw any horsemen, therefore presently they went above where the stampede had passed and washed their clothes and bodies clear of mud. The gun of Iron Soldier had been wetted, but Etapa wiped it dry with the inner folds of his blanket and put a fresh cap upon the tube.

Hitherto they had scarcely spoken, but had taken account of the dead and living buffaloes, and performed their ablutions in a dazed and mechanical fashion. But now the boy awoke to animation.

"Hoye, Tanké," he said, "there is much meat in the river, but we cannot easily get it. I will now shoot that big bull. I do not think any Indians are at this river now."

"Nakaes! younger brother, do so quickly," cried the girl. "Shoot tatanka so that he bleeds, for then the meat is best. It appears, at any rate," she added, "that we must camp at this place to rub our clothes. I will also cook much good meat."

Approaching the bull carefully the lad gave it a shot behind the shoulders and ran away. The animal fell upon the bar and struggled, bleeding freely.

While the pair stood upon the bank waiting for the bull to die, two magpies alighted upon some willows near at hand and talked very strangely. These birds appeared to be speaking to them, Zintkala and Etapa, and the young Sioux watched and listened intently while these noisy ones flitted from willow to sage bush and from bush to bank, and so passed clear around where they stood.

After the strange birds had done this, both alighted upon the bull, which had ceased to breathe. Sitting upon the dead buffalo they again called to the boy and girl and acted very mysteriously. Then, while the two looked and listened wonderingly, the magpies flew away down the stream.

These birds were known to be friendly toward all Dakotas. They often conveyed mysterious information to hunters and to people on the trail, and, as the pair disappeared, a light broke in upon Zintkala's puzzled brain.

"Wan, younger brother," she cried joyously, "these birds have indeed told us to make a bull boat of this bull's skin, and the willows, and to go thus to find the Oglalas!"

"It is so! It is so!" shouted the lad, dancing with excitement. "Now we shall surely arrive at that place where they are, very quickly. I indeed know how to make these bull boats."

Instantly the two were alive with energy. They attacked the carcass of the bull with their knives, which they had kept sharpened by whetting often upon pieces of sandstone.

Etapa, though less expert than his sister, gave directions, and cautioned frequently, "Do not cut the skin, Tanké; it is to make a bull boat."

Before long, however, the difficulty of moving its huge weight occurred to them. By good luck, however, the bull had fallen at a point where its back rested upon an incline of the bar, and, by a fierce tug at the feet with the legs for leverage, they were able to roll it more than half way over, and so to take the immense pelt whole. As they succeeded finally without making a cut in the body of the skin they were filled with elation.

They now made a fire and ate broiled steak and sweet back fat until their stomachs were well rounded. For more than a year they had not tasted buffalo meat, and it was good—good.

For two days they camped, feasting, dressing the buffalo's skin and making a frame-work of stout willows for their bull boat. On the third morning their tub-like craft was launched.

Recent rains upon the mountains had swollen the stream until its mid current ran waist deep and they were easily able to keep afloat save, here and there, where they were obliged to wade over rapid shallows. A light pole served in place of a paddle, and they were able to make as good, and much less tiresome, progress than by following the river's windings, as they had done, afoot.

For five suns they voyaged without much adventure, making perhaps one hundred miles as the crow flies. The buffaloes were plentiful, but not so numerous as they had been. Now and then these animals, coyotes and other four-foots, appeared upon the river's bank and scurried away at their approach. Once they caught mato osan-san at his bathing. The grizzly reared its great hulk and floundered in affright, scrambling up the nearest bank, but turned about to look down upon the strange craft whirling by.

Still they had but once seen—at an old river camp signs of the Oglalas, although they had frequently climbed the river's banks to look. Several times, however, the magpies had talked to them and flown on down the stream. The birds thus evidently beckoned them on to find the Oglalas.

The face of the country had changed, and the voyagers found themselves in a strange land, a country of tall buttes and gaping cañons, of wonderful high rocks of many colours, of colossal formations which appeared to be immense tepées of earth and stone. The stream had increased in volume, but, with a courage not less than sublime, they steered their bull boat over rapids and into the dark forbidding shadows of the cañons.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Parade Fight.

FIRE CLOUD'S village of Oglalas, together with several bands of Yanktonais and Brulés, had gathered in a semi-military encampment in the Bad Lands. Hither they had come because of the war cloud which had gathered over all the land. Their soldiers had not fled to this country from fear, but to gain a stronghold for their women and children, and where they might fight to advantage should the armies of the blue coat come against them.

Too well they knew that a Sioux was a Sioux to be killed or captured without discrimination when the Great Father sent his angry soldiers into their country, and that to be captured was to suffer worse than death—disease and slow starvation. And here was much good fighting ground; here were many cunning hiding places and covered lines of escape.

Being a large company of many hundreds, the Sioux did not seek to hide their village nor to pitch their tepées within natural defences. They depended rather upon their scouts to inform of the approach of enemies, and held themselves in readiness to fortify or to break camp and scatter upon short notice should necessity demand. So they were camped along the river, where there was wood and grass, upon an open flat, surrounded by castellated buttes and the eroded heights and washouts of the Bad Country.

This open plain, which extended for several miles along the stream, became the parade ground and riding school of their young men. Here they raced their ponies and practised the arts of war. Many posts of half-decayed cotton-woods and willows were set in the earth, and every day riders hurled themselves past these lines of dummy men, shooting their arrows and throwing the lance. Some became very expert in "hitting the post," and were commended by their elders, who often looked on, enjoying the sport. The makers of bows and arrows, lances and other material of war, were uncommonly busy at this season.

And so it came to happen that a large village of river Crows, living in the valley of the Yellowstone, discovered this new town of the Sioux. The Crows were much alarmed lest a large war party should come against them. So they sent runners to the up-river Crows, and to their cousins among the Mountain People, saying, "A very big village of Sioux have arrived near to us. Come quickly and help us fight them, lest we be destroyed!"

These people, who lived but a few days' ride distant, immediately sent large war parties. So many Indians gathered at the Crow village that they fetched their women and children, lest these should be surprised and scattered. A camp formed on the Yellowstone even larger than that in the Bad Lands. The wise men of these bands held many councils considering how best to proceed against the invaders, and their young men, too, practised the sham fights and vied with each other in feats of horsemanship.

The allies sent out their most cunning scouts to spy upon the Sioux, and these reported great preparations for war among the enemy. They were about to go against the Sioux when the buffaloes came. After a great killing and many feasts the head men said, "Now we must attack those people and destroy their town."

They again sent scouts to see if the Sioux

remained. Three of these approached the Dakota town from some heights. They were mounted upon fleet horses and wished simply to look down upon the river valley from some secluded elevation. They were riding upon the scarp of a bluff in a gorge, when they heard voices of strangers. Looking to the opposing bluff they saw two riders, who sat upon their ponies, making signals. The men were Sioux, and the Crow scouts were fearful at first lest themselves had fallen into a trap.

But their alarm was quickly disposed of, for one of the strangers shouted at them in a tongue which they understood :—

"Ho, Kangi! you indeed imagine that you are very cunning. You are like your relatives, the real crows, who fly squalling with a loud noise so that everyone sees them. If your soldiers are not all cowards and skunks you will come on to fight us. If you do not come soon we will send some of our old women to beat your men with switches."

This speech, flung at them from across a deep cañon and beyond arrow range, exasperated the Crow scouts greatly. They shouted their war cry and retorted with bitter taunts.

"You Dakotas will see us soon enough!" cried one at length. "You had better send your women and children and your herds home quickly. Even then, after we have given your bodies to the coyotes, we will follow and take your property."

The answer of the Sioux to this harangue was certainly irritating. These scouts simply sat on their ponies cawing "haw! haw! haw!" and doubled themselves with laughter.

The Crows returned to the Yellowstone, and reported the impossibility of taking the Sioux by surprise. They also told faithfully of the challenge of the Sioux scouts, and learning of this, the young men of the allies were eager to go against the Dakotas, and their elders said, "If these Sioux think we are afraid, all the Dakotas will come to take our country, and thus they will give us much trouble. Come, let us adventure our bodies against them!"

The next day many hundreds of men in full war dress set out for the Bad Lands. As this large war party approached their stronghold its movements were noted and reported by the Sioux spies.

At their encampment the tepées were pitched together in compact rows, and this solid village was surrounded, at a safe distance, by a row of willow posts with stout poles laid against them and attached with rawhide ropes. Thus they raised an effective barricade against charging horsemen. They also built large corrals to protect their herds from a night stampede. The posts and poles for this work they had cut at their leisure during the summer.

When the Crow spies reported this fortified village to their war leaders and partisans, some said, "We cannot take this Sioux town, therefore let us make a stronghold from which we may harass them."

This counsel was agreed upon, and the Crows and Mountain People camped upon an easily defended elevation where there was water and feed for their horses. This war camp was made above the Sioux town overlooking the river flats, and where the party could keep open communication with their people on the Yellowstone.

After a day or two of expectant waiting the Sioux, seeing the enemy hesitate to attack, went out as before and resumed their games and shooting at the post. Only now they donned their war shirts and feathered bonnets.

This open contempt nettled the allies, and they, too, sent their young men down, bedecked and painted, to display themselves in the valley above, and on the other side of the stream. A party of Sioux approached some of these within hailing distance and signalled across the river.

"Koo-ée, Kangi!" they shouted. "Come down on this plain and fight us. Let us fight in the large circles that none may take advantage. We shall see who are the best soldiers!"

This challenge to a fair fight in open field pleased the Crow and Mountain soldiers; in fact, fired them into enthusiasm.

"Good—good!" cried their leader after they had digested the matter. "We will surely venture our bodies in battle. Come forth from your willow pen to-morrow and we will go against you. See that you do not hide in your corrals!"

True to their promises the allies rode down from their heights in the morning and forded the stream to a wide open ground. When they saw these squads of horsemen really coming off the bluffs a great shout ran through the Sioux town. They had scarcely credited the boast of the Crows, whom, on the whole, they had bested in years of predatory fighting. The big village was thrown into an uproar as men ran for their horses or rushed into the tepée to don paints and war dress. In an incredibly brief space of time crowds of pony riders, as gay and fantastic in appearance as masqueraders at Mardi Gras, went clattering out upon the river flat. They were armed mostly with the bow and arrow, but many carried lances decked with streamers of vivid colours.

Though the writer has been eye-witness to such a scenic display of wild riders as followed, no pen is adequate to describe it. These hostile war parties were not gathered from

agency imprisoned creatures of broken and dependent spirit. They had never known the rule of an autocrat who might—or who might not—issue rations to their starving families as one throws bread to a dog.

They rode to battle as athletes meet upon the arena, hardy and daring in spirit and of iron endurance of body and limb. The foremost troops of the opposing bodies approached each other singing in loud minor strains to the beat of drums and clack of medicine rattles.

At a point perhaps two miles from the Sioux town the fighting began. There was no plan of battle to be noted. Groups and squads of horsemen, scattered hither and thither, were apparently riding aimlessly. Still others were coming singly and in strings from each of the hostile camps.

Suddenly, as flocks of birds scatter, a wild chaotic rout of flying riders spread upon the plain. Each frantic yelling horseman scurried at racing speed and each seemed bent upon his own business, quite regardless of the stampede before and behind.

Chaos reigned, but out of it came order in a twinkling. As by some trick of legerdemain the scurrying formless clouds wheeled into wide oblong rings of riders. Viewed from the heights about, the rims of these rings, revolving in opposite directions, might have seemed to run together. At the nearest point of contact they did not, in fact, vary much from fifty yards. For a quarter mile or so the hostile lines, riding in the same direction, ran nearly parallel to each other. No better arena for individual feats of riding, of daring and of marksmanship, could be devised.

In this fair and open field-fighting the Crows and their cousins of the mountain met the Oglalas, Yanktonais and Brulés, and, despite any prejudice to the contrary, without purpose or thought of treachery to their young men's agreement.

Theirs was a parade battle which indulged to the fullest extent the native love for display and excitement. The faces and bare legs of the wild riders were streaked with brilliant paints. Gorgeous and trailing war-bonnets were the marks of men of distinction, while the flying braids of others, their saddle and bridle trappings, and even their horses' tails, were decorated with gay streamers.

Seven-eighths of each wheeling circuit was ridden out in safety, and, to save the wind of their ponies, the fighters rode at an easy gallop, displaying feats of horsemanship and whooping and yelling until their noise filled the ears of all the anxious watchers at the Sioux village.

As each rider approached what may be termed the firing line, unless he wished to make a brave show by sitting upright, he threw himself upon or alongside his animal's withers, and rode at top speed shooting his arrows over or under the pony's neck. Not many arrows could be discharged in a single dash by even the most expert of shooters, and usually these flew rather wide of the mark. But now and then a ruck of riders massed, and the feathered shafts flew thick and fast. In these melées happened most of the casualties. Here and there a pony was bowled over or a rider stricken and carried, living or dead, across the circuit on which he fell.

If a man's horse was killed and himself uninjured he loped away, inside his own lines, to secure a fresh one. As a pony could not run many times the circuit of these wide rings, and keep the pace, strings of horses were continually going to and fro between camp and battlefield. Many riders replenished their quivers by riding inside the fighting line, hanging from the saddle, and plucking the enemies' shafts from the ground. Some did this, with most admirable nerve and dexterity, amid a flight of whizzing missiles.

Thus passed several hours of glorious exercise and good fighting. A number had been killed and wounded on either side, but at midday neither circle of fighters had shown any marked superiority, and suddenly signals ran along the lines, and the rings were broken and the riders fell together, at their centres, as by magic.

The crowds thus grouped flung themselves off their tired ponies and stretched their bodies upon the grass for rest and to smoke and eat and tell of brave exploits. Here food and water was brought by boys and young men, eager to be of service. And so for several hours the hostile armies reposed over against each other.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Voyagers Arrive.

THE bull boat had slipped out of a gorge wherein it had whirled over rapids until the voyagers were dizzy, and was floating, between high and caving banks, well out into some bottom lands.

Etapa lay curled like a young fox upon the bottom of the craft, and, within the small remaining space, upon the blanket rolls which supported the sleeper, Zintkala sat upon her knees. She did not try to propel the boat, but used a light pole merely to keep it from grounding.

Wi, the sun, had sloped half way down in the west and the day was warm, quite too warm, within the river's channel, for exertion. Here and there for a little way the big skin tub would

sail along quite rapidly, whirling around and around like a floating turtle shell. Again drifting as an autumn leaf drifts it floated, barely moving against the grey earth banks; and the young girl's head would droop, nodding sleepily, until it rested upon her bosom.

Then the pole would drop from her nerveless fingers, and she would awake with a start to stretch a small brown hand out upon the current.

In one of these quick catches after the pole the bull boat dipped water, drenching Etapa's face; and this so pleased Zintkala that she laughed herself awake. The boy grumbled sleepily, and turned his wet cheek under an arm.

Zintkala did not land the boat to climb the steep banks, for she had done this many days until she was weary of continued disappointments. She knew that if the Oglalas were camped in this strange country they would be found very near to the river—for most small streams were dry at this season—and so there could be no danger of passing their village unawares. For days they had seen no sign of human creatures, and they were drifting now almost aimlessly, their thoughts and labours confined to present needs.

Indians, or people of any sort, were farthest from the sister's mind when her bull boat bumped over a shallow rapid, and ran plump upon a washout runway, where a great number of animals had recently forded the stream. At first Zintkala supposed a big herd of buffaloes had crossed the river, but she stopped the boat and her shrewd eyes detected pony tracks—unmistakably Indian ponies; a great number of them had very recently passed that way.

THE INDIAN QUICKLY YANKED HIS HORSE BACKWARD, AND DODGED BEHIND HIS SHIELD.

"Mi sun!"

The word was spoken in an undertone, but there was in the tone a thrill of startling import which the sleeper's ears responded to, and Etapa arose, nearly upsetting the bull boat. The boy's eyes quickly fell upon the trampled sloping banks of the washout, and he leaped to land with a sharp exclamation of elation.

"Han! han!" he said. "I think perhaps the Oglala hunters have been after the buffaloes—thus we shall very quickly find our people!"

After a moment's keen search he spoke again more guardedly.

"Hoye, Tanké!" he said. "I think indeed these may have been the Oglalas. I do not see the travois trail nor any moccasin tracks, therefore these men were hunters or a war party."

"Let us be very careful, younger brother, lest we be seen suddenly by some strange people," urged the sister, and her breath came quick with excitement and suspense. She hoped these many riders had been Oglalas, but she feared they were enemies.

The boy, despite his mounting hope, exercised an Indian's caution. He did not mount the bank upon the pony trail, but re-entered the bull boat.

"Tanké," he said, "let us go on further, that we may climb out in a secret place and see if any persons are in sight."

So in keen suspense of expectation, the two poled their craft along until they had passed a curve of the river's bank. Then they landed and scrambled up to the cover of a cluster of green willows. From out this covert they peered with caution, but could see nothing of human import save the broad dusty trail which stretched over a little rise, that formed a second bottom to the river lands.

"It appears there are no people near this place," said Etapa, after he had scanned the lower reaches, "therefore let us go forward to look at this trail."

They approached, keeping upon the untrod ground, and examined the trampled surface carefully, and this time they discovered what they had missed before—pony tracks leading back upon the trail.

"Ho! I do not think these men have gone far from their village," said Etapa. "I think their town is among those hills yonder. It appears that a war party has gone out to meet the enemy."

"Do you think these people are the Oglalas?" asked Zintkala, doubt and perplexity clouding her round face.

Before the boy had reflected sufficiently for answer a clatter of rapidly approaching hoofs fell upon their ears. A light breeze blowing from the northwest rustled the willows and the tops of near by cottonwoods, and the startled pair could not tell from which direction the horses were approaching. A moment of indecision, as they held their breath and listened, cost them an opportunity to hide

Two horsemen suddenly appeared upon the rise in their front. These were strange Indians in paint and war dress, armed with shields and long lances, and one with bow and quiver of arrows at his back.

To run would have been imprudent as well as useless, and the voyagers, with hearts pounding at their ribs, not knowing whether these were friends or enemies, stepped back some paces from the trail. The boy carried his buffalo gun, and, under pretence of shifting the weapon from hand to hand, secretly drew its hammer back in readiness to fire. His quick eye noted that one rider, a young Indian, had neither bow nor firearm, and that the other, a large and fleshy man, had but few arrows in his quiver. He would shoot this last man if shoot he must.

The strange riders showed no surprise. They reined in their ponies at some rods distant and sat looking at the bare-legged, sun-scorched wanderers, who must, at this time, have resembled Fijis rather than Sioux. The horsemen were evidently puzzled as to the tribal identity of the pair. They rode forward upon the trail a little further and suddenly wheeled and faced the voyagers.

"How?" said the big man, inquiringly. "How," answered Etapa, in a far-away voice. The strangers looked at each other. Something in the boy's voice or manner had decided them. The larger man rode forward, indicating by signs that he wished to examine the buffalo gun.

Etapa and Zintkala drew back quickly, and the boy shook his head in decided refusal. The big soldier suddenly poised his lance as though to attack.

Etapa uttered a fierce yell, and levelled his gun. The man quickly yanked his horse backward and dodged behind his shield. The younger spurred his horse further beyond range

"E-e-yi! Yih!" yelled Etapa.

His shrill defiant war-cry instantly warned the wild riders that they had to deal with no ordinary Indian lad. This boy was a fighter, a tactician. He had not expended his bullet, but was saving it for a close sure shot if they should charge The warriors looked at each other with appreciative grins. This boy's war-shout had proclaimed him a Sioux. They would, therefore, kill these two and wear notched feathers in their braids. They circled about in a quick dash to cut off retreat to the river's bank.

The man with the bow and arrows then leaped from his saddle and half concealed himself behind his pony. He fitted an arrow and drew his bow as if to shoot. The frightened Zintkala started to run, but Etapa checked her with a sharp note of warning

"Hoye, Tanké! Do not run!" he cried. "Keep looking at this man. Jump quickly on one side if he shoots!"

The sister faced about palpitating with fear

"These men will surely kill us if you do not give them the gun!" she said imploringly.

But the boy stood his ground, aiming carefully at the bowman. Again the wild riders grinned appreciation of the young warrior's shrewdness. They knew his buffalo gun had no sights. They wished to draw his fire at a distance.

But Etapa began to back away. He was frightened enough, but he was all Indian, and he preferred to fight rather than yield to capture. He did not believe these two men, soldiers though they were, would rush upon the muzzle of his gun. Let the bowman shoot his arrows!

The man, as if in response to his thought, suddenly, and with a fierce yell, launched a shaft at him. The boy's leap to one side was apparently instantaneous. The shaft struck into the higher ground behind him.

"Run quickly, Tanké, and get the arrow!" shouted Etapa. Zintkala plucked courage from her bold defender and obeyed with swift feet.

The strange soldiers spoke to each other and laughed wickedly. They had begun to enjoy the prospect of fighting these quick-witted ones. The bowman sprang upon his horse and rode around the voyagers in a sharp circle, threatening frequently to launch his arrows.

"Do not let him hit you, Tanké!" shouted Etapa. "If I shoot him, get his bow and arrows quickly!"

The sister understood fully, and the blood of the fighting Sioux was roused in her. She ran about in a dizzy kind of maze, leaping like a dancer. Etapa sprang from side to side, and kept his gun pointed toward the wheeling horseman. This fellow spurred his pony suddenly in a straight line, and, passing within a few paces of Etapa, let fly an arrow under his horse's neck. Again he missed, and the young Sioux ran swiftly backward and secured the shaft.

The bowman gave a whoop of chagrin and surprise. Shooting at these spindle-legged dodgers was like throwing pebbles at swallows. Adroitly the young Sioux led their enemies the young warrior followed to watch for an opening away from the river bank lest they should discover the bull boat, and so secure Etapa's bow and arrows!

The two well-nigh forgot their fears in an exciting game; their powers were engaged only to outwit that rapidly circling pony rider. Again and again, like a wheeling hawk, the big soldier rode around the dodging voyagers. The man often made feints to shoot. Although the two leaped tirelessly to foil his aim, the suspense and uncertainty, the peril of those swift, close dashes across his circuit, was like to dizzy and confuse the young brains.

As they dodged and ran backward the children kept near to the base of the little elevation which marked the river's second bottom. This prevented the rider from shooting at them, save as he aimed downward or against the rise, and as he missed, one seized, or kicked and broke, the well lodged shaft. Each time the big man failed the younger gave a whoop of derision. The wheeling horseman grew bolder, his sudden attacks more difficult to avoid, and the voyagers were tiring. When they were near to despair Zintkala suddenly found her feet among stones. Instantly she stooped and caught up several heavy pebbles. As the soldier again rushed at them she flung the stones with all her might. His pony was hit upon the face and nearly pitched its rider off as it sheered suddenly to one side.

"Waste-ste!" shouted Etapa, and he, too, shifting his gun, began to throw stones. No horse would face such a battery, and in vain the rider tried to force his animal within the circle of their effective hail of pebbles.

In his anger the fierce bowman halted and launched two shafts in a fury at the boy. Etapa was nearly transfixed. An arrow passed on either side and one of them was splintered on his gun stock.

The shooter reached a hand to his quiver to find that he had expended all his shafts. As Zintkala seized and broke his last whole arrow across her knee, the soldier showed his chagrin so deeply that his companion again whooped with derision; he slapped his bare thigh and gave vent to guffaws of laughter.

The voyagers ceased exertion and looked about them for some line of flight to cover.

"Tanké," said Etapa, pointing up the river, "let us go thitherward to yonder high bank. If this man attacks I will surely shoot him."

"Let us do so quickly," replied Zintkala, and they now mounted the rise, the boy turning to threaten the horsemen with his gun, if they should follow.

"Mi sun!" Zintkala's voice was raised in a shout of wonder and gladness, "I think, indeed, the Oglalas are here!"

The boy wheeled and his eyes followed his sister's. Out upon the prairie, within plain view, were two large camps or armies of soldiers, at rest. They were not within hailing distance, but could be seen distinctly. Some were walking about, others sat upon the ground and still others held or tended herds of horses. One series of groups was nearly opposite the other, some bow shots removed from them and further up the river valley. And again, beyond these, the voyagers' eyes fell upon the distant conical points of many tepées a big village.

"Tanké!" exclaimed the boy, with sudden con-

viction, "those far ones are indeed the Oglalas who have been fighting these others!"

"But these will take us!" said the girl, in a voice of yearning and despair.

Etapa could not answer. His heart sank. He knew why these two, who had come to the river, were so fierce to kill him and his sister without calling upon their fellows for help. They would not seek assistance so long as they could hope for success, but when they could not, what chance was there for escape?

"Let us walk, going backward, pretending not to know anyone," said the boy, in this desperate strait. "Let us go upon the lower ground to reach the high bank."

They stopped easily down out of sight of the soldiers upon the prairie, who had probably taken no note of them as yet. The voyagers now walked quickly backward, with their faces turned toward the two horsemen, their hands filled with stones to throw if these should chase them.

The soldiers immediately unslung the bull's hide shields attached to their saddles; then they talked together earnestly for a moment. Soon the younger turned and rode along the river's bank, and the larger man started directly toward the nearer soldiers' camp.

"Tanké! Run!" cried Etapa, and the two turned and sped along the base of the rise, running as they had never run before. Their days of rest in the bull boat, and their fears, lent wings to their supple and much tried legs.

In a dash of three hundred yards or more the horseman who pursued along the river did not gain more than a third the distance, though he urged his pony at top speed. He passed the fleet runners, apparently intending to get between them and the high bank at which they were aiming. Suddenly he wheeled, lowered his lance, covered his body with his shield, and charged directly at them. In the same instant they heard a clatter of hoofs over the rise beyond. The soldiers were charging from opposite directions to confuse and destroy them

Neither dared turn either way to throw stones, lest a hurled lance should transfix the thrower! The runners halted instantly; with the instinct of hunted animals, they leaped aside at the point of contact. The horsemen came together in a flurry of dust to find the dodgers again escaped; and some cracking strokes upon the ribs, as the voyagers hurled their stones and ran, set their ponies prancing.

The soldiers gathered themselves and their weapons for a fresh attack, and now the young Sioux sped up on to the prairie. They knew they must be nearly as close to the upper war party as to the enemy, and they ran toward those whom they believed were friends.

Zintkala raised her voice in a shrill appealing cry, "Até! Até! Até!"

The enraged horsemen wheeled again and charged them recklessly. These wily and incredibly fleet young Sioux would bring disgrace upon them should their rabbit legs now permit them to escape.

For another time breathless dodging saved the voyagers, and still the gun prevented any other tactics than the cross-charging. There was a moment of delay in recovery and again the riders swiftly circled to position. The voyagers were feeling the tremendous strain of their efforts. Frantic terror had seized upon them. It was impossible for Etapa to use his gun—if he should turn upon one rider the other would run him through. It was impossible also for the fleeter, less-encumbered Zintkala to leave his side. They had to hold together.

Again the wicked lancemen charged with shields in front and spears poised to hurl; and somehow out of the mêlée the agile ones again escaped; but a catastrophe happened—the boy's cocked gun was accidentally discharged. He gave a shrill cry of despair, and fled with both riders after him as quickly as they could gather themselves. Each was bent upon securing the buffalo gun for himself. They rushed together and hindered each other

The boy dodged their lance thrusts again and again, and the girl, running just ahead, continued to cry,

"Até! Até! Até!"

Suddenly a vast chorus of whoops shook the air, and the lancers, with a tired quarry, and in the moment of success, were startled into drawing rein. They saw before them the two big war parties, mounted in groups, watching their game, and they saw also a single horseman from the Sioux columns coming with the speed of a prongbuck. He was half way to them, in fact, a chief in plumes and war-bonnet, lying low upon a buckskin horse, which ran as the coyote runs; and they saw the children they had chased stretch their arms toward this horseman and heard their shrill cries, which rang above the clamour—

"Até! Até! Até!"

As the Sioux warrior whistled down the wind, they heard his strong voice crying its challenge

"I am Fire Cloud of the Oglalas—fight me! fight me!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Fire Cloud Fights for his Children.

SO they understood that they must fight this famous war-chief to the death, or be stricken as they ran like fleeing dogs. They knew that in all those watching throngs no hand would be raised to help or hinder. Their fighting blood prevailed, and they wheeled apart to meet the attack.

"Come on, dog of a Sioux!" they shouted, affixing their shields to protect their bodies from his arrows.

The flying rider passed his glad children without so much as a glance at them. He reined his horse at fifty paces from the enemy, and loomed large in the saddle, painted, gaily bedecked, cool of manner and keen of eye, but carrying only a war-club slung at his wrist. He had not even a bull's hide shield to protect his half-naked body!

"Ho, Kangi! My cousins, who it seems are enemies, since you wished to kill my children, who have arrived, I, their father, am here." He spoke calmly, but with deep fire of excitement in his eyes.

The Crows looked at each other and laughed. They understood that this man had heard the cry of his lost children, had discovered them pursued, and had leaped on his horse without waiting to arm himself; that all the others had seen him come forth and supposed the man wished merely to adventure his body in battle. Very well, they would count coup upon his body and kill his dodgers also if these should stay to witness his death. They began to circle rapidly around him, no longer afraid.

The chief sat his horse, making no move at first; but, as the Crows drew nearer, suddenly began to whirl his war-club. The stone head of the weapon swung about his body so that he seemed encircled by an unbroken ring.

The wheeling riders charged him, one from either side, thrusting at him with lances. Both their weapons were flung aside by his whirling club, and the chief executed a swift demi-volt and again impassively faced them. From the crowds of onlookers shouts of approval greeted his successful manœuvre

Out on the prairie a little way Zintkala stood, with clinched hands, panting from exertion, her eyes fixed, with mingled longing, love and terror, upon the figure of that bold Sioux chief. And, squatted cross-legged upon the ground, Etapa, without a ramrod, worked frantically trying to fit a bullet to his buffalo gun.

The two Crows again circled, wheeling like birds of prey about the Oglala, and again charged him from opposite sides. The encounter was sharp and fierce; the Sioux's war-club seemed to play on all hands at once. Out of this encounter the big Crow emerged with a broken lance, but the smaller, with a yell of triumph, carried away, strung upon his spear, the Sioux chief's gorgeous war-bonnet.

Yet the Oglala soldier faced his enemies a second time unscathed, and the prairie was shaken by the vast shrill chorus which greeted his exploit.

As the Crows again wheeled into position for attack the larger, who had exchanged his broken spear for the tomahawk, yelled a sharp note of warning to his fellow.

The smaller turned his pony in a sharp circle to see the boy he had so lately chased rush at him with a levelled gun. There was no moment to spare—retreat was not to be thought of, and with a wild yell he lowered his shield and charged.

When the horse was almost upon him, aiming at the centre of that shield, Etapa fired. As when he had shot at the bear, his gun exploded with a mighty roar, and knocked him backward off his feet. The Crow's lance, hurled downward, struck deep into the ground where he had stood. But this Indian did not stop to fight further. His shield fell to the ground, an arm dangled at his side, and he galloped away to his fellows, only bearing the war-bonnet, which had fallen across his saddle-pommel.

This time the kicking buffalo gun had saved Etapa, and very likely the chief and the girl. The boy leaped to his feet, seized the fallen shield and wrenched the lance from its hold.

"I have taken war weapons of the enemy!" he shouted in a shrill exultant treble, which reached to all the crowds of horsemen; and these greeted his success with cloud-touching yells.

For the first time the Dakota father turned to one of his children.

"How—how—my son!" he said, and instantly rode to attack the big Crow, who now waited his turn.

Fire Cloud rushed his pony at this man without regard to tactics, and they came together in a duel, such as delighted the souls of a thousand wild riders.

The two wheeled rapidly about each other, striking, dodging, turning demi-volts. The Crow warrior had an advantage in his tough bull's hide shield, and again and again turned aside swift and dexterous strokes which would have maimed himself or horse.

As he wheeled about, this soldier saw that the chief's son was not reloading his gun, and so took heart and fought manfully; while the voy-

agers shouted to their father that now indeed he should overcome the enemy. Their faith was justified. Suddenly, as Fire Cloud charged, hurling his horse against that of the big soldier, the Crow's tomahawk flew from his hand and his shield was crushed by a swinging stroke which flung him out of the saddle.

The Sioux chief leaped from his horse, and set his foot upon the helpless enemy.

HIS SHIELD WAS CRUSHED BY A SWINGING STROKE WHICH FLUNG HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE

"Ho, Kangi!" he cried. "Now, indeed, I might easily count a coup upon your body and give your flesh to the dogs, but I will not do so! My children have arrived. My heart is glad, and I wish to kill no one"

The bruised and astonished Crow struggled to his feet, and stared unbelievingly at the victor.

"Hoh!" he exclaimed, "hoh hoh!"

The Sioux stepped back. "Yonder is your horse, Kangi," he said, "now go."

The man's pony had stopped to graze quite as though fighting were a daily incident. The Crow walked slowly to the animal and mounted. He rode away, shaking his head and muttering.

"Hoh –hoh—hoh!" he said. He could not understand.

Fire Cloud's children now stood together. They would not approach their father until he bade them. But their faces shone with such joy as those may feel who look upon angels.

The victor looked after the retreating Crow, and intently toward the hosts of astonished horsemen for a moment—for the air was rent with shouts of surprise, of anger, of approval. Then, apparently satisfied that no one would advance to molest, he mounted his animal and turned to his children.

"My son—my daughter!" he said, and he stooped and swung the boy with his war weapons up in front, and lifted the girl to a seat behind his saddle.

"My children," he spoke again, "you have come a long way?"

And into his glad ears the voyagers began to clamour. "Até, the Hohé took us!" cried Zintkala.

"We escaped from the Ojibwa!" shouted Etapa.

"We ran a very long way in the woods—

"The Ojibwa chased us —

"We were in a swamp!

"The eagles brought fish!

"We escaped——

"Brother was very sick — "

"Han han—han!" said the chief

"We stole many ponies from the Hohé'"

"Han—han!"

"I indeed struck a Scih! I also struck matosapa!" The boy raised his voice to a shout.

"How—how, my son—my daughter—my children!"

To their bewildering cross-fire of adventures the glad father could only answer by exclamations.

He rode slowly with his double burden past the squads of wondering Sioux, but none came forward to question, though many must have shrewdly guessed the truth about these slim young strangers, little as they seemed to resemble the small boy and girl their chief had lost.

When nearly half way to the Sioux town, Fire Cloud set his children's feet upon the earth.

"Long enough there has been mourning in your mother's tepée," he said. "Run ye thither quickly." And he turned and rode back to his soldiers

. . . . .

At the Sioux village many women, old men, and young people were gathered about the willow railings which surrounded their town. Others sat in groups out upon the prairie at a little distance. Many of these were women who had sat cross-legged and immovable for hours, and, despite the heat, with blankets close drawn about their heads. Among these were anxious mothers, wives, and sweethearts, and a number had already lifted their voices in wailing. They had been glad when the fighting ceased. As the afternoon wore on and more runners arrived, it was said among these groups that now it was evident, of a truth, that the Crows and Mountain Indians were afraid of their soldiers.

"Ho, ho," they said, "our warriors have indeed defeated those wicked Kangi!"

Presently, however, they heard a great shouting which seemed to indicate that some exciting move was on foot among the armies. But away off there on the prairie all the groups of horsemen appeared as blurred patches with no movement of an intelligible nature. The shouting arose several times like the swell of shrill far-away music; then all appeared to be quiet again. At length a young man, standing upon a high cedar post and acting as crier for the home groups, shouted in a loud voice that a runner was coming a large man upon a white horse. There had been no message since a large number of young men had returned to the soldiers, bearing loads of dried meat.

There was a hush of expectancy—the people patiently waited. Presently the young man cried again that three persons had ridden the white horse, that one was going back with the pony and the other two coming on foot. These two were running very rapidly. In a little time all who craned their necks above their fellows' heads could see two slim figures leaping toward them.

"These are strange soldiers!" shouted the lad upon the post. "One has a gun and the other a lance and shield."

The runners came nearer. They appeared to be running with marvellous speed, and eagerly, with tangles of matted hair flying, their thin bare legs skimming the ground with rabbit-like ease.

"Hoh!" shouted the crier presently, "these two are very young. One is indeed a girl!"

There were exclamations of incredulity. As the strangers drew nearer they seemed to belong to black people. They were certainly very dark they were also illy clothed. Suddenly the voices of these two loping ones were raised in shrill, joyous notes.

"Ina! Ina! we are coming—Zintkala—Etapa your son your daughter!"

There was a moment of dead silence, then a chorus of exclamations which expressed the single emotion of amazement.

Then there fell upon the ears of all a wild yearning cry—a mother's cry—and a woman rose from one of the outer groups. Her blanket dropped from her shoulders and she staggered for a moment, clasping a hand to her forehead. Then she ran, though unsteadily, toward the fleet newcomers, and two wee girls, with arms and hair flying, sped at her heels

The voyagers dropped their weapons and came on more swiftly.

"Ina! Ina! Ina!"

They leaped, panting like brown hares, into the mother's arms. The woman strained them to her bosom. She lifted her face and cried, "My children!—my children!" She could say nothing more

Two little sloe-eyed girls flung themselves upon the voyagers' bare legs and clamoured piteously for attention, shouting that now indeed they knew that tanké and sunkaku had come back to them.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Warrior Father's Appeal.

THE Oglalas among the Sioux had reached a conclusion. They had seen Fire Cloud go homeward with the rescued children, having spared a man who had tried to kill them—his own children doubtless—and they knew that their chief soldier's heart had become very soft. They feared even that some evil spirit, suddenly in the moment of victory, had made him witko.

Yet they held themselves in readiness to fight so soon as the Crows and Mountain Indians should make a move in their direction.

While the head soldiers were consulting together, Fire Cloud wheeled his horse and came swiftly back to them. A group gathered about him.

"My children have arrived," he said simply. He removed the war-club from his wrist and tendered it to one nearest. The man took it and others looked on wondering.

"I wish to talk to these Kangi and Mountain Crows," he said. "How, how, speak to them," said some of the older warriors, well pleased.

Immediately Fire Cloud rode toward the enemy, who were moving about in a restless fashion. The chief approached half way, and made a sign of amity. Getting no answer, he shouted his name, and soon the Crows and their allies understood that this was the war-chief who had spared a Crow soldier.

A head partisan of the Crows rode out presently to meet the Oglala. This one halted within a few paces of the chief.

"Ho, you that spared the life of War Dog, what do you seek of us?" he inquired.

"If your chief men will come forward and talk I will tell them why we are come into this country," answered Fire Cloud. "We did not come here to fight, unless an enemy should seek us."

"How, I will tell them what you have said," and the partisan turned and rode back to his fellows. After a while the Crows and others signalled their willingness to come forward, and Fire Cloud passed the word to his Sioux. He also arranged, by signs, for the numbers of each which should approach.

After a decorous length of time some two score of the chiefs and partisans of each war-party were seated—while young men held their ponies in the rear—in opposite groups upon the prairie. They did not smoke the peace pipe. None offered it. They wore the dress and paints of fighting men, and held their weapons in hand.

"We will listen to the One-Who-Spares-His-Enemy," was the dictum of a Crow chief, and in a tone which implied that none other need talk.

Fire Cloud arose and walked into the space confronting the allies. He was shorn of his war-dress, and carried no weapon. He wore leggings and moccasins, and a tall white feather stood aslant from his scalp lock.

He spoke to the Crows and the Mountain People present in Dakota, which was their mother tongue, both being apostate tribes. Yet, had they understood no word of his tongue, these children of the wilderness could have followed every thought in his vivid sign language.

"Ho, Kangi, and you Mountain Soldiers, whose name should be Dakota, I did not think when you came to attack us that I should indeed wish to speak with you.

"Listen. Last year I sent my children to be taught of the white people at Traverse des Sioux. These people treated them with rigour, trying very quickly to give them white skins. This was folly, and I have now seen how foolish I myself have been. My children ran away from their school and the Hohé took them. These sold them into a far country.

"When a runner came this spring and told me this, my spirit was broken. I did not wish to live. But this runner who came said also that some of my people in Minnesota were foolishly going to war against the white people. I said, 'Though I wish to die, yet my people and their children wish to stay upon the earth,' therefore, I urged them that we should come far into this broken country, that we might not be implicated in war, and that we might as long as possible stand against our enemies.

"When I was yet young the Dakotas lived in a land of great abundance. From the falls of the big river to the Missouri we had all that land. When the white people came among us we always treated them with kindness. We gave them food and many presents. Their settlements seemed a long way off and we thought they must be destitute, having come so far. What happened? Before my younger children were born, these people had spread across the great river and taken our best country from us. They gave us nothing for the land. They forgot our kindness, and rudely thrust us out.

"Ho, you Kangi and your cousins, you have all seen the locusts which fly upon us and spread themselves upon all the land in the grass moons. how these build their round tepées in the ground, covering all the earth and destroying the grass, so that the buffaloes are indeed driven away, and your hunters cannot find them, and there is hunger and want in your lodges. So

do these white people spread; but each one builds his tepée of wood or stone, and abides upon his piece of ground, and there is no room for anyone on the earth.

"These are indeed moving upon all the earth toward us. I myself have seen them. They will destroy the trees and grass and kill all things that live with us. We cannot resist them. Who is so witko as to believe it?

"How silly it appears that we should be fighting each other, and thus give to these enemies of all Indians better excuse to seize our property! Very soon we shall have nothing to fight about. We shall be searching for the graves of our dead, and shall not find them. We shall inquire whither we may pitch our tepées, and no one will tell us. We shall ask of those who have despoiled us where we may find meat for our children.

"Ho, Kangi and you Mountain Soldiers, do you indeed wish it thus? Do you wish to crawl upon your bellies that others may feed your women and children?

"To-day my children arrived, having escaped from captivity. Because of this battle between us they were near to death. But the Waniyan Tanka has indeed saved them, and my heart is glad. I no longer desire to die. I wish to live. I wish my people to be at peace, so that we may save some of our land whereon we may raise our children and bury our dead.

"Listen, Kangi and Mountain Soldiers. When the buffaloes came was there any lack of meat and skins for you and for us? Are your children hungry? If so, we will give them meat. If anyone among you is in want, let him come to my tepée and I will feed and clothe him. Thus say all these my colleagues and partisans. I have finished."

The Crows and their friends were much astonished at what this Sioux chief had said. They considered the matter gravely and apart for a time. At length an old chief spoke.

"How, Dakotas," he said, "let us indeed prepare the peace pipe. We did not understand why you had come into this country, or we would not have acted thus rudely. You are very welcome to stay all winter at this place."

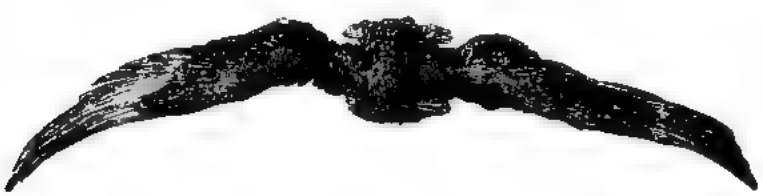
"How—how, good—good!" cried the Sioux. Immediately these war-chiefs began to approach each other and to shake hands. Pipes passed among them, and they talked for a long time, telling each other such news of distant wars as they had heard. And it is said that these tribes have not fought each other since that day.

After they had sat, until nearly sunset, thus talking, two young men of the Crows approached, bearing a covered vessel between them. They set this burden at the feet of Fire Cloud, and removed their blankets, discovering a rude bull boat.

The chief arose to look at this craft, an oblong tub, with framework of bent willows, covered with a half-tanned buffalo pelt. Inside he saw two small blanket rolls, a parfléche filled with small articles and pieces of dried meat, a carcajou's skin, a long knife in a leather sheath, a metal basin much blackened by use, a boy's horn-tipped bow, and a quiver containing three strange arrows.

"Han! Han!" said Fire Cloud, "it was thus that my children arrived!"

THE END.



[A most interesting and thrilling series of "Tales of the Far West," by Franklin Welles Calkins, author of "Across the Wilderness," will appear in our next volume.—ED.]

MODELS & MODEL-MAKING.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

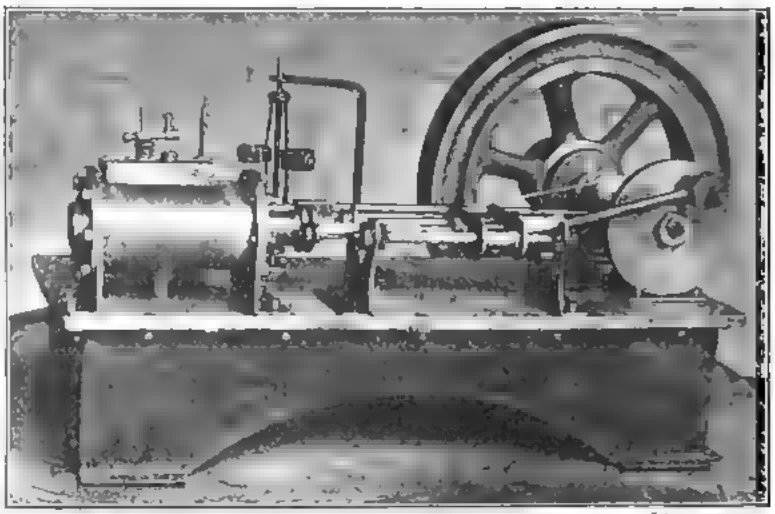
Author of "The Romance of Modern Invention," &c.

Illustrated with diagrams by the Author.

(Continued from the February Number.)

III.

THE piston of our engine is so important a part that I should advise my readers to have it properly turned and mounted on its rod by a professional, if they do not own a lathe. The rod should be of silver-steel, and attached to the piston by a set-screw on a thread cut on it to engage with one chased in the piston. If you have a nut on the rod behind the piston, you must, of course, cut a hole of sufficient size in the rear cylinder cover, and solder over it a steam-tight cap. You should insist on the piston being trued *after* mounting, and let the engineer have your cylinder to work by.



VIEW I.—THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIMENTAL MODEL. BED-PLATE 14 × 5¾ INCHES THE GOVERNOR OWING TO WANT OF ROOM, IS OF THE VERTICAL INSTEAD OF HORIZONTAL TYPE

While this part is in hand prepare the gland, G (see Fig. 1 in last chapter). Its construction will be easily understood from the diagram. Another must be made for the valve spindle. The spindle should then be nicked on both sides with a flat jeweller's file to engage with cuts in two little upright lugs attached to the back of the slide-valve. Take care that the valve is not too tight on the rod, and that when the spindle is in position, and the valve-box screwed on the valve-plate, the valve can move freely backwards and forwards. Bore a hole exactly in centre of front cylinder cover rather larger than the piston rod. Both glands should be soldered on with their respective rods through them, so that the alignment may be correct, the piston being brought up against the front cover, and its rod arranged parallel to the bed-plate. Don't forget to bore a hole for the oil-cup on the top of the steam chest. The cup must, of course, be furnished with a tap.

We now come to the guides for the piston-rod. (See Plates I. and II.) These must be made and adjusted very carefully. First cut out of 3-64 inch brass, two plates like Fig. 10, marking the bending lines rather less than the thickness of the plate above the 1½-inch line from centre of guide-rod holes. Drill four 5-32-inch holes in each turnover before bending. Now place the cylinder on the bed-plate, and pass the piston-

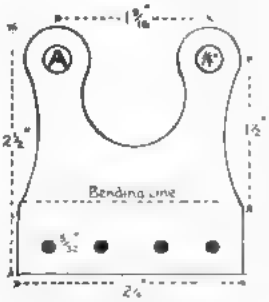


FIG. 10.—CUT TWO PLATES LIKE THIS FOR SUPPORTS S1 S1, AT END OF GUIDE RODS.

rod through its gland, pushing the piston into the cylinder a short distance. Then adjust your callipers until they just pass between the plate and the underside of the rod. The centres of the holes AA in the supports will be that distance *plus* ⅛-inch from bedplate. Mark the centres with a punch 1 9-16 inches apart, scratch ¼-inch circles, and drill them out for rods KK.

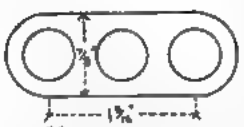


FIG. 11.—CUT TWO PLATES LIKE THIS TO CARRY GUIDE BLOCKS AND CROSS-HEAD.

These are 4⅜-inches long, and ¼-inch in diameter. They should have threads cut on them at each end for ¼-inch, and four nuts, NN, fitted. Next, cut three 1-inch lengths of a tubing that fits them well, and make two plates similar to that shown in Fig. 11. The centres of the two outside holes will be 1 9-16-inches apart, all holes cut to fit the tubing easily. Bore oil-holes in the two guide blocks.

Now fit one end of the rods to a support, thread on tubing and plates, and then attach the second support. Adjust the guide-rods till they are exactly the same height from bed all along as the piston-rod is where it leaves the gland, and are also parallel to one another. For this purpose the holes, AA, in supports, may perhaps require to be filed till a trifle "easy." Screw nuts up tight and pass the piston-rod through central piece of tubing; adjust the plates on the ends of the pieces at right angles to guide-rods, and solder carefully. I managed the business by merely placing the solder at the joints and blowing with my benzoline lamp on the pieces till the solder flowed freely into all the cracks.

Now cut out and bend four plates of dimensions given in Fig. 12. You will use a ½-inch bar of silver steel, 7 inches long, as the crank-shaft. For the bearings procure a short length of brass, or, better still, steel tubing, which fits tightly over this rod. The holes, BB, in top of supports, must be filed out just large enough to admit this tube easily. Take your compasses and, with them, scratch a line 1½ inches from end of bedplate to mark the centre line of crank-shaft. Thread all four supports on the tubing with the turn-overs arranged as shown in Plate I., and, if necessary, keep filing holes till all four turn-overs rest on bedplate. Attach the supports to the bedplate with 5-32 screws, leaving ½ inch between each pair. Remove tube, and clean it and supports for soldering, and replace tube. I performed the soldering in a few moments by the aid of my blow-lamp, turning the bedplate on one side, and resting small pieces of solder on the joints, and blowing on them in turn till the solder ran equally all round. I then took my hacksaw and cut out the superfluous tubing, leaving an inch at each bearing, after which I drilled a hole in the centre of each for oiling, and

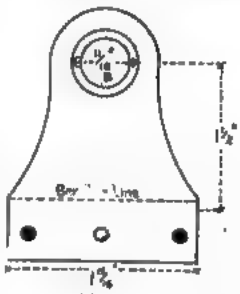
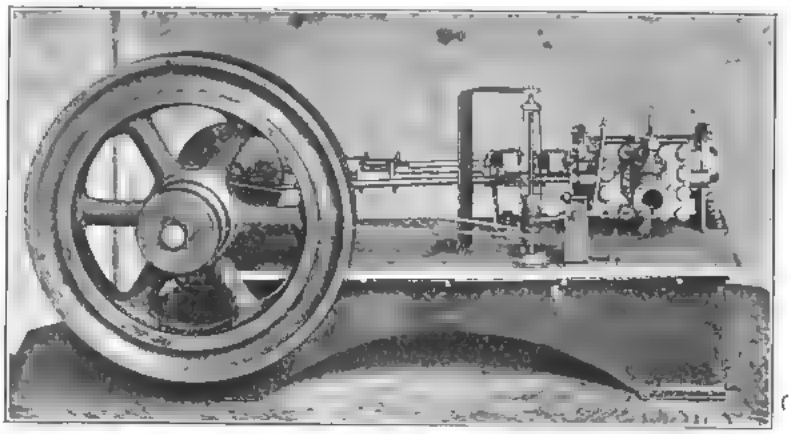


FIG. 12.—CUT FOUR PLATES LIKE THIS TO CARRY BEARINGS FOR CRANK-SHAFT.



VIEW II.—SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF GOVERNOR.

soldered on a small cap, such as is used for cycles. Care must be taken during this part of the construction that the bearings are centred longitudinally on the line, 1½ inches from end of bedplate.

The crank disc, eccentric, and governor pulley must now be made. I think that if you do not possess a lathe, you had better again go to a person who has one to mount the disc and turn it true. As to the

attachment of disc to shaft, it may be done either by means of a thread cut on the shaft, engaging with a thread tapped in the disc, or by a set-screw in boss U (see Plate I, which should be before you constantly), soldered on to back of disc. I turned my shaft down to ⅜-inch to give a "shoulder" on the shaft, for the disc to screw up tight against. The crank-pin, L, of ⅜-inch steel rod, has a thread cut on it to screw into a hole in disc, centred 1⅛ inches from the centre of shaft.

FIG. 13.

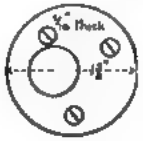


FIG. 14

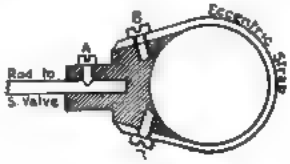


FIG. 15

The eccentric I made in three pieces (see Figs. 13 and 14): the central (Fig. 13), a blank, ⅞-inches wide, cut from a bar of 1¼-inch brass; the two others (Fig. 14), plates 1⅝-inches in diameter, one soldered to the blank, the other attached to it by three countersunk screws. When assembled they form what is practically a grooved pulley. The strap (Fig. 15) consists of a small plate of ⅜-inch brass (shown by the shaded portion), and a small brass strip of similar width held to it by two small screws, BB. A hole is bored longitudinally to admit the eccentric-rod, gripped by a small set-screw, A. Through the eccentric a ¼-inch hole is bored 3-16 inch from centre. To do this and to make the governor pulley, you may have to call in outside help. The eccentric is keyed to the shaft with a screw (see Fig. 13).

The fly-wheel I use is 7½ inches in diameter, and has a 1¼ inch tread to the rim, which is 1 inch deep, and grooved to give it a smart appearance. The pulley may be cast with it, or made separately, and fixed on with key screw as in illustration. My wheel weighs 8½lbs., and is heavy enough to produce very steady running.

We must now fix our cylinder and guides. First draw a line 1 5-8 inches from edge of bedplate at right angles to the shaft line already referred to. Centre the cylinder on this line, by the aid of the long piston-rod, which, with the piston, should be inserted into place. Make the cylinder fast to the bedplate with a screw at each end. Slip the central block of the guide on the piston-rod, and move the guides about until the blocks run easily up and down the bars and piston-rod without any tendency to jam. Then secure slide supports with one screw each, referring to the diagrams for proper distances. Push the piston back till it is within 1-16 inch of rear end of cylinder, and also slide back the guide blocks till they almost touch the rear support. File light notches on piston-rod to show position of crosshead piece, making the forward one ¼-inch beyond the block to permit attachment to crosshead, J. (Plate I.)

Remove the piston-rod and cut it off at forward notch, and chase a thread on it to receive nut, N', taking great care not to bend or scrag the rod while so doing. The most satisfactory way to hold a rod tight in the vice is to slit down the middle a small length of tubing that fits it, and to insert the rod between the two halves, which will be pressed by the jaws. The saw-cut will give room for the halves to bind properly on the rod. The thread should be chased for 1½ inches, and cut in as deeply as possible, or until the nut runs easily on it. Don't try to cut the thread too fast, or you may bend or twist the rod; keep running the die up and down, tightening it a little every time.

The crosshead, J., must now be made. You can either cut it from the solid, or, what is easier, build it up of three small lengths of rectangular brass rod. These should be filed carefully at their ends, so that the side pieces may stand quite square on the cross-piece, which screws on to piston-rod, a hole being drilled and tapped for that purpose. Then thickly "tin" the faces to be soldered and stand the pieces in the form of a "u." Heat your bit to a very dull red, and apply it to the top of the "u." The solder will soon melt, and the weight of the bit will cause the sides to settle squarely on their base. Lift the bit off very carefully, and allow the crosshead to cool. When cold, drill a ¼-inch hole for the connecting-rod pin, which should be a tight fit, and may itself be held by a small pin at each end. The crosshead-block may then have its sides filed to a half-moon section to lighten it. Be very careful that the block will slip through the forward guide support without touching

Now detach the cylinder, and in the under side of the port-piece open a hole, ⅜ inch or so across into the exhaust chamber, which is connected with the slide-box by the large ¼-inch port. Solder over this hole as squarely

as you can a 3-inch length of ½-inch tubing, which will project through a hole cut for the purpose in the bedplate.

Now replace the cylinder and finish fixing the screws that hold it and the guides to the bed. Make a small joint to valve-spindle, in which the eccentric-rod may work, and solder it to the spindle. Then put valve and spindle in place and attach the slide-box *minus* the cover to the valve-plate. Pull the spindle out till the rear port is fully open, and turn the eccentric right forward. Measure carefully the distance to be bridged by the rod, allowing a small margin for the bend (to be made by the aid of heat). If the proper proportions have been observed, the front port should be fully uncovered when the eccentric is turned right back. Should it be more than uncovered, the throw of the eccentric is too great, and you must shorten the rod a trifle to split the excess equally between the two ports; if not quite uncovered, then lengthen the rod.

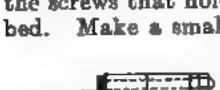


FIG. 16.

FIG. 17

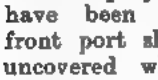


FIG. 18.

The main connecting-rod may now be taken in hand. In order to ascertain its exact length, you should pull the piston back to within a 1-16 inch of rear of cylinder, and also turn the crank-pin back. Then, with your dividers, measure the exact distance from the centre of the crosshead pin to the centre of the crank-pin. Note this and work carefully to it.

The connecting-rod shown in the Plates is built up of several parts to combine lightness with strength. Fig. 19 illustrates the "web" of the rod, which is reinforced at the "small-end" and "big-end," by two pairs of plates cut from ⅛ and ¼-inch brass, and soldered on each side (see Figs. 17 and 18).

Fig. 20 gives a side view of the completed rod, the shaded portions, top and bottom, being strip brass soldered along the web to prevent lateral bending. The hole for crank-pin in the "big-end" is bored out; then the end is cut through across the centre of the hole with a fine fretsaw, and the edges are filed and polished. The "strap" (or detachable portion) is held to the rod by four ⅛-inch studs each double-nutted, and the crank-pin is ground in with fine emery powder. An alternative "big-end" is shown in Fig. 16. Here two bolts are used to hold on the strap. As it projects some way beyond the edge of the crank-disc, an opening must be cut in the bedplate to accommodate it. Those of my readers who wish to finish the job as quickly as possible may make a less ornamental connecting-rod out of a length of ¼-inch steel bar, soldered at each end to a brass block drilled with suitable holes.

You may now pack the glands and the piston with lamp-cotton or large crochet-cotton. Test the steam-tightness of the piston and cylinder gland by putting your finger on the forward port and pushing and pulling the rod. If there is not considerable resistance, put in more packing; but don't have the piston too tight, and see that the packing does not get in between the flanges of the piston and the cylinder tube. The cylinder-covers, or ends, are made steam-tight with a ring of stout brown paper smeared with red-lead. Now insert the piston-rod through the guides and screw on the crosshead piece, making it secure by tightening up the nut, N'. Turn the crank to see that the piston is not knocking on the cylinder ends. A very small error in the length of the connecting-rod would cause trouble in this respect.

Refer for a moment to Fig. 5. The cover of the slide-box is pierced centrally with a ⅜-inch hole, and a small plate (1) is cut out and fitted round it with four or six screws. To this plate the steam-pipe will be soldered.

FIG. 19.

FIG 20.

Before screwing on the cover and walls to the valve-plate, set your eccentric in its proper relative position to the crank. I had intended to explain at some length the scientific principles of the slide-valve, and the action of steam in the cylinder, but want of space forbids it, and I will, therefore, recommend to you an excellent little treatise, entitled "The Slide Valve," published by

Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward, 6 Farringdon-avenue, E.C. For present purposes, it will suffice to give the following directions:—Put the crank full forward, and twist the eccentric round until the front port just begins to show. In order that the crank may be driven in the same direction as the hands of a watch, the eccentric must point *below* the shaft; so that, with the crank-pin at a quarter-past the hour, as it were, on its disc, the line drawn through the centres of the shaft and the eccentric should point to about twenty-five minutes to the hour. Put briefly, you have to arrange the valve so that it may open for the backward stroke of the piston a moment before the forward stroke is completed, and allow the adverse pressure of the steam to act as an elastic cushion on the piston, and all the reciprocating parts linked to it. When the adjustment is made, remove the eccentric strap, and tighten the set-screw against the shaft, after drilling a slight nick in the latter to engage with the tip of the screw; then replace the strap.

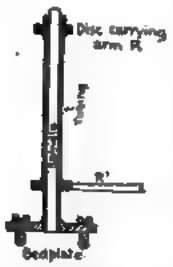


FIG. 21.—SECTION OF ROCKING SHAFT OF GOVERNOR.

You may like to add a "governor" to limit the speed of your engine when running light. By referring to Fig. 5 and Plates I. and II., you will get the general idea of a simple form of governor. The valve (Fig. 5) itself is a small, circular brass plate (2), filed to fit the steam-pipe, and inserted in a small shaft, slit down the middle a short distance. The shaft is passed through holes in the pipe, and turned until the disc can be pushed into place. A little solder liquefied by a blow-pipe flame holds it in place. On the bottom of the pipe solder a small brass cap, and on the top side a gland (3 and 4). The governor itself consists of a square, horizontal shaft fitted at each end with pins to turn in the supports, S^2S^2. Near the outside end is fixed the pulley, and next to it comes a square block, pierced with a square hole to fit the shaft. This sliding-block should be of steel or iron, and have a deep groove filed in it on the pulley side to engage with the extremity of the steel arm, R'. A second block is soldered to the other end of the shaft. Two lengths of thin steel spring, ¼-inch wide, are then turned over at each end to make eyes to move on wire loops, attached to the blocks, and are bored centrally for small screws holding on the hemispheres of lead or brass. A rapid rotation of the shaft causes the balls to fly outwards by centrifugal force, bending the spring and drawing the sliding nearer to the fixed block. This movement is transmitted to the throttle valve by the arms R' and R, fixed to the bottom and top of a small vertical tube working on a spindle screwed to bedplate (see Fig. 21), and the rod, R¹. As the weight of the balls and the strength of the spring must be proportioned to one another, no exact figures can be given here; but the spring should be stubborn enough to force the sliding-block back into place, and

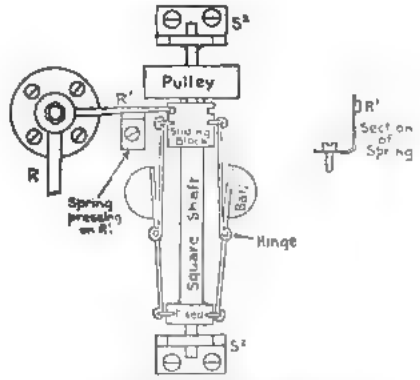


FIG. 22.—ALTERNATIVE FORM OF GOVERNOR.

to overcome the friction of the moving parts. A "stop" is put on the shaft to prevent the block coming beyond the point at which the valve is fully closed, *i.e.*, turned athwart the steam-pipe.

If you have trouble with the springs, substitute for them two pairs of flat links hinging in the middle (see Fig. 22), and replace the spring's resiliency by a small auxiliary spring bent to a right angle, the short arm screwed to the bedplate, the long one pressing on the arm R' in the direction of the pulley.

Don't forget to cut the hole in the bedplate for the balls to turn in at high speed. Its longitudinal axis should be ¼-inch nearer the middle line of the bedplate than are the ball centres.

Now solder the steam-pipe to the round plate on the slide-box cover; put the connecting-rod in place, and fit a small length of ⅜-inch tubing on the outside of the crank pin to prevent the "big-end" from slipping off. Drill a hole through pin and tubing to take a split-pin. Be sure that the flywheel is

fixed hard against the shaft by the set-screw in its hub. Go round all the screws holding the supports to the bedplate, and make them tight. The moving parts should now be flooded with oil, and the flywheel quickly revolved for a considerable time to let the rubbing faces wear down true. A slight initial stiffness is desirable, as an easy fit at first probably means a loose fit after a little work. The cylinder should then be tested for leaks with a cycle inflater attached to the steampipe, the joints being smeared over with soap and water. Any pin-holes in the soldering will soon show themselves. When these have been remedied the engine is ready for painting, a process that I will leave to the discretion of my readers, as regards both colour and the surfaces covered. I should advise, however, that the painting be not done until the engine has been proved under steam, as the heat may show further need for soldering. The cylinder will be more efficient if "lagged," or jacketed along the barrel, with small pieces of wood, held together by narrow bands of sheet-brass.

I have not thought it necessary to go into all details of the construction, as I hope that what has been said will, in conjunction with the reader's commonsense, be sufficient. When finished, the engine will necessarily not be quite so smart as the lathe-turned article, which the professional puts together so beautifully, but you will have the satisfaction of feeling that, except in a few particulars, you have fashioned it throughout with simple tools. An experimental model shown in the appended illustrations, runs very satisfactorily, and, under fifty pounds of steam, should drive a small dynamo.

In my next article I shall give instructions for the building of a small pumping-engine, to be driven by our model.

JUNIOR CLERKS.

Ye youths who make our humble woes
The theme of priggish jest and quip,
Upturning the patrician nose,
And curling the contemptuous lip,
We've once had dreams and schemes like you,
Our promised land was fair and bright,
We never thought of rising to
An office-stool's majestic height!

We did not blindly trust to Fate,
Nor waste our youth in ease and play,
But strove to pass the narrow gate
Of stiff "exams" that barred the way.
We lost our lives' first Waterloos;
We pay the price of failure now
By labouring for sordid "screws,"
Desk-ridden victims of the plough!

Oh, that a bold, bad guess at "sight,"
A blundering slip or two at "math,"
Should cloud a dawning life, and blight
The noblest aims a young soul hath!
The likeliest men may lose the day
By half-a-dozen paltry marks;
Then Commerce seizes on her prey,
And, marring, makes them Junior Clerks!

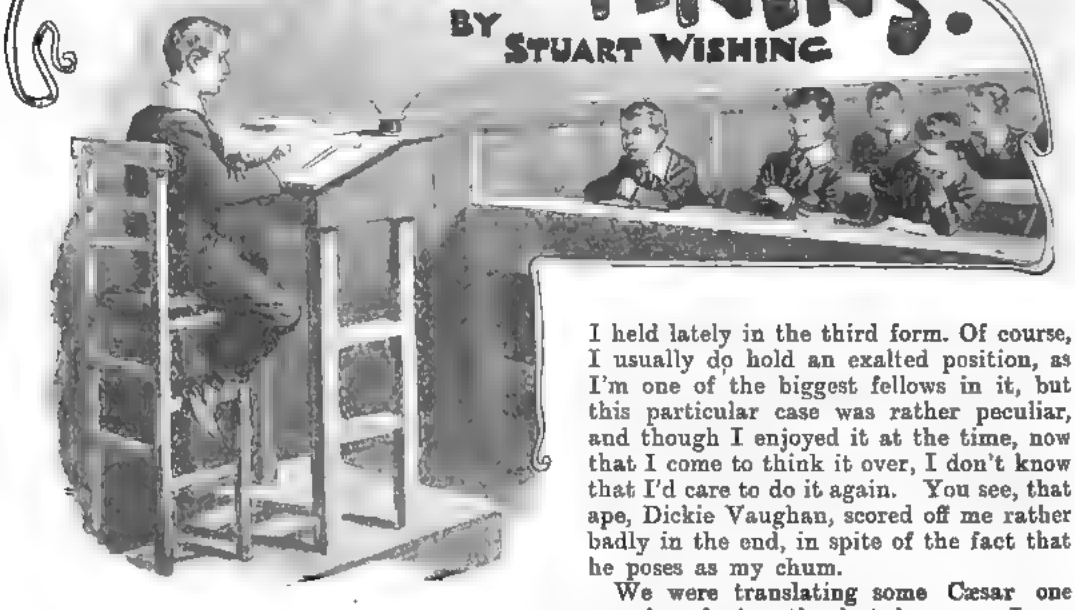
'Twere manlier far, mayhap you deem,
To drain, without a word, the cup
That comes to hand, nor idly dream
Fond dreams of "something turning up."
But who shall rob us of the hope
That yet blind Fate, who placed us here,
May give our spirits fuller scope
In some unknown, undreamed-of sphere!

At any rate, we'll hope that "good
Will be the final goal of ill"—
Of drawing water, hewing wood,
And driving the ignoble quill.
What of our dreams and schemes long lost?—
We'll hold *this* "true whate'er befall,"
"'Tis better to have tried and 'bossed'
Than never to have tried at all."

Arthur Stanley.

A LOCUM TENENS.

BY STUART WISHING



I DARESAY you'll wonder what the heading of this yarn means. If you're a classical fellow (like me) you'll know; if not, borrow a dictionary and sweat it out. There's nothing like a little earnest striving for chaps who are ignorant or lazy—so the governor says; and though he and I don't always think as one person (as they say of a husband and wife who are really keen on each other), still, in this particular case, a certain amount of energy will not be wasted. These opening sentences you have to put in, when you're telling a tale, as a sort of introduction. I think they're a beastly nuisance, as it seems to me much better to plunge into the middle of the story straight away; but I am told there are certain rules belonging to the business, which you must observe. The Conditional Sentences in the syntax are just the same; once you fail to play the game and stick to all the silly rules some ass chose to make, you're down the spout at once. And so I've had to stick in all these useless remarks, just because a lot of other people say it's the thing to do.

Well, now I've got that off my mind, I can tell you all about the exalted position I held lately in the third form. Of course, I usually do hold an exalted position, as I'm one of the biggest fellows in it, but this particular case was rather peculiar, and though I enjoyed it at the time, now that I come to think it over, I don't know that I'd care to do it again. You see, that ape, Dickie Vaughan, scored off me rather badly in the end, in spite of the fact that he poses as my chum.

We were translating some Cæsar one morning during the last lesson. I say "we" advisedly, for the translation consisted chiefly in a fellow (say, Dickie or myself) getting up and reading a few lines. Then Stretton (our master, you know) would tell us to translate it unseen. Of course, we tried our best, and "took the words," as he directed; but however we took the beastly words, we couldn't hang on to them long enough to get the sense of the old boy's meaning. We used to mumble a bit, and give the meaning of "et" and "que" and "parasang"—but that's Xenophon; I was forgetting. Anyhow, we'd go for the easy words, and those we knew, just like a chap who funks makes for the gap in the hedge. Stretton, to tell you the truth, was very patient and painstaking (as his testimonials say; I saw them when he applied to act as tutor to me one vac.), and guided us through the con. as well as he—and we—could manage. But I fancy he was getting a bit sick of the job, and I know that we were, when the entrance of a third party diverted our attention. Third parties always do that sort of thing, you know—pop in when they aren't wanted, when you're chaffing your best girl, or when there's ice cream enough for two, but not for three. However, this time we

were jolly glad to see the Head come in and speak to Stretton. I sat close to the desk, so that I heard what they were saying.

"Can you come out for a quarter-of-an-hour, Stretton?" the old boy asked. "I want you to come and look at the plans of the new common-room."

Stretton hesitated. It's just that way always. If the Head had asked *me* to go out for a paltry five minutes, I'd have been only too ready. As for a quarter-of-an-hour!—well, some chaps get all the luck!

"You see, sir," Stretton said, "there's no one to take charge while I'm out. Will it do if I come at 12.0?"

"The architect's going in about twenty minutes," the Head answered, "and I should like you to see him, and tell me if his ideas strike you as being all right. Besides, you can put one of your bigger boys in charge. It's only for a short time."

I pricked up my ears at that, and watched Stretton narrowly. He wavered a bit more, but finally gave in like a sensible man. (You call a fellow sensible when he falls in with your views.) The Head went out, and Stretton promised to follow him in a minute. Then he turned to us.

"I must be absent for a short time, boys," he said, "and while I am away, I want one of you to take charge." His eye wandered over us, and I feared for a moment that he was going to pass me over. It was all right, though, for he made up his mind pretty quickly. You see, I'm a strapping sort of fellow, and you can't hide your size.

"Calmour, you will do, I think. Will you look after the form for ten minutes or so? See that there's not too much noise." Then he made as if he were going out.

"I shall be very glad to be of any assistance, sir," I said (for I knew I was conferring a favour on the chap), "but I should like to know exactly what my position is?"

Stretton turned. "What do you mean?"

"Just this, sir," I replied. "Have I your full authority while you're away?"

Stretton didn't see the drift of my words.

"Of course you have," he said. "Keep them quiet. I sha'n't be long."

I chuckled as he went out, and prepared myself for a good rag. The other fellows chuckled too, for they also thought that the next quarter of an hour would be quite amusing. It was, as a matter of fact, but not exactly as they expected.

I left my place in form, and walked up to Stretton's vacant seat. It was a high one, behind one of those tall desks that masters use; being up aloft gives you a good look out over the chaps below, don't you know. As I went up I heard a laugh behind me, but I took no notice, thinking it better to preserve my dignity. (Masters always pretend to look the other way when they feel they're being guyed without knowing exactly what the joke is.) Well, I stalked on without speaking, and after a bit of a tussle got up on to the chair. Then, you see, I faced the turbulent throng. At least, they weren't turbulent then, but they felt a bit revolutionary later on. Dickie was the first to break the rather awkward silence.

"I say, Tommy," he said, "what on earth are you doing up there?"

I tried not to show I felt a little uneasy—though I wasn't wearing a crown. (Quotation from Shakespeare, you chaps.) All the same, I knew it was time I put my foot down, or I should have no authority left. So I adopted a stern put-out-your-hand sort of tone, and spoke.

"Kindly use a more respectful form of speech, Vaughan," I said. (I tell you, I'm no fool at words sometimes.) "When you speak to a Master you should say 'Sir.'"

"Oh, rot," replied Dickie. "*You* aren't a master, old buck. Don't you try to make us believe you are. It won't go down with us."

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Walters—rather a biggish chap, but not so big as me. "Don't make an ass of yourself, Calmy. You're a large enough idiot already."

I couldn't think what to say for a moment—not that I was at a loss for words. On the contrary, I had a beautiful lot of adjectives and nouns to hurl at his head, but I realised in time that it isn't quite the thing for a master to call a fellow a plague-stricken Chinaman or a decomposed bloater. Out of school I daresay Masters say much the same things as we do, but in school they simply jump on you if you use a little slang. "Things are not always what they seem," as some chap wisely remarked—a saying which any fool could have made.

However, I soon decided on the line I was going to take, and determined to stick to it. I believe in sticking to things, until you're absolutely bunkered.

"Hold your tongue, Walters!" I said, severely. "Speak when you're spoken to."

"Don't you give me any of your lip, young Calmour," he replied, "or I'll let you know about it afterwards."

"Don't be absurd," I said—(that always

annoys a chap) -" or I shall be obliged to punish you."

"What!" he said—or rather shouted; and I repeated the remark.

"I should like to see you do it. What do you say, you fellows?" and he turned to the other brutes. Of course, they all chimed in, in unison, saying much the same sort of thing, and I saw I would have to take a more decided tone.

"Don't let us have any more nonsense, boys," I said, coolly. (I tell you, I played the school-master part well.) "I do not wish to set you an imposition unless I am compelled."

Then they hooted a bit, and I reasoned with them.

'You heard what Mr. Stretton said just now. You remember he said I had his full authority?" They growled assent. "Very well then; I have his full authority to act for him, and if you are troublesome little fellows I shall give you some lines to do."

"How'll you make us do them?" asked Walters

"I'll soon show you," I said, grimly. "Walters, do me a hundred lines for impertinence."

"Sha'n't," said Walters, folding his arms.

"Then I shall be compelled to report you to Mr. Stretton for disobedience and disorderly conduct when he returns," I said. My words had an electrifying effect. (That means, they made him jump like sin.) His jaw dropped, and he looked a frightful idiot. After sitting silent for at least a minute, he began to talk again.

"You wouldn't be such a beastly sneak," he said.

"A *what*, sir?" I asked.

"Er -an -an informer, I mean," was his correction.

"Worse still, my boy." I said. "Do *two* hundred lines."

"Hang it all, Tommy," Dick burst out. "You wouldn't be such a skunk as to tell Stretton."

I'd better explain before I get any further that I shouldn't have dreamed of doing anything of the sort. I think all sneaks deserve kicking, and I told them so afterwards. But I thought a bit of bluff would rather help matters on just then.

I shouldn't think twice about it, I remarked, and this was perfectly true. I shouldn't really think once about telling on another fellow, however big a cur he might happen to be.

"This is a bit *too* thick," my chum cried. 'Look here—— "

But I shut him up before he could say anything else, and gave him a hundred lines to keep him quiet. To cut a long story short, I soon had the whole lot of them scribbling away for all they were worth, all of them as glum as the Prisoner of Chillon whoever he was.

I kept them jolly quiet and out of mischief, giving work to idle hands, so to speak, and after a bit I looked at my watch. It was past twelve—ten past, to be exact—and no signs of Stretton. It was plain that he had been kept longer than he expected. Then I thought of a beautiful plan to while away the time—viz., or "namely, that is to say," go down to the grub shop, get some chocolate, and return. There wasn't any danger. I looked out of the window across to the Head's study. Still no sign of Stretton coming across the quad; my mind was made up in the twinkling of an eye. I turned round to the fellows again.

"Boys," I said, "I must be absent for a short time, and expect you to make no noise while I am away. Vaughan, keep them in order. You have my authority."

I heard a subdued hiss as I went to the door, and threatened them with further impots. That quieted them, and I proceeded on my way, carefully shutting the door behind me.

I ran quietly across the quad. in the style of the swift footed Achilles, and cautiously peered through the window into the Head's study. Stretton, the Head, and another man —the architect, I suppose—were poring over the plans, and I heard them talking.

Stretton remarked that it was time he went back to his form, but the Head said, 'Oh, five minutes more won't hurt them. I expect they enjoy it. Boys will be boys, you know."

By the way, people usually say that sort of thing when you're going to be lammed for doing something wrong, but it never gets you off. Still, it raised my opinion of the Head a good deal. What he said was very cheering as I could easily get down to the grub shop and back in five minutes. I didn't wait any longer, but bolted off to Mrs. Websters, and bought all the necessary articles. Then I left my form a sporting term, you know where the hare lies—and made tracks for home.

Meanwhile, several things had happened. Of course, I didn't know it at the time, but

Dickie told me afterwards, when we'd made it up. I'd better tell you here, or you won't follow the course of events. Briefly—fellows usually say that before a long speech—it was as follows. Dickie Vaughan was a wily bird, and was also annoyed at my setting him lines. Of course, it was only a rag that I'd had for fun—as I explained to him, but he didn't see it. He said my actions spoke for themselves, but my words were deceitful. There was no need to jaw about it, but he can't blink the fact that he played a pretty low trick on me—however much he may wrap it up in a lot of dressy syllables. As a matter of fact, he was jolly sick with me, and set about thinking of a return match. As I've explained before, he's rather good at that sort of thing, and he soon had a plan.

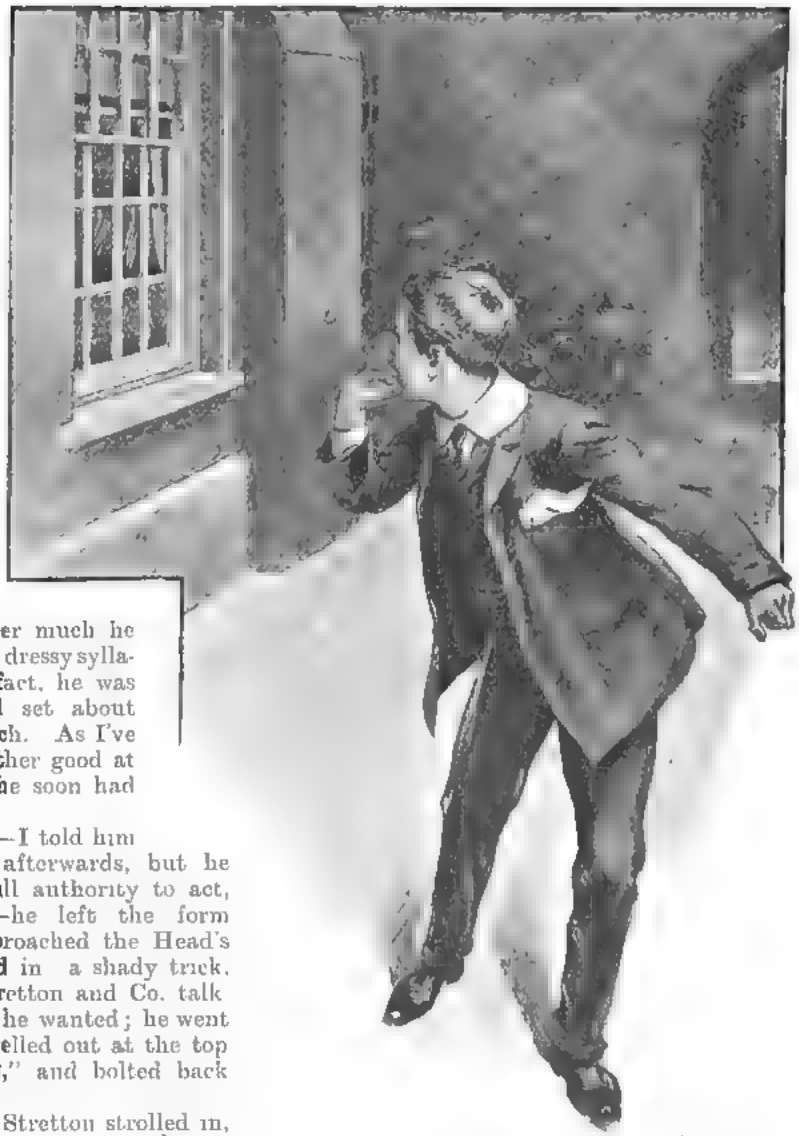
He left the form-room—I told him this was dishonourable afterwards, but he said that he had my full authority to act, which I couldn't deny—he left the form room, and stealthily approached the Head's window. Then he looked in a shady trick, I told him—and saw Stretton and Co. talking away. That was all he wanted; he went back a few yards, then yelled out at the top of his voice, "STRETTON," and bolted back to the form.

A minute or two later Stretton strolled in, looking as cool as a cucumber. He does know how to keep his head, by Jove!

He didn't say anything at first, according to Dickie, but simply went to his desk and sat down as if nothing had happened. He seemed surprised to see the fellows at work writing hard, and looked all round to see if any chap was slacking. Then, of course, he noticed that I wasn't there.

"Where is Calmour?" he asked, quietly. I hate a quiet voice; it usually means you're in for it.

No one answered at first, but he repeated his question so pressingly that they had to



HE YELLED OUT AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE, "STRETTON."

confess that I had gone out. He mused a bit, and chewed his moustache, and then——

"What are you all writing so busily?" he asked.

"Imposition, sir," said Walters.

"For whom?"

Walters is a bit of a wag—or thinks he is—and said, "For Mr. Calmour, sir."

"For *whom*?" Stretton asked, and Walters lost his nerve and said, "For Calmour, sir." Stretton sat tight, thinking still, and—so Dickie said—smiling. I'm glad he has a

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sense of humour. He didn't ask any more questions, but waited for me.

Meanwhile, I'd had a very good time at the tuck shop. Bread is supposed to be the staff of life, but I'd put my money on chocolate any day of the week, and caramels aren't a bad substitute, though they're a bit leathery. I filled my pockets, and hastened back warily, thinking how sick the fellows would be when they saw me refreshing the inner man in this way. I ran lightly across the quad, got to the room, entered it, and then—well, I made an ass of myself. The master's desk is on the same side of the room as the door, so I didn't notice it as the door swung back. I began cheerily, 'Well, boys"—when I saw Stretton gazing at me with acute interest.

My words died on my lips—that's rather a poetical touch, I know, but it describes the case I stood there feeling about the biggest ass you can imagine. Stretton spoke first.

"I gather you have set these boys impositions. Your authority was not so full as this."

Walters, Dickie and the others cheered up at hearing this, but Dickie's time was coming.

"Vaughan, however," continued Stretton, in his quiet way, "will write five hundred lines for calling out my name in an impertinent manner."

(By George! Dickie did look green. Stretton had spotted him at the window, you see.)

Then it was my turn.

"And Calmour will write two hundred and fifty lines for neglecting his duty. Walters, will you construe, please, beginning at line 84?"

Cheery ending to a harmless little joke—eh? what?

"Oh!"
Drawn by Gordon Browne, R.I.

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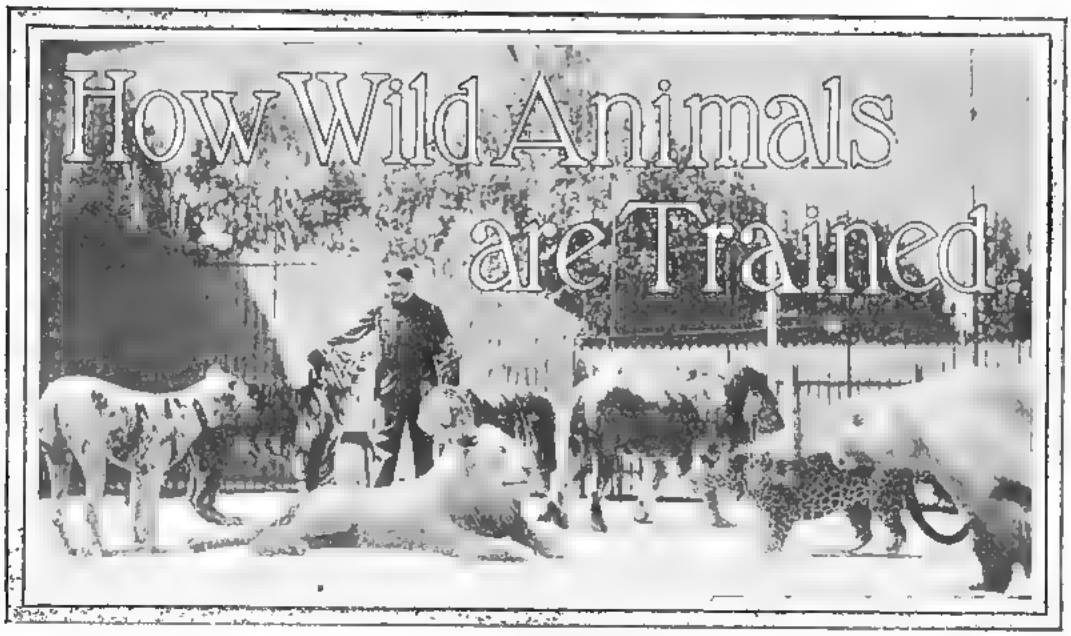
How Wild Animals are Trained



By H. J. SHEPSTONE.

I HAVE just come away from a visit to the largest animal training establishment in the world. It is to be found in Hamburg, and is presided over by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the acknowledged king of animal trainers, and, incidentally, the largest and most successful importer of wild and curious animals. He has given thirty-six years to the training of animals. He told me he had trained over seven hundred large animals such as lions, tigers, bears, and elephants, while most of the lion tamers of Europe and America have passed through his hands. He has raised the training of animals to a science. To him a new lion is a beast endowed with distinct characteristics, and, therefore, one that demands individual study and attention.

Mr. Hagenbeck's depôt in Hamburg is a wonderful place. Strictly speaking he has two, one in the heart of the city, and a large park at Stellingen, a thriving suburb of the great port. Both places were full of all kinds of wild and curious beasts. His three lion-houses, at the time of my visit, contained twenty-five lions, twenty-one Bengal tigers, and five hybrids between lion and tiger, an entirely new animal, seen nowhere else in the world. In one house I counted 150 monkeys. In one of the cages at Stellingen I also counted 75 beautiful white flamingoes. There were fourteen elephants in the elephant-house.

The depôt boasts of three training cages. In one a group of twelve seals were undergoing stage tuition. They were being taught their tricks by an Englishman, and I was assured that they had made excellent progress during the seven months they had been under instruction. One of the larger ones, which the trainer affectionately patted on the head, could already take a small ball in his mouth, bounce it on the ground, catch it on his nose, and waddle with it, balanced in the air, to his perch. This cage was in the "open"; in a second, which was under cover, a tiger was being taught to ride an elephant. The tiger displayed no small amount of intelligence, and seemed to understand perfectly what was wanted of him. If anything, the elephant was the more nervous of the two.

It was a magnificent Bengal tiger and a beautifully striped beast. As I stroked him through the bars of the cage he purred like a big cat. I began to think that after all it could not be difficult to train such an animal, for he was so gentle, doing exactly what the trainer desired without the least show of hesitation or remonstrance. After a talk with the trainer, however, I had reason to change my opinion of his amiability. "The tiger," said the instructor who was teaching him how to ride, " is least to be trusted of all wild animals. Some little time ago now, when I was teaching this very tiger a new trick, something outside the cage attracted my attention and I turned my back. The next instant I thought a house had fallen on me. I was thrown on my back, and when I opened my eyes I was gazing into the round green eyes of the tiger

AN ARTISTIC PYRAMID

not six inches away. He had me by the left shoulder, and was lying on my stomach with his left paw on my chest. I felt no pain, but his paw was very heavy. I tried to gaze him out of countenance, but it was no use. Finally, the tiger closed his eyes, and began to purr, just like a cat. I knew what would come next. He would eat me. Luckily, at that moment, however, two attendants came rushing up. The brute instantly lifted me up from the ground and stood growling. It was an awful moment for me. Without a moment's hesitation the men rushed into the cage, followed by others, and, with pitchforks and iron bars, tried to get me away. For a time that tiger stood his ground, and fought them with me in his mouth. At last he dropped me, and I was pulled out of the cage. It was two months before I completely recovered."

In another cage I was greeted by a wonderful sight. As I was standing patiently waiting, the little doors at the back of the compartment suddenly opened, and in bounded a troup of mixed animals; namely, two large Nubian lions, one cross between a lion and a tiger, two Bengal tigers, two large Indian leopards, two South American pumas, two Polar bears and some four or five German bourhounds. In went the trainer, and, after putting the animals through their performance, romped with them just as you or I would play with young dogs or kittens. They were rough, too; they jumped on his back, and they rushed at him and pawed him, but he didn't seem to mind a bit. A chain was then put round the neck of each, and they were tethered a little way apart to the iron bars. A large barrow of horses' heads and flesh was then brought in, and some meat flung to each. There was no fighting, each being tied apart. The animals have now been taught to dine together at a table like ordinary mortals, as depicted in the photograph at the end of this article. This particular group of animals is now in New York, and during each performance they are fed in this way. This is the first time that a group of mixed wild animals has been trained to sit round a table and eat together.

"It took us four years of patient training," said my cicerone, "before the last named set of animals was ready to perform in public. The great thing in groups of this description is to get the beasts to agree. If an animal is not liked by its fellows, another one must be secured. Keeping it would only mean continual fighting. When this set was being got together, three men did nothing else but attend to them, and they were often obliged to remain in

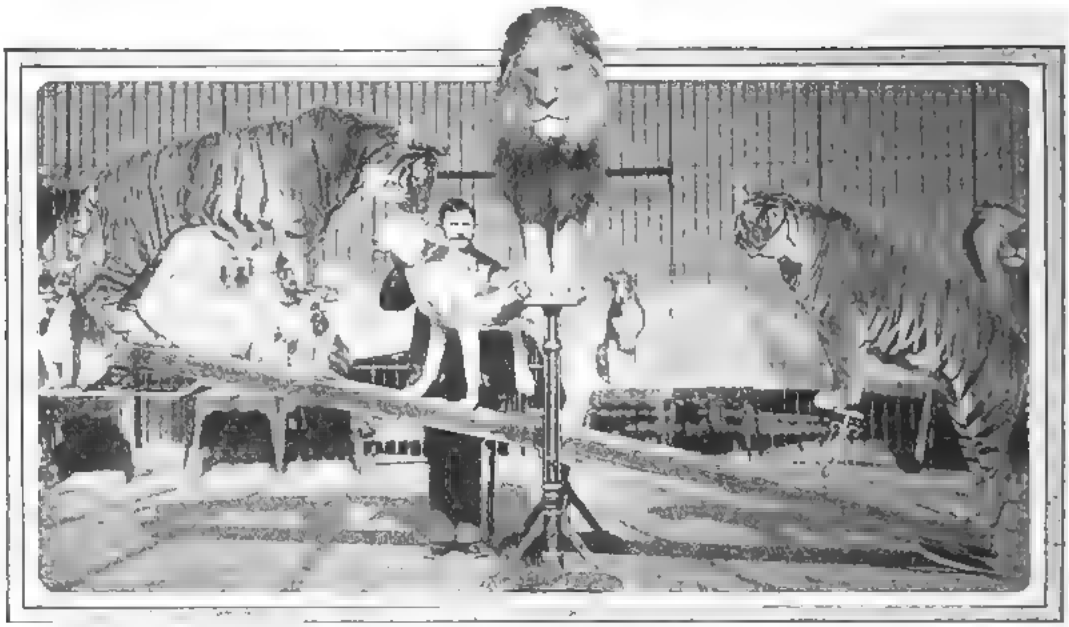
the cages all night to prevent the animals from quarrelling.

"You cannot possibly frighten or drive a beast to do any trick, however simple. It will be bound to retaliate and have its revenge sooner or later. My trainers, while under my charge, have never had any very serious accident, and the few mishaps that have occurred here with wild animals have invariably been traced to brutality on the part of the man in charge of them. You must treat your animal kindly while teaching it what you want it to do. All animals such as lions, tigers, panthers and leopards are trained when they are about a year old. It is useless to teach them tricks before, as they quickly forget them. It is, of course, impossible to train an adult forest-bred animal such as the lion or a tiger, though it is perfectly feasible to train a young forest-bred beast."

"Supposing I applied to you for the post of trainer," I suggested, "and you agreed to take me, how would you test my abilities for such work?" "I should first ask," said the great trainer, "whether you had a love for animals. That is most essential, for unless you have a real genuine love for the brute creation you could not possibly win the confidence of an animal. Secondly, you must have good nerves. You must never get nervous or excited or frightened at anything. Why, you could walk through my cages now, where the animals are being trained, and you would come to no harm. All that you want is nerve. But those animals, of course, have been thoroughly trained, and are well used to the presence of human beings. I should first put a novice to work about the grounds in the ordinary way, and, by feeding the animals, he would get used to them and they to him. Then he would commence training them. I am always receiving applications from young men and youths anxious to become animal trainers. They have watched my animals, I expect, at some theatre or circus. The majority of them, however, have a wrong impression of the business. A young man wrote to me the other day saying he was sure he would make a good lion trainer, as there was no man or beast on this earth he was afraid of. The fact that you have no fear of an animal does not mean that you could control it. To do that you must love it, study it, and teach it what you want it to do by kindness."

As soon as a group is efficiently trained it is sent upon the road. At the moment the trainer had no less than three distinct groups performing in America. A fourth is touring our own provinces, while there is another at Nice.

BRUNO TAKING THE HURDLES WITH LIONS AND TIGERS AS JUDGES.



TIGERS AND LION AT SEE-SAW

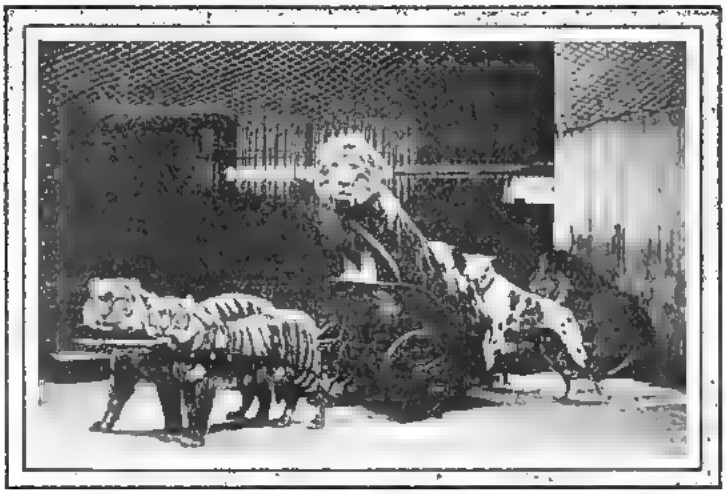
The former—that is, the group now in England—is made up of twenty-one animals, between three and four years of age. It is under the charge of Mr. Richard Sawade, an undoubtedly clever and plucky animal trainer. In addition to lions and tigers it boasts two Polar bears. One of these is seen in our picture, standing upon its hind legs in the act of taking a piece of candy from the hand of the trainer. The two Polar bears in this particular troup were the first ever taught to walk across the stage upon their hind legs. Some readers may have seen this group at the London Hippodrome, where it attracted more than ordinary attention some little time ago.

The animals in the group shown in the first four photgraphs of this article—and, by the way, I am indebted to Mr. Hagenbeck for the loan of the pictures so capitally illustrating scenes in his training establishments—do some clever tricks. In addition to forming picturesque groups, two tigers, a lion and a boarhound play at see-saw on a plank, while another tiger promenades around the arena on a rolling tub, etc. No picture better illustrates the enormous amount of patience required in training animals than that depicting the king of beasts in his state robes drawn by two royal Bengal tigers. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the tigers to walk evenly after they had consented to be harnessed together. After that had been accomplished, the lion absolutely refused at first to trust himself on the chariot. The moment it started moving he bounded off on to the floor with a growl of offended majesty. At last patience conquered,

FIRST POLAR BEAR TAUGHT TO WALK ON ITS HIND LEGS.

though the trainer was not then satisfied until two boarhound footmen were called into requisition to complete the picture. The total time spent upon this one tableau was two years.

The trainer told me he recently refused an offer of £7,500 for one of the groups mentioned above. In fact, he values his groups at from £10,000 to £15,000 a set. A young lion, valued at, say, £150, would be worth nearly ten times that figure after it had been trained. A thoroughly trained group represents four years of patient work. It also means that the fifteen to twenty animals in it have been selected out of a collection of perhaps fifty or sixty beasts. If an animal is found unsuitable for the "boards" he is at once placed into stock, and eventually sold for menageries or public zoos.



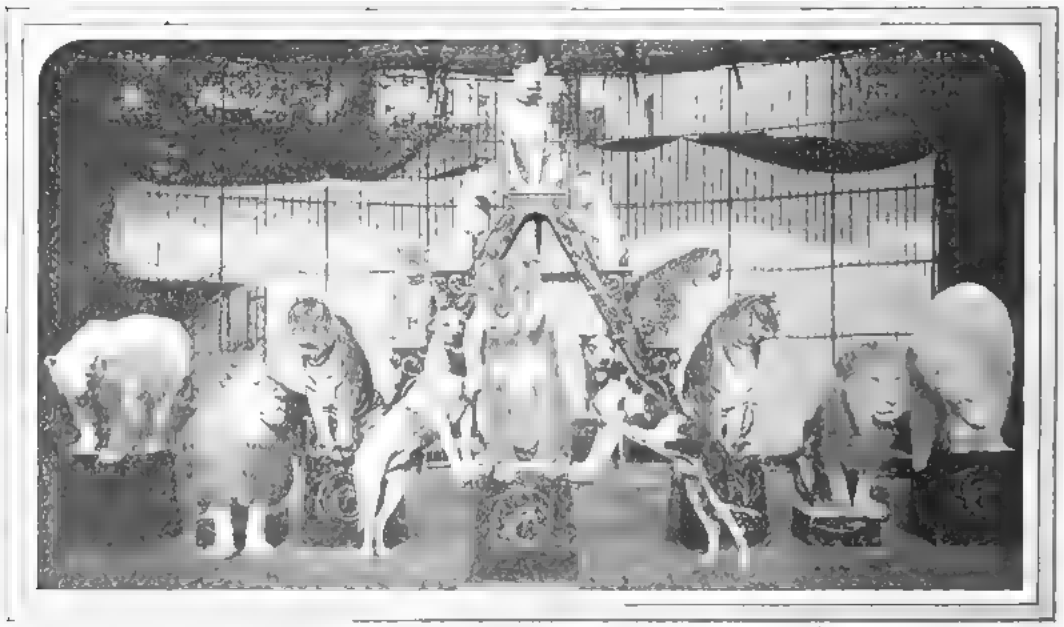
THE KING OF BEASTS IN HIS CHARIOT.

I asked if animals ever got loose and gave trouble. "Very seldom," the trainer said, "though we had a terrible job with an Indian leopard only a few weeks ago. He got loose in the hold of a vessel, and for two days none of the crew or captain would venture below. When the vessel arrived in port we quickly rigged up a trap, lowered it into the hold of the ship, and finally secured the animal." "Have you not had any narrow escapes from enraged beasts yourself?" I queried. "A few," was the modest reply. "For instance, I was laid up three months some years ago through the bruises I received from an old circus elephant I had purchased from a man in Vienna.

"On another occasion, whilst superintending the despatch of some animals, a large bull elephant suddenly broke its chains, and, turning round, tried to pin me to the wall. Fortunately for me its tusks were very wide-apart, for they only grazed the skin on each side of my back. If the tusks had been closer together I should have been killed. It was, indeed, a miraculous escape. I found on enquiry that the animal got frightened when being driven to the station, and that my man, instead of coaxing the animal, had driven the beast forward with some brutality. So the elephant awaited his opportunity for revenge. A few years ago I had to strangle a fine big male elephant because he was so savage.

"I was once pulling some alligators out of a pond when one of the creatures suddenly struck me a terrific blow with its tail which sent me flying amongst its companions. Needless to say,

A NOTED TRAINER AMONG HIS PETS.



THIS GROUP OF FOURTEEN ANIMALS TOOK FOUR YEARS TO TRAIN.

I jumped out of that pond very quickly, or I should have been torn to pieces. I once had a terrible fight with a couple of pythons, and firmly believe I should not be here to tell the tale had it not been for the quickness of one of my men, who threw a blanket over one of the reptiles and then dragged me away from the other. Some years ago, in Suez, a full grown giraffe ran away with me. The rope I held him by got entangled round my arm, and I could not get free. I was dragged along the streets and fearfully banged about. Another time a freshly imported troup of elephants ran away in Vienna. I was upon one of them myself, the others hugging close to it. I lost my elephant-guiding hook, but I stopped him by biting his ear with my teeth, when all the others, which were closely bunched round him, stopped with him."

THE LATE PROF. DARLING AND HIS LION LEO.

A striking photograph is that of the late Professor Darling and his famous performing lion Leo, and is doubly interesting as it relates to the prettiest lion story I ever heard. It was told to me by Mr. C. E. Hamilton. Darling was unquestionably one of the finest lion tamers of his day, and created quite a sensation with his daring performances. He had trained some five or six young cubs to do a number of tricks, and went to Hamburg and requested the great dealer there to obtain for him a real forest-bred lion. Mr. Hagenbeck, through his agents, secured a Nubian lion. The mother was shot and the young cub brought down to the coast on a camel's back and duly shipped to Hamburg.

It remained in the Hamburg training depôt for some months, and was then handed over to the Professor. He trained it and exhibited it

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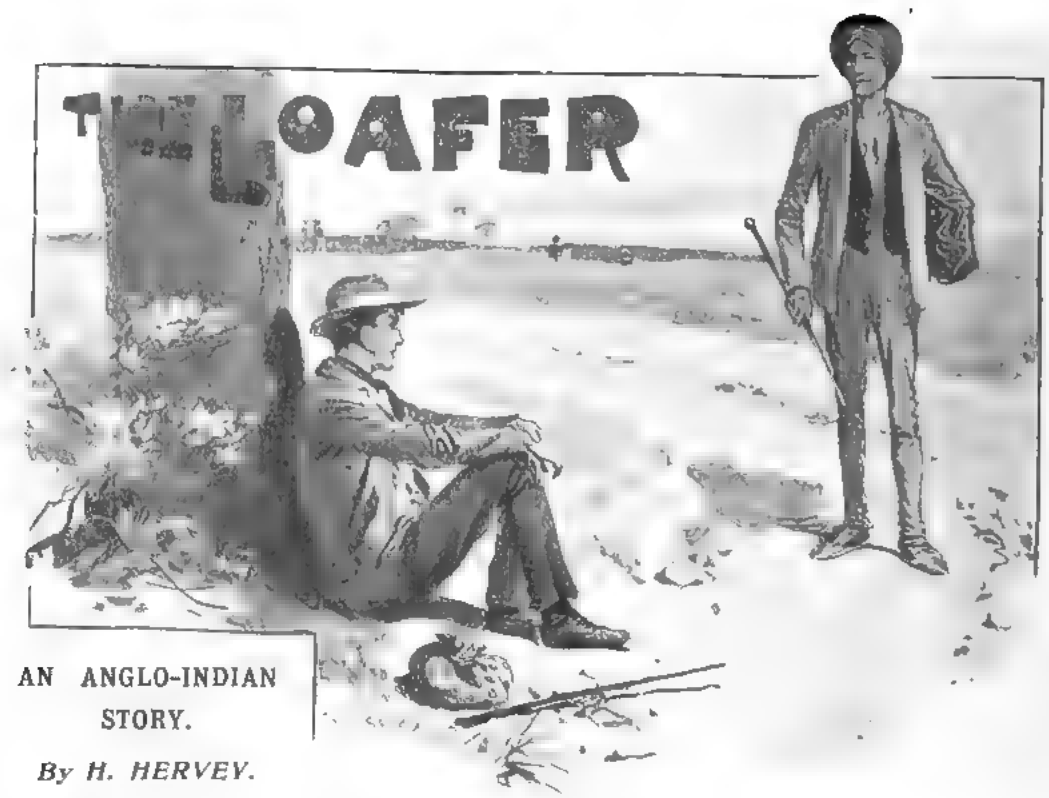
with his other beasts in the principal cities of Europe and America. It was a very intelligent animal, and was greatly admired by zoologists as well as by the general public. Leo bit his master twice, while on one occasion the beast saved his life. He was performing at a circus in Paris when the incident occurred. There were, I believe, some five lions in the cage besides Leo. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, one of these attacked the Professor and bit him rather severely in the thigh. He did his best to shake the enraged animal off, but found the task beyond him, and was fast losing strength. There was a tremendous commotion among the vast audience, and the trainer was about to give himself up as lost when Leo sprang upon the infuriated lion, and dragged him from his master amid a thunder of growls. In a few days Darling was again amongst his lions, minus the one that had so dangerously attacked him.

From that day forward the Professor grew greatly attached to Leo, the largest and finest of all his lions. He was often found, after a performance, when everyone had thought he had left the circus for the night, stroking his favourite beast in its cage. It was Darling who endeavoured to explode the fallacy that it was possible for a man to put his head into a lion's mouth. On one occasion he demonstrated before a number of medical students and others that it was impossible for him at least to get his head into Leo's mouth. When Darling died, the codicil to his will, dated the very day he left a hospital in Paris some years previously, astonished everybody. It stated that at his death his favourite lion, Leo, was to be taken back to Nubia and released in the forest there! Needless to add, his wish was carried out, and Leo shipped back to Nubia and given his liberty.

AN ANIMALS' TEA PARTY.



AN ANGLO-INDIAN STORY.

By H. HERVEY.

BANGALORE became too hot for Tom Burford, the loafer. He had been harrying that large station for over a month, and had so taxed the charity and patience of the European residents, that now he could get nothing more out of them. Clearly, Bangalore was played out for Tom Burford; so one morning he shouldered his stick, with all his worldly goods suspended thereto in a bundle, and set out on the tramp for Madras, lying some 220 miles to the south-east.

A gentleman by birth and education, Burford had come out to India as assistant in a Bombay mercantile firm; but, falling among thorns, he went to the bad, got the sack everywhere, and ultimately arrived at the ne'er-do-well's last stage; he became an Anglo-Indian loafer—pure and simple. In nine cases out of ten, the stone-broke white man out there, once he resorts to vagrancy, is irreclaimable; he will not dig, and he is in no wise ashamed to beg. It may be the same in this country, only that here the loafer is afraid of the police; yonder, the police are afraid of the loafer, who, in spite of his sorry case, is regarded by the native constable as a member of the dominant people, and so to be treated with commensurate respect. Burford, however, at this stage, would have gladly taken employment—though, perhaps, only to lose it again; but no one would give him any. When he comes into the story, he was thirty, and had been eight years in the country, two of which had been passed in loafing. There, seated under a tree on the roadside, he was taking a noonday rest, ragged, unshaven, and with the true hang-dog expression of the cadging fraternity, marring a face otherwise refined and intellectual. This was the fifth day out from Bangalore. He slept in verandahs of travellers' bungalows, and, being penniless, he had to wheedle the villagers into giving him stray meals of curry and rice. The few wayfarers looked askance at the solitary white man, and hastily passed by on the other side, while as to English travellers, he had little chance of meeting any. He was thinking of continuing on, when a more civilised-looking native hove in sight, coming from the direction of Bangalore. He was a powerfully built man, pleasant-featured, middle-aged, poorly clad, carrying a small carpet bag and a stout iron shod bamboo, while a brass image of the Virgin Mary dangling on his breast proclaimed him to be a Roman Catholic convert.

"Hi -you there!" cried Burford, hailing him. The pedestrian immediately diverged, approached Tom, and—to the latter's satisfaction—addressed him in quaint Indo-English, which, be it said, is generally a compound of grandiloquence and absurdity, more or less an amusing characteristic in the parlance of every Aryan brother who has received an Anglo-Vernacular education.

"I note, sir," said he, seating himself, "that, by the sartorial short-coming to your apparels, our stars are no in ascendant."

"You're right so far as mine goes," replied Burford. "Where are you from?"

"Bangalore. You are going to Madras—is it?" inquired the native.

"Yes; and you?"

"I am bound for identical destitute's refuge. My name is Lazar Pillay. How you are baptised—I pray?"

"Thomas Burford. What are you going to Madras for?"

"In quest of fickle Lady Fortune. I did come cropper in Bangalore; therefore I have left salubrious region of it for heated place."

"What sort of cropper?"

"I was clerk in Commissariat, and devil shape temptation came in small-minded contractor ass who offered trumpery bribe to me for placing mutton's tender in favourable light to officer. Therefore I was dismissed. So as there is no any fair fame left for me in Bangalore, I am seeking new pastures and fields to disport. I shall temporarily put up to my brother in San Thomé."

"We're in the same boat then. I vote we travel together. I've no money, but I sha'n't ask you for any."

"I am very glad, sir. At all the events we can form mutual protection against beastly marauder, and we can beguile road with inter-sermon and pithy joke."

Thus was the compact struck, and they proceeded in company.

One day Lazar drew Burford's attention to a high conical hill that stood up like a sentinel from the surrounding flatness. "That is Kalimullay, sir; anciently it was famous. We can pass parallel to-morrow."

"What is it famous for?"

"There is on brow, temple devoted to Kali, myth goddess to the pagan fellers. Many years off it was possessed of virtuous property and great sanctification; but now it is abandoned. No any natives will go aloft hill, no one performing vows and ceremonies."

"Why not?"

"There is tradition who says that in last century's termination, while war was ravaged between your nationality and Mysore Hyder Ali, some English small army buffeted out Hindus, and clutched by strength the fort on hill for visual purpose. Then soldiers made temple desecrated by pipe smoke, drink, and prank in holy of holy. Also, they abdicate Kali from honour's seat, and they also perpetrate burglary by extricating eyes from face of myth goddess."

"Extricated the eyes!" repeated Burford, laughing; "why?"

"They were two precious emerald stones, and fermented cupidity of rough soldier chaps who committed burglary of them. When English small army quitted place and Hindus returned, they noticed abomination with tears, and gnashed jaw with furious impotence when they perceived the ancient valuable eyes eradicated, and resubstituted with trash glass green piece. Therefore they have left frump Kali in lurch."

"I should like to go up and have a look round," observed Burford. "Would it delay us long?"

"I don't think. Four miles beyond is Perriattum bungalow; we can reach prior to gloam. Anyhow, we shall go."

Early the following afternoon they arrived abreast of Kalimullay, which lay a mile or so off the road. The hamlet of Kalicooppum —also named after the goddess—nestled at the foot of the hill, and as they traversed the little street, Lazar told the villagers where they were going.

"You will find nothing but ruin and desolation up there," observed a Brahman, in the vernacular. "Our forefathers abandoned the temple when the English polluted it. Our goddess is now worshipped here," he added, pointing proudly to a modern pagoda standing among the huts. "Our English rulers are more considerate of our religion in these days."

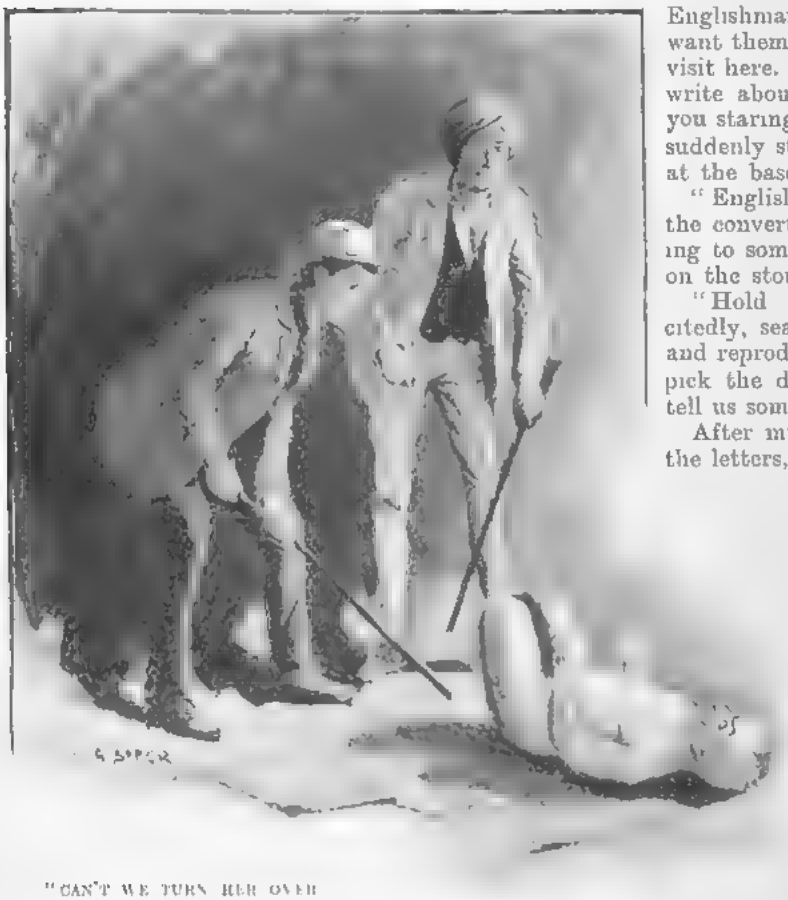
After a stiff climb up an old zig-zag path, they reached a ruined stone fort. Passing through a tumble-down archway they entered an enclosed space overgrown with low jungle, in the centre of which stood a small stone temple. They went into the building and looked about them. At the end facing the entrance was a stone block, and close by, evidently just as the dead-and-gone Tommies had capsized it, lay the image of the goddess Kali—on her face.

"Here you see graven stock," whispered Lazar, indicating the idol. "Where is now

her greatness? To God I render thank that I am no any longer steeped in the paganism buffoonery.'

'Can't we turn her over?" asked Tom, after vainly endeavouring to move the heavy stone figure with his hands

Why you desire to feast glance on idol-



"CAN'T WE TURN HER OVER

atrous countenance, sir?" queried the convert with surprise

"Just to see what she's like. Let's shove our sticks under her, and we'll soon do it."

Both used their sticks as levers, heaved together, and the goddess rolled over on to her back. It was merely an idol of the usual hideous type, innocent of adornment, all of which the natives must have had time to remove ere the English entered the place One glance at the eyes told that they had been tampered with; the lids were chipped, and the face scratched; but the pilferer must have known what he was about, for the pieces of green glass were so firmly imbedded in *chunam*—the Indian cement—that Tom worked with his clasp knife for a good hour before he could dislodge them.

Lazar protested frequently. "Why, sir? it is labour thrown to pig. Of what utility is the green glass piece to you?"

"None at all!" laughed the Englishman, pocketing the bits. "I want them only as mementoes of my visit here. Perhaps some day I may write about it. Halloa! what are you staring at?" he added, as Lazar suddenly stooped and gazed intently at the base of the figure.

"English inscriptions," murmured the convert in an awed voice, pointing to some faint traces of lettering on the stone

"Hold on!" cried Burford, excitedly, seating himself cross legged, and reproducing his knife. "Let me pick the dirt out; perhaps they'll tell us something."

After much patience they cleared the letters, and the inscription in its entirety ran thus

'*I have deprived this vile heathen image of its emerald eyes, and replaced them with portions of worthless green glass, as more befitting thereto.*

'AMBROSE MAKABIE
Ensign, H E I Co's
'European Regiment
"3rd June 1792'

By Jingo!" exclaimed Burford. Your tradition is a fact then, Lazar. I will make a copy of this. Who knows? it may be useful."

Having copied the inscription, they restored the image to the position in which they had found it, and, descending the hill, resumed their journey.

When within three days of Madras, and on the way to Bannaveram, their halting place for the night, the travellers were nooning under some trees by a small running stream. The conversation recurred to Kalimullay, and Lazar recommended the loafer not to exhibit the green glass bits.

"Why not?" queried Tom.

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"I am actuated by prudential inkling, sir, to give you salutary advice. Peradventure any straight-laced gentleman hearing news will animadvert and say that you pulled eyes for nefarious purpose. Better keep shut head about that. You can show inscription copy with immunity, and if any gentleman is curiously interested you can chaperon to Kallimullay, and jew-without-belief can see that the unconscious soldier chap has performed what he digged in stone."

"I see what you mean. Yes, the inscription may get me something, while the glass, though worthless, might land me in trouble. Do you want them?" he inquired, producing the bits from his pocket.

"No, sir!" exclaimed the convert hastily. "I am very afraid. Perhaps bogey of burglarious soldier chap will squat on chest with the nightmare if I have green glass piece in possession. You also may suffer from kindred incubus if you keep."

"All right," replied Burford, laughing, "I'll chuck them away," and he pitched the two bits into the water.

In due course they reached Madras, where they parted; Lazar went to his brother in San Thomé, while Burford took up his abode at a low lodging house in Blacktown. Poor fellow; this coming to the Presidency did not prove a move in the right direction for him; the city was overrun with pests of his class, and he was turned away from house after house. Not one out of twenty would listen to his tale of woe; and the few coppers that were bestowed on him did not satisfy the lodging house people who, after he had been with them a week, threatened to turn him out.

One great point in Burford's favour lay in the fact of his being a total abstainer; he never spent an anna in drink—the general curse of loaferhood. Therefore he always had his wits about him, a fact which served the man at this the turning point in his life. As he wearily walked along, *en route* for a suburb he had not yet beaten, he heard an outcry behind him, and, on looking round, saw a horsed carriage flying up the road at a mad pace. Was it a runaway? the absence of coachman and groom, the wild aspect of the horse as it neared him, confirmed the supposition. In a moment the loafer was himself. Setting out to run at top speed in the same direction with the maddened animal, he made a side spring as it overtook him, clutched the headstall, hung on, and, by working fiercely at the bit, soon brought the horse to a stop.

"Whoa!" he panted, standing at its head and caressing the brute into quiescence, while a crowd of natives jabbered their admiration of the plucky deed, and an Englishman alighted from the conveyance and came to him.

"Now, my man," said the latter, "you probably saved my life by your courage. I am grateful, and wish to prove it. I see what you are; but I desire to do more than give you money. Can you write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you willing to take employment?"

"I am, sir; but I have no credentials."

"Hang credentials! What you've done for me is quite sufficient. Come to Linden and Co.'s on the beach at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. I am Mr. Linden; ask for me."

Tom went as directed. He saw Mr. Linden, and it ended in the penniless, starving loafer being appointed to a clerkship in the firm on a monthly salary of a hundred rupees, free quarters on the premises, and a sum of ready money in hand—to set himself up with suitable clothes and other necessaries.

A month later, re-transferred, so to speak, into respectability, all the kindred instincts awoke in Tom Burford's mind, and he marvelled how he had survived the past few disreputable years of his life. He turned over an entirely new leaf, stuck manfully to his work, made himself agreeable to all, and speedily won the goodwill of his fellows, as well as that of his employers.

"What are you doing to-morrow, Burford?" asked Mr. Kilgor, the manager, on the eve of a general holiday.

"Nothing particular, sir."

"Will you spend the day with me? I am anxious to hear that story which you have occasionally hinted at."

"Thank you, sir; I shall be pleased to come."

After luncheon, seated with old Kilgor in the verandah of his comfortable suburban bungalow, Burford narrated his Kalimullay adventure, as already known to the reader. "I took a copy of the inscription," concluded Tom, handing the paper to his host.

"Makable? Makable?" repeated Kilgor, after perusal, "an uncommon name. Now, let—me see; where could Oh, I re-

member! There is a Makable in this very place; a small stationer in Blacktown."

"Probably a descendant of this one, sir."

"Yes; how interesting! Let's look him up, Burford, and ask if he can furnish any sequel to your yarn; at least, so far as this Ambrose Makable and the emeralds go."

Ordering his dog-cart, Kilgor and his guest drove to the stationer's shop in Blacktown. They introduced themselves, and Kilgor, observing that they did not come as customers, asked for a few minutes' private interview, whereupon the wondering shopman summoned his wife to relieve him, conducted the visitors to a side room, and declared himself at their service.

HE HAD HALF REMOVED THE CHUNAM

"Has your family been connected for long with this part of the world, Mr. Makable?" commenced Tom.

"For the last four generations—it has."

"Was any member ever in the East India Company's military service?"

"Yes, my great grandfather. My grandfather and father lived and died in this country—as tradesmen."

"Your great grandfather's name was Ambrose Makable, I believe?"

"It was!" exclaimed the astonished stationer. "How do you know?"

"All in good time. Did you ever hear of Ambrose Makable in connection with a certain hill fort in the interior?"

Makable stared at Burford. "I see," said he, "that you have got hold of the discreditable story; I had hoped that it had long since been lived down. However, as you may have become possessed of a garbled version, I will tell you all I know about it—as heard from my father, who had it from his. Ambrose Makable, in the course of marching up country, once found himself holding a small hill fort. In this fort stood a heathen temple containing an idol, the eyes of which my ancestor recognised to be two large emeralds; so he determined to appropriate them. While his regiment lay encamped below he happened to be the first to command the detachment of observation that manned the fort on the hill. Makable therefore had pretty much his own way. On making his discovery he claimed the temple for his own occupation, so that no one should interfere with him. His brother-officers were all down below, while the soldiers of his party sheltered elsewhere, or kept a look-out from the fort walls. He had half removed the *chunam* or cement in which the emeralds were set, when he bethought him of recording his exploit on the image itself. This he did, and the next morning he was about to resume operations on the eyes when a body of Hyder Ali's troops suddenly came in sight. The English hurried out to meet the enemy, who declined the combat, and retired. A pursuit ensued; Ambrose Makable never revisited that fort, and a few years afterwards he was killed before Seringapatam. It is evident that he kept no bearings of the place, for my father could never ascertain its whereabouts."

The effect of this communication on the visitors can be imagined.

"Do you mean me to understand that

your great grandfather did *not* take the stones?" asked Burford, in an excited voice.

"Yes; he was interrupted—as I have related."

"Then all I can say is," rejoined Tom, "that *I* took them, not two months ago; that is, if I had not been forestalled by some one else." He thereupon acquainted Makable with all the facts, so far as he was concerned.

"Then, to all intents and purposes, Mr. Burford, you threw away a pile of money into that stream," remarked the stationer at the close of the narrative.

"The circumstances I have already made known, coupled with a total ignorance of precious stones, led me to believe that they were mere valueless bits of glass, as the inscription alleges," replied Tom, mournfully.

"Could you not find your way back to the spot?" queried Kilgor.

"What spot?"

"Where you threw the—the—whatever they were into the water. It is the hot season now; that stream is sure to be dry. Go and look for the things in the bed."

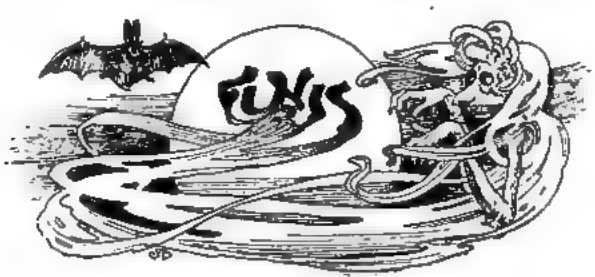
After a pause of amazed cogitation, Burford grasped the possibility of success. Acting at once, he engaged a conveyance, drove direct to Mr. Linden's residence, and applied for a week's leave on a matter of importance, particulars of which would be made known thereafter. The indulgence being readily granted, he went on to San Thomé, hunted up Lazar, told all, and begged his company. The convert agreed, and on the morrow they started, travelling —this time—in a comfortable bullock coach. Reaching Bannaveram the next morning, they left the coach at the travellers' bungalow, and set out by themselves for the spot where they had nooned that day when Burford threw the idol's eyes into the water. After some little difficulty they found the place, and the stream—as Kilgor had predicted—dry. They immediately set to work, and presently Burford recovered first one stone, then the other, a short way down the stream, a few paces apart, and not very deep in the sand.

"Sir," remarked Lazar, as they gleefully ascended the bank, "there is saying in tongue of your mother that no any use searching in straw-bundle for sewing needles; but just we have made demonstration that occasionally success has crowned brave rummager with garland palm."

What Burford had pitched away as bits of green glass proved to be two magnificent emeralds, and a firm of precious stone merchants purchased them for a large sum—nominally from Mr. Linden, who, for obvious reasons, undertook the negotiation.

One day the villagers of Kalicooppum were startled out of their wits by the arrival of a mounted stranger who thrust a bag of a thousand rupees into the hands of the chief Brahman, and, intimating that the money was intended for expenditure on the temple, rode off without vouchsafing another word of explanation.

Makable's little shop was closed, Burford resigned his clerkship at Linden's, Lazar left his brother, and shortly afterwards, a large bookseller's, stationer's, and publisher's establishment, under the title of Burford, Makable, and Lazar, was opened in the busiest part of the city.



"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

BEING A SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS ENTERED FOR OUR COMPETITION

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By C. H. Rollston, Simpsfield.

AN "OLD BOY" READER
By C. G. Waudby.

"KOKO"
By A. A. Lloyd, Flixton

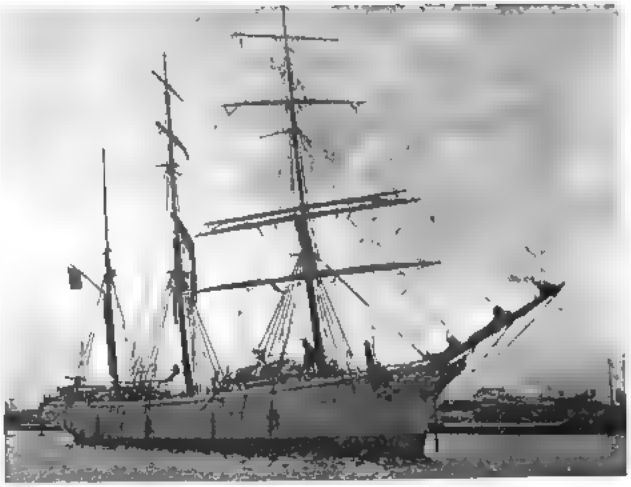
By Fred. Carter] [Hartlepoo

HARTLEPOOL, FROM THE OLD PIER

THE HAPPY VALLEY.
Richard Hargreaves, Brierfield .

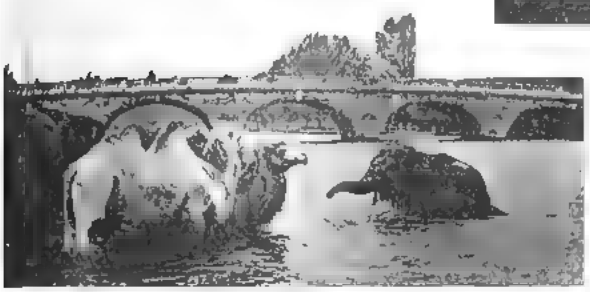
"HAS ANYBODY GOT A BIT OF STRING?"
Richard Hargreaves, Brierfield

MY PERSIAN PET.
By J. J. R. H. Oldham, Chesterfield.



WAITING FOR ORDERS.
By J. Fitzpatrick, Falkirk.

PUSH-BALL AT LEEDS
By J. T. Iredale, Leeds.



SANGER'S ELEPHANTS BATHING AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
By W. L. Taylor, Henley-on-Thames.

AN ARTISTIC COTTAGE IN CORNWALL.
By W. Boynton, Brighton.

HAZEL NUTS.
By J. E. Patterson, Newcastle.

WHY SOME SCHOOLS FAIL.

SOME INDISCRIMINATE REFLECTIONS ADDRESSED TO THE MANY PARENTS WHO READ "THE CAPTAIN."

SOME schools fail because they cannot get boys enough, which may be due to bad luck or even to bad management; but it has nothing to do with the kind of failure I mean, which itself has nothing to do with the commercial side of the question. Some schools succeed commercially, but all the time unutterably fail as schools, as educating factors, as producers of sound minds and sound bodies, of useful, promising, half-grown citizens.

This is what I told the Editor, your friend, the Old Fag. If he could, he would have pulled a long face, but he can't; he merely looked solemn with the rest of his face, and twinkled ineffably with his wise old eyes. Did I want to re-organise human nature and change the face of the earth? Yes; I did. You don't crush a cricketer with a pen in his hand as easily as that, not in these days, when the heavy hand of the newspaper teaches him daily how not to be crushed, as well as why not to be uplifted. So here goes.

It's a weary world sometimes, and full of editors and of schools. Just pause for a minute and think where we should be without schools. And just think what it would be if every school were perfect! But first just imagine this little tale—to begin at the beginning, in the country, and very, very young. There was a ripping little fellow; he would have had long golden curls if he had belonged to that sort of family, but he didn't, and he had a close-cropped head, like a yellow billiard ball. He might have been about four, and he spent his life in brown holland, slip-on shape, and in any amount of adventures among chair-legs and gooseberry bushes. He wore strap-shoes, and had need for much thicker soles than the bootmaker provided. He was an independent person, who made the kitchen garden an enormous world, with a bigger world outside inhabited by his friend, the gamekeeper, by name of Smocks, a man of the woods, who occasionally looked over the garden wall and gave a lift and a hand, and arranged an unutterably adventurous walk. Sometimes. Generally, it was a more domestic case of trying to control a stud of sixteen guinea-pigs, tailless, white, with black spots. They were numbered from A to Z, in harmony with the lesson-book indoors; and from A to Z they used to cross the open, single-file, in a set line. A was the leader, and where he went there went the other letters, twinkling their noses—sleek coats. There is no doubt that, in the absence of Smocks, this pleasant little boy lived for his guinea-pigs. Brown Holland was, for his years, an artist in guinea-pigs.

No pains did he spare himself. The houses of these pigs were homes, and each had his own set apart, and never got into a wrong one; or, if he did, was moved sharp.

As time went on the accident of education introduced nouns and adjectives, and a few odd things like verbs. These appendages at first were easily imagined into food for pigs, something for A to Z to feed upon. It was a very big world, and the worst of it was —grammar and the governess. But for several years it fitted in all right with guinea-pigs and chair-built castles.

But time flies, and nothing dies like a guinea-pig when it starts; and, as in life, so in death they follow the lead like . . . . like guinea-pigs. Brown Holland had become Cloth Trousers. The pigs' homes were stacked, all in a tidy heap. The years of the tailless pigs were past.

Now, old Smocks had known Brown Holland all his life. He used to bring him every class of skin cured and sweet, and he it was who, as the deaths occurred among the alphabet, embalmed their outsides dry and hard, to be filed away like a letter. So the spotted skins were filed in a drawer, and no more emitted funny squeaks. Curious how an old man, and a very little boy, are at one to do with animals and skins, and things, and woods, and gooseberry bushes. However, it was Smocks that stacked the homes, and noticed most the advent of the Shetland pony. Smocks certainly resented cloth trousers, and preferred the days of brown holland. Great days, of perpetual comradeship over eggs and hen pheasants, and chickens sitting on pheasants' eggs. Pleasant days, too, as the spring matured, through the golden buttercup fields, seas of gold. An old man likes the laughter of a small boy in the fields at one with the skylark's song and the meadow-sweet.

But school, even a dame's school, seems to change a small boy into something different. And, after all, holidays are not like all the year at home, and the governess. But it can't be helped; boys grow.

The first day of the first holidays old Smocks came to the wall, and, much doubting (for there were older brothers), was much relieved to find Cloth Trousers in the garden, even with a catapult, missing sparrows by yards. Smocks was the same, and wore the self-same coat, his face a little thinner, his head a little whiter with age. The home coverts were the same, and the cock pheasants gobbled corn in the same rides, and went to roost in the same hazel-trees. But Brown Holland was now Cloth-Trousers-and-an-Eton Coat; and not even Cloth Trousers, of the concluding guinea-pig years, but Cloth Trousers from a boarding school, grown like other school boys, and not bad at that; in fact, quite good, but grown different. He had no language of his own; he spoke the tongue of fifty other boys, and mostly thought their thoughts, or was not quite sure what to think. Of course, it was all right. But Smocks' argument was this. "He's a-growin' and a-learnin'. But he ought to have growed natural like, like a acorn to a oak. There ain't no call for them there schools to turn 'em all out alike. And I'll warrant that there Latin won't make 'im see a partridge on a fallow quicker nor he used. They make 'em orn'ery if they can, do these 'ere schools."

And this little story is a parable; and it means nothing if you don't see any meaning in it. But it's true.

After I had written it I invited a learned lady, skilled in education, to tell me why some schools failed. And this is what she was by way of saying:

"Schoolmasters often have to start to build up a character on a bad foundation Parents, not nurses, are responsible for this. Consider how short a time any child really spends with its parents. At the most, your boys and girls will be with you for about eight years. Up to the age of three years, most of the time is spent in sleep and out of doors. From then the parents are solely responsible, and they don't seem to grasp the fact that it is the most important time in a child's life. Perhaps they think they are too young to learn. What! Too young to be selfish, untruthful, cruel, or lazy? This is what most children learn very well, and if they can learn evil they can learn good just as easily. It takes most careful supervision to check these faults, yet quite often a child starts his school life with all these to his discredit, besides being untidy, unhandy. And possibly, though he has had time to learn all this, he is unable to read or write. Now tell me, is this fair? Parents have had them from the beginning. Ought they not in the time to have done something better for their children? The root of the matter lies in the 'Entire Charge' system. There must be something wrong in a well-to-do house where the children are so set aside. Parents so constantly advertise for 'nurse, entire charge.' What possessions, so valuable and costly, or what engagements so pressing as to require a nurse to take entire charge! It reminds me of a mother passing in a carriage, who remarked to her friend, 'I believe that is my little boy; I recognise the nurse.' Few, I think, if asked to show their most valued treasures, would at once lead the way to the nursery. No! A house, motor-car, or even jewels, would most likely be displayed.

"Why don't parents, who often spend large sums on education, give the schools a better chance? Unlearning is so much more difficult than learning. How can parents expect schools not only to do their own work, but also to undo the work of the first seven or eight years of a child's life? Why, the very best of schools cannot undo all the harm. Who has been responsible for that time? Parents, and no one else. They are

willing to pay big school fees, and are really anxious to give their children a good education. But why don't they wake up to the fact that it is their duty to prepare the ground, and give the schools a chance to build on a good foundation? Parents ought to be able to send into the school world children who are a credit to the homes they belong to. Don't wait on the boys; let them wait on others; it will require patience, as one could perhaps 'do it so much quicker one's self'; but it is good for them, and tends to make them less selfish. A little child of three can learn to lace his own boots (see that the tags are on before he starts)—but if that same child is brought up on the 'entire charge' principle, the boots will be laced for him. "It is so much easier,' says nurse, 'to do it one's self.' Remember, every little thing learned well will be a great help in learning a more difficult task. What a pity parents do not have to pass an exam. on what they ought to teach their children during the first seven or eight years! I think they would be less hard on the schools."

And, on the whole, I am inclined to think my lady friend has a very sensible notion of what she is talking about. You see, the foundation of a house makes an extraordinary difference to the solidity of the superstructure. And what about houses that are built on sand, or, worse still, on boggy soil? Not much use.

But there is a further point where parents are connected with the question of why some schools fail; fail, that is, as regards at least some of their pupils. It is this way. Home is home, and school is school. But, if a school is a good school, a boy ought not to come back for the holidays and find that the sort of life and the sort of behaviour which he is taught to believe in, and act up to, at school, is suddenly made to appear unnecessary and valueless. Many a schoolmaster has had to bewail the failure of his anxious and conscientious efforts to turn a boy into a good fellow, simply because, I'll trouble you, the boy does not like the wise process of amelioration, and the father or mother sympathises, not with the master, but with the boy. To my thinking, if a parent thinks proper to send a boy to school at all, he should pick the schoolmaster only after careful consideration, and, having picked him, should make up his mind not to interfere with what the master believes to be for the good of his pupil. The position of a schoolmaster who is not backed up to the last letter by the parent, is most difficult, nay, it is impossible. Masters make mistakes sometimes, but not as often as some parents imagine. But if you think your son's master is not to be trusted fully *in loco parentis*, take your son away; don't let your son know you think the master next door to a fool (which, in another sense, he may be), and yet leave your son under his authority. No boy can serve two masters, schoolmaster and parent-master, unless both pull the same way; either he will hate the one and despise the other, or both.

But there is another phase of the same kind of thing, only different. It is a cardinal mistake to make a boy feel that the things he has been taught to think do matter at school, don't matter when he comes home. In some ways, boys are the most logical beings alive, especially when you do not require them to be so, and there is nothing they twig so quickly as inconsistency in their pastors and masters, and fathers and mothers.

Remember, an average boy leaves school for the holidays just about in his proper place, and this lasts about half-way to the station. During the journey home, he shifts his proper place by about twelve up, all on his own. And, properly mismanaged and encouraged, he shifts it up by about fifty before he has been home a week. Which is a bad thing for him, and a severe handicap to the schoolmaster at the beginning of next term.

Then again, on the other hand, it is a very wretched thing when a boy's "people" fail or neglect to take an interest in the things the boy does and likes doing at school. This makes a boy feel that home is one place and school another, not only geographically, but in kind and character. What is the good of getting your colours at football if your people don't care one way or the other about it? It does not often happen so, but sometimes it does. Most parents think a deal of form-prizes, and quite right—if you do not regard them merely as an earnest of future capacity to make money. It is usually, by the way, the boy about half-way up a lowish form that turns out to be the famous trader or financier. But suppose a boy fancies himself as a carpenter, and is a carpenter of sorts—anyhow, owns a hammer, and knows where to find some nails. Suppose he has made a picture-frame at school—well, could there be any better or more valuable present possible to bring home than such a

frame or any little "made" thing, made by the boy in his own time by his own effort, poring over its accuracy, coat-off and skin-off fingers? Will the home spread itself out to welcome the frame? If not, it is bad luck on the little effort at school. Merely a random example this, but the moral is important enough for tears.

A terrible pity—for schools—it is when boys go home full of their school pleasures and ambitions, and find no sympathy or understanding. The boy is a nuisance; there is no call to take an interest in his hammering or in his box of tools, still less in his general ideas of life. He is treated, perhaps, as too young and inexperienced to know anything—which is a fallacious fiction of which he is quite aware—and as a nuisance to his father, whose guns he is inclined to meddle with. Then, too, the father may be a staunch supporter of Church and Sunday school, but it may not strike him to take the slightest pains with his own boy on a Sunday. Other people's boys collected into a parochial building under the shadow of the established Church are somehow more imposing to deal with. However——

Boys themselves, of course, contribute hugely in themselves to the success or failure of a school. It may sound strange, but my honest belief is that the greatest mistake the average boy makes is to fail to be himself, and to try to be some one else. The average boy is of two kinds, namely, the boy who has no self at all, but is a kind of internal chameleon, and the boy who is perpetually manufacturing a complicated self for himself out of his associates and friends. If you don't know what I mean, you don't know boys. The supremest lesson a boy can learn, and he cannot learn it too early, is that he must be himself or he can do no good, and that the greatest men are the simplest and least complicated, and the least "smart," and the most self-reliant. If every boy in a school would just be his own, uncomplicated, simple self, and follow the dictates of his own, unaided little conscience always, the school would succeed almost automatically.

But it is just this peculiarity of boyhood, this peculiar inertia of selflessness, that makes schoolmastering one of the greatest and most difficult of all arts.

This is where the schoolmaster comes in. In school and out, his great task and duty is to overcome the inertia of boys' inattention, and the resistance of their attention to things they ought not to like, and don't really like, attending to

An average class of boys is most strange and inexplicable in this, that it is usually quite incapable of evolving interest out of itself. The master, to succeed, has to *create* interest for them and in them. He has to supply them not only with the subject matter of interest, but almost with the faculty for taking an interest.

People sometimes are inclined to regard schoolmastering as quite easy, and the mere schoolmaster as somewhat of a mediocrity. Now, I beg to suggest that a mere schoolmaster, if good, is not only a most important citizen of the State, but a man of most decided high capacity, quite apart from his Latin and Greek. A man who can rule boys wisely and well would most likely have succeeded in whatever he might have turned his hand or head to. For he cannot fail to possess great tact and to be a judge of human nature, and than tact and knowledge of humanity, there are no qualities more conducive to success in life.

It strikes me this is rather an "out-of-the-way" kind of article I've written. But it is going in, Old Fag or no Old Fag.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Enthusiast.—I picked an ideal England team in a recent back number. But it is a ticklish subject, my master.

M. J. H.—It does not matter whether it is the bowler's feet, hand, or nose that breaks the wicket. In no case does the accidental breaking of his own wicket by the bowler in the act of delivery constitute a no-ball.

W. R. Greaty.—I rather favour dumb-bells as better than expanders. If I were you I should only use the latter twice a week. Punching-ball exercise is almost uniquely excellent; splendid for the legs and back, and for the wind. So is skipping.

S. D. C. (Paris).—You say you are an English girl in Paris, and therefore you get no exercise save a walk. Yes, but, mademoiselle, do not forget that there is no better all-round exercise than walking. Why, even footballers and boxers make walking their staple training. The pavements of Paris, I remember from my student days, are hard on the feet; so go out into the country if you can. And there is always the Bois. There are plenty of systems of indoor exercises with dumb-bells and without. You will see some in our advertisements. You might try the free gymnastics on which Messrs. Gale and Polden, 3 Amen-corner, London, E.C., publish a little book. Don't overdo that kind of thing.

A. W. Edwards.—If you are inclined to stoutness you should be careful of your diet. There are plenty of books on the subject. You should also go in for regular exercise. Sandow's system of dumb-bells, though perhaps not perfect from all points of view, has many merits. The exercises for the abdominal muscles should suit your complaint.

A. H. Cockcroft (Egypt).—It is pleasant to hear you know me quite well through THE CAPTAIN.

That is what we like. You will hear from me by post on the other matter.

S. Brown (Dalston).—Certainly you may enrol me as an honorary patron of the St. John's United F.C. I want all football clubs to succeed. Good luck to yours.

W. Allen.—A forward cannot possibly be off-side if he shoots and takes the ball again on its rebound from the goal-post. He has been behind the ball all the time. If the Rugby goal-posts were left up, as they certainly should not be; the referee should treat them as non-existent, so that a ball hitting one of them would be counted as having gone behind the goal-line.

Athletic Goods.—We recommend firms of athletic outfitters which we know to be good. If your firm took the trouble to convince us of the excellence of its goods, we should gladly recommend it to local inquirers. Billiards is splendid for eye and hand. It is the best indoor game.

Physique.—You may try Professor Inch's system with confidence. But, like all systems, it must be used with common sense. No physical culture system can possibly be devised to suit the requirements of every individual case. Those professors of physical culture who genuinely study the individual cases of their clients achieve the best results.

Miss Smith.—Blessed with good health, good form, and an absence of bad luck, C. B. Fry made 2,683 runs last season. He is certainly proud of his average of 81; but he knows too much about cricket to regard his average as indicating his real merits as compared with those of other batsmen. You may take it from him for certain that, were he stupid enough to consider he had nothing to learn, he would make many fewer runs. You will not find that successful cricketers are conceited. They know the game of cricket too well, and they have suffered its downs as well as its ups. A good cricketer does not ask himself, "How can I get to the top of the averages?" he asks, "How can I make myself a better player?" "How can I help to win the match?"

Peli.—See above. Do not eat too much meat, nor too little.

A Girl Reader.—There is no system of gymnastics as good as the Swedish; it is the best thought-out and the most complete. As you have been through the course, cannot you still practise those exercises which do not require special apparatus? There is not the least doubt, I should say, that a careful and regular course of the proper exercises would entirely cure you of your inability to sit upright. But, remember, sitting straight is not entirely a matter of muscle; it is a matter of correctness in poise and balance. Write again.

John Jackson.—Cricket is a splendid game, a great game. But I would not advise you to become a professional cricketer unless you have exceptional ability and no special aptitude for a trade or profession. Probably you have only seen the rosy side of a professional cricketer's life. Write again.

A. E. Ocean.—You must remember that you are a growing boy, and that your lightness of weight at fifteen years old may be only a transitory state. You must be patient and give yourself a chance. You will do no good by excessive physical culture. If you go in for any system, follow it manfully and regularly, but, above all, do not overdo it.

Van.—That is an old question, whether the bowler may stop bowling and throw at the receiving batsman's wicket if the latter is out of his ground. The law does not explicitly meet the case; but I don't think any umpire would allow it. In practice, the idea is that the ball is dead as far as the receiving batsman is concerned until it is actually bowled.

G. H. (Montreal).—I wish I could tell you how to grow 2½in. in five months. Get as much open-air exercise as possible, with care not to over-tire yourself, and try a course of free gymnastics—see above. But growth cannot be forced. You might plant yourself in the garden and persuade some one to water you!

H. L. (Capetown).—Many thanks for picture of the Newlands cricket ground. I know it well, and a beautiful spot it is. The prettiest ground I have ever played on.

H. C. Bradbrook.—I congratulate you on being able to write a clear, concise letter; it means a clear, methodical head. You should succeed in life. You are quite right. An Association ball should be kicked with the instep, *i.e.*, the centre of the ball behind its intended line of flight should meet the middle of the lace up of a walking shoe. In taking place kicks, *i.e.*, any kick when the ball is stationary, you cannot get the centre of the instep to the centre of the ball unless you sweep sideways at the ball. If you take this sort of kick straight, however, you need not kick with the point of your toe; you can nick your toe right under the ball and drive it with the part of your foot between the toe and the lace-up. I think you will understand this. If you will remind me, I will have some illustrations done for THE CAPTAIN on this point. It is quite true you can kick well with a bad boot. But a bad boot spoils one's confidence: that is the rub, and the reason why you should have a good sound pair. What you do in the way of exercise is quite enough even for a professional footballer. Once or twice a week, however, you should practise full speed sprints of about 40 yards. This will improve your pace. I wish you well; you are the right sort.

Afsa Horner.—Some one else who knows me quite well, "almost an old friend." Excellent! It appears that I made a mistake in saying a while back that Dr. Wharton Hood was the best known specialist for knee-injuries. Dr. Hood has retired. But his practice is carried on by Dr. Romer at the same address, viz., 11, Seymour-street, Portman-square, W. Thank you for the information.

F. F. Bowes.—Thank you for your pleasant Irish letter. In answer to your queries: (1), I do not know whether a cannon off the referee would count as a goal; I know it ought not to. It would depend on the referee. (2). No, I do not believe in all the drills, &c., in the magazines. Some of them are good. It's not so much the drill as how you do it, that tells. (3) I play sometimes for the Corinthians; sometimes for Southampton. (4). I cannot answer your French riddle, and it isn't French. "Pourquoi est un homme de police même un Ballon?" Awful!

Anxious (Preston).—Embrocation is all right, but it is the rubbing that does the good. There is no standard chest measurement for boys of 15; they vary so.

Anglo-Argentine.—Ranji is not quite right; at least, he does not say quite what he means. The majority of right-hand bowlers have a slight

natural action-break from the off even if they do not try to spin the ball with their fingers. The action-break of a right-hand bowler is almost always from the off. But now and then a right-hander has a delivery which, though natural to him, makes the ball break from leg; this comes from a certain natural fingerspin of the right kind for leg-break. Most leg-break bowlers, however, get this leg-break spin purely by artificial cultivation of finger-work.

Hockeyite.—You should get Mr. Battersby's little book on Hockey, published by Ward, Lock and Co. Do you keep your eye on the ball when you are hitting at it? If not, do so: do so even after the ball is gone; keep your eye on the spot where it was when you were hitting at it, I mean.

C. Newmaster.—Put me down as a vice-president of your club, if you like. But I am afraid you must regard me as a purely honorary appendage. Were I to subscribe to all the clubs of which I am president or vice-president, I should not have any pennies left to buy nibs and ink wherewith to answer my CAPTAIN readers. But the Imperial United C.C. has my very best wishes. Keep the flag flying!

Arthur Clark.—Your first request has been referred to the Club Department, of which I am not an official, but, like yourself, an ordinary, if enthusiastic, member. It is difficult to say who is the best goalkeeper in England. Expert judges differ on the point. George, of Aston Villa, is one of my prime favourites. Then there is Robinson, of Plymouth, with whom, in his Southampton days, I played right through the Cup ties, a better than him, a bolder and a keener, a quicker and a stronger, I never wish to see or feel behind me.

W. J. Williams.—There is only one way in which you can get the autographs of distinguished English and Australian cricketers. Write to each of them a polite letter of request, addressed to him at his home ground, county or otherwise. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope, and a slip of paper for him to write on. Then there is just a chance you may get what you want.

B. Vinto.—The rule about the throw-in is very simple. If you have any part of both feet on the line you are all right. It does not matter whether it is your toe or your heel that touches the line, provided it is on the line. Of course, if you stand with your heels on the line and your toes well inside it, and then rise on your toes as you deliver the ball, you are breaking the rule. But linesmen are very fussy if you move your feet at all, so it pays to stand firmly on the line with both feet fixed to the ground all the time you are throwing.

H. R. Gross.—Your letter did not reach me in time for me to do anything for you in the way of an article for the Christmas number of your paper. But it is good news that there is a football club like yours enterprising enough to publish a paper of its own. That is the kind of club that "gets there." I might help you another time, but cannot promise, as I am often very busy, and shall be busier than ever in the future. You will see why, if you look on the book-stalls about the 18th of March.

J. A. Martin.—I quite agree with you that a training in Association football is of great value to a Rugby player, especially to a forward. You should just have seen what G. O. Smith could do, dribbling a Rugby ball. It was a sight to put the average Rugby International to shame. And, by the way, it is not half as difficult as the average Rugby player thinks to take flying kicks at an egg-shaped ball accurately so as to find touch. So far as I know, the best Rugby kickers use the instep for punts and drop-kicks, but the point of the toe for place-kicks. In taking place-kicks it is very important that the ball be placed pointing in quite the right direction and at exactly the right angle of elevation, and above all it is important to keep your eye on the ball, like a golfer, while you are kicking. Look at the ball, and the ball only, not at where you hope it may go; glue your eye to the ball.

F. G. Turner.—There is no book about Maclaren's tour in Australia on lines similar to those of Ranjitsinhji's "With Stoddart in Australia." I think that Warner has a good chance of bringing back the "ashes." It will be grand if he does! Even if he does not, he will have made a bold bid for victory, and will deserve every credit. Your revelations about your football club are very regrettable, if correct. Your height is right enough. Glad you appreciate this magazine.

Lanky writes that in the middle of August he learned to swim, and above a month later swam a mile without any kind of rest, and without much exhaustion. This is distinctly good. With due attention to style he should turn out a successful long-distance swimmer.

R. H. Millar.—The Addison F.C. has indeed had a good season up to date. Write me down a vice-president, with pleasure.

Upstart.—How long may gymnastics be practised daily without overdoing it? This is a difficult question to answer, because it depends partly on the strength and physique of the individual, partly on the kind of life the individual leads, and partly on what else he does in the day. You say you do about one hour in the morning and about one hour in the evening, and about ten minutes' dumb-bells before going to bed. This would be fully enough for a specialising athlete in strict training. You can only judge by results. If you feel keen and fresh after your work, all is well; if you feel jaded and tired, or if you grow stale after a week or two, be sure you are doing too much. Always err on the side of "too little" in gymnastics. Yes, I believe in gymnastics for developing the body; but there are all kinds of gymnastics, some very good and some very bad. Then, again, a good system can be followed in the wrong manner. Gymnastics which make you muscle-bound cannot be good.

W. D. W. Dermott.—Write to the *Athletic News*, Withy Grove, Manchester, for their football Annual, price threepence. It contains the latest edition of the Rules of Association Football.

A. St. C. Hutchinson.—If you are subject to appendicitis, you should consult a good doctor as to whether you ought to play football. If your wind is bad, and you mean to improve it, you had better not smoke at all. You ought to follow a systematic course of breathing exercises. I wrote on the subject in this magazine in January and February, 1903. There is a good little book on breathing exercises published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. You must learn to breathe through your nostrils with what is called diaphragm breathing. Proper breathing is immensely well worth cultivation.

A. N. W.—The qualifying round of the English Cup is played off by districts, so that one club in each district is left in. These survivors play one

another in the intermediate rounds, till only sixteen are left. These sixteen are then drawn in the First Round Proper, with the sixteen clubs which have been exempted from all the preliminary rounds. The reason why the qualifying rounds are played off by districts is to prevent a small club in Yorkshire having to journey down to play a small club in Kent. The whole competition is excellently arranged.

W. X. Y.—To improve your chest measurement you should take up some breathing exercises (see above). Besides these you should go in for a regular course of extension exercises with light dumb-bells or without. Get a little book on Free Gymnastics, published by Gale and Polden. You can easily improve the size of your arms by the ordinary dumb-bell exercises given in Sandow's chart. But be careful not to use heavy dumb-bells, and be careful not to do too heavy exercises at first. Practise regularly every day, but not for too long; twenty minutes at the outside is enough

Outside-right.—The goalkeeper can be penalised like any other player if he infringes the rules. The player who has taken a free kick may not kick the ball again until it has touched another player. Briercliffe, of Woolwich, is one of the best outside-rights in the South.

Anxious.—After an illness such as appendicitis, you should first of all find out from a doctor whether you ought to begin training at all. If he passes you as sound, you should begin very carefully and gradually, and confine yourself for at least a month to walking exercise, gradually increasing the amount of your walking as you feel yourself getting fitter. Above all, never do enough to make you feel tired or exhausted. Do not take up violent exercise like running or football until you have assured yourself that you are in good ordinary condition. It is the greatest mistake to hurry training at the best of times, after an illness it is rank folly.

Fitz.—There is no athletic or football club organised directly by THE CAPTAIN. We have thought of it, but we cannot, at present, see how it can be done. In any case boys' clubs cannot succeed unless the boys themselves help to organise them But you give us food for thought

Sirron.—The real reason, I believe, why Rugby football is not so popular all over the country as Association is that what may be called the entertainment side is so infinitely better organised in the former game. It must be remembered that Rugby has no professional clubs, and professional clubs are infinitely easier to organise with a view to popular entertainment than amateur clubs

P. S. Kennedy.—You must have broken the small bone at the side of your leg, called the fibula. Properly set, the fracture will join up and be as strong as ever in about a month. The same thing happened to me from a fall from a horse in South Africa. I was playing cricket again within six weeks. You can get a good hockey stick from Gradidge's, or from any firm of athletic outfitters which advertises in this magazine.

Long 'un.—Thank you for your nice letter. It is pleasant to find that the trouble we take to give our readers advice is of genuine service to them.

J. M. Foster.—An amateur football player may have his exact out-of-pocket expenses for travelling and hotel accommodation repaid to him. A professional is a player who is paid any consideration for his services.

P. B.—If one of your opponents was standing off-side and you missed the ball altogether, he should have been ruled off-side if he touched it, or in any way interfered with the game. If, however, you mean that you miss kicked, and the ball went off your foot to him, then he was not off side.

Hockey Ball.—In hockey the goalkeeper may not throw the ball, though he may stop it with his hand. The referee was right. The goalkeeper may kick the ball so long as it is within the striking circle.

C. B. F.

SO VERY SIMPLE.

Voice in background: "Stop him!"

MUTINY!

A PLAIN TALE OF A REAL OCCURRENCE

BY CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW

IN these days of high speed liners and degenerate monotony, the men that go down to the sea find very little romance to enliven their day's routine. but once in a way there comes a *soupçon* of dash and daring which proves to the casual observer that old Ocean is still fraught with romance and adventure. Such an episode occurred a few years ago, and, if only as an example of genuine British pluck in time of need, it is worthy to be handed down for the benefit of the boys of to-day. The good ship *C*—— of B—— lifted her anchor at the Tail of the Bank one fresh spring morning a dozen years ago, and commenced her outward voyage to San Francisco with as promising a "send-off" as the heart of mariner—master or otherwise—could desire. Trim as a man-o'-war—alow and aloft—she presented a picture pleasing beyond measure to the eye of the most critical old salt that passed an enforced idleness on the banks of the Clyde. And, as her head canted Northward to the filling of her head sails—yard after yard becoming clothed with bellying canvas—many a blithe chorus rose from her deck as the sails were sheeted home, until, with a freshening S.W. breeze, she lay away on the first tack towards her destination. Her captain—a young man newly appointed to this, his first command—cast a glance of pleasure at the towering steeps of white above his head, squinted into the binnacle, and gave the man at the wheel his orders, "Full and by."

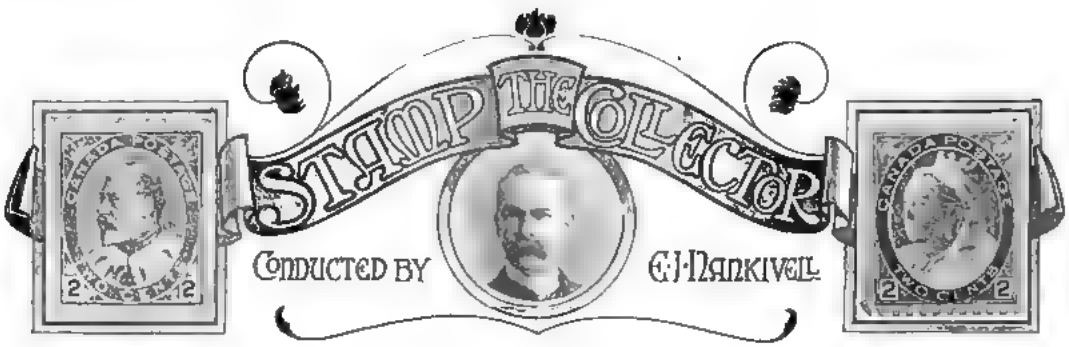
"Full and by, sir," was chanted back from the leathery visage with slow-moving jaws, and with a gentle lilt in the royals, and all the other sails drawing full and straining in their new freedom, the gallant ship cast a glinting spray of white, splashed with rainbow hues from her bow.

"Her forefoot's talking Spanish already, Mr. McPherson," said Captain J. to his first officer—who had just laid aft in answer to his call, but the grey-headed sea-dog shook his head with all an old salt's pessimism, and pointed to a low-lying bank of clouds away on the weather bow. "There'll be some wind in that, I'm doubting, sir," he said, but the skipper, bright and elated at his auspicious start, merely gave a short laugh of complete satisfaction, and suggested that the crew should be mustered. "All hands lay aft here," sang out the mate in a husky voice. Obedient to the call, the nondescript crowd of men comprising the ship's company clustered at the break of the poop, and answered in various degrees of broken English as the third mate called the roll. A villainous lot they looked—recruited as they were from the lowest crimp's boarding houses on the Broomielaw, and shipped in the last stage of drunkenness. Stalwart Scandinavians for the most part—your Norseman is still as much a rover as ever were the old Vikings, though lacking their courage—but here and there showed a sprinkling of swarthy Spaniards and "Dagos" generally. "Certainly less easy to manage than a lady's school," ruminated Captain J., but then his eye fell on the seven apprentices clustered together, and his visage brightened at the sight of the sturdy lads with their honest British faces, and when the muster was complete, he ordered his steward to "splice the main brace" with a distinct feeling of content in his heart. The fresh breeze held and belied the mate's prognostications, and in a few hours the North of Ireland loomed high to port. The capital start was improved. With a following wind the *C*—— skirted the danger-strewn Irish coast, and ran south-west with all sail set. The days flew by, and, with the exception of the usual growls and visits aft, the motley crew gave no grounds for complaint. But there was a seething spirit of dissatisfaction abroad, and many low mutterings were heard in the fo'c'sle—the "grub" was blasphemed—the characters of the officers were, one and all, held up to criticism, and the smouldering spark of discontent needed little to make it break forth into an open fire. Little Rob McLean had no business "forrard," but, being a first voyager and new to the severe line of restraint which separates

"forrard" from "aft," he often used to curl himself up in the "apron" above the cutwater to watch the play of the sparkling waters and the gambols of the dolphins as they leapt and swam a merry race with this invader of their ancestral home. To-night he had taken up his usual position and, secure from observation and interruption, had fallen into a reverie—the snug, creeper-covered cottage ensconced on the bank of the Perthshire loch was fast growing more distinct before his mental eye—the soothing swish-swish of the rippling waves, and the light cool breeze of the Southern tropics lulled his senses—see, there was his mother holding out her welcoming arms to her sailor-lad—his father was striding down the path—but this voice which came to his sleepy ears was not his father's—surely his homely Doric never took on this guttural note—Hark! what was this? "Vell, I tells you, Gaspardo, to-night vas our ghance. Loog you, the segund mate is sleeping, und so vas all der rest." Robbie pricked up his ears—this was of more importance than pretty cottages, and as the conversation grew closer and more confidential, he listened to a blood-curdling plot. Peering furtively over the boom-guys, he saw in the fading moonlight that the two men were a big, blustering Dutchman named Jensen and a shifty-eyed Portuguese—the two men who had always been in the forefront of the "growlers." The poor little lad dropped quaking to his retreat as the two scoundrels, having perfected their plans, rose to leave the fo'c'sle head. As soon as McLean could summon up enough courage for action, he stole from his unwilling hiding place and sped aft. Then the need for caution re-asserted itself. The second officer had succumbed to the drowsy influence of the night, and lay over the oaken rail which crowned the break of the poop, his senses wrapt in sleep. Creeping to the companion as though to look at the time, McLean cast a furtive glance at the dreaming helmsman, and then quietly walked over to Mr. Scott's side and woke him with his news. The half-dazed officer could hardly grasp the tenour of the lad's remarks, and, realising his own neglect of duty, was about to dismiss him from the poop when sounds of hammering and breakage came from the fore-deck. Here, at any rate, was confirmation of the first part of the lad's story. The men were broaching cargo, and the officer remembered that all the spirits in the vessel's cargo were down the fore-hold. "Call out all the apprentices, boy," he said, realising that in this time of stress he must rely on the British hearts amongst the crew. Like a flash Rob sprang to obey, and in a trice the six sleepy lads were rubbing their eyes and looking around for a "job on the braces." Meanwhile the captain and other officers were holding a consultation and gathering arms together at one and the same moment. Revolvers and cutlasses were passed up to the little knot of lads who had hurriedly been made acquainted with the facts of the case, and as the grip of the honest steel came home kindly to their hearts, the old, true British blood arose in them, dispelling the sleep from their eyes, and tightening their muscles. This night should be talked of in their far-off northern homes with awe-struck wonder. The clamour forward became greater; the mutineers had found the spirits, and were already at work on their second case of Benedictine. As the fiery spirit worked in their veins, the men became imbued with genuine Dutch courage, their worst passions were loosened, and now, drunk with spirits and anger combined, their fancied grievances pressing more closely than ever on their inflamed imaginations, they started aft to wreak a terrible retribution on their enemies. Just then the officers came on deck and, with the eye of a born commander, the captain realised the situation. With muttered oaths the crew came stumbling aft through the darkness, and the man at the wheel, roused by the unwonted noise, and remembering his part in the *fracas*, drew his knife and made a vicious stab at the back of the second mate, who was just then at the con. That worthy officer was more on his guard, however, than the Spaniard imagined, for, with an agile twist, he avoided the coming thrust and, as it expended its force on thin air, his fist shot out and took the helmsman heavily under the jaw. He dropped like a log. By this time the mutineers had reached the poop. The skipper had hardly patience to parley with the men, but, knowing the stringent regulations of the Board of Trade, he endeavoured to pacify the frenzied men. In vain, for they laughed a drunken laugh, and Jansen, the ringleader, flung an iron belaying-pin at Captain J.'s head. Had it found its mark the skipper would have sailed on his last command, but the missile, glancing from the rail, ricochetted against McLean's forehead. He fell stunned, and the captain, seeing this, ordered his little body of staunch men to "clear the decks." Instructions had previously been given to avoid slaughter, and consequently the pistols

were silent, but with a jolly "hurrah" the lads, headed by their three officers, jumped the ladders and went head first into the scrimmage. "Tackle 'em low," sang out Mr. Scott, as he fetched down Gaspardo, the sailmaker, with the flat of his cutlass. It was a glorious fight! Not a man but had some gash to show—not a lad whose countenance retained its virgin freshness. But British pluck told—now as it always must—and steadily the mutineers were driven "forrard." Scott, desirous of atoning for his negligence, laid about him like a veritable Trojan; his Highland blood was up and his eyes flashed fire. Like a scythe he swung his weapon. Knives and handspikes were futile against his impetuous attack, and so, manfully backed by his boys, he won his way along the now slippery deck. Little McLean had by this time recovered his senses, and, burning with indignation at the knock-down blow he had sustained, he staggered along the deck towards the fight. The mutineers were nearly conquered, but they halted for a moment by the galley, and strove to collect themselves together for one more rush. Jansen, goaded to desperation by the failure of his plan, and well knowing the consequences of his insubordination, harangued the crew with a devotion worthy a better cause. Then, lifting a huge iron bar which he had taken from the windlass, he made a savage rush at the breathless second mate. Scott saw him coming and attempted to defend himself, but the onrush was too sudden; he slipped, and in a moment his head would have been smashed like an egg, but just at this instant Rob McLean, to whom the early cry of "tackle 'em low" still seemed a command, collected his senses sufficiently to make a dive at the giant Dutchman's legs. The mouse and the lion over again! Down toppled Jansen, and his head came with a sickening thud against a ringbolt; then he lay still. The cook, seeing how affairs stood, snatched his cleaver from his galley and made a vicious cut at poor Robbie's head, but a Winchester rifle cracked in the gathering dawn, and the "Doctor" dropped—shot through the brain. The rest was easy. The mutineers were speedily disarmed, and surrendered at discretion. The captain, whose timely rifle shot had saved the young apprentice's life, ordered them into irons straightway, and then bore up, with his tiny crew of efficients, for Port Stanley. On arriving there, the whole of the mutineers were sentenced, by the Naval Court, to a well-deserved spell of punishment. And then Robbie wrote home, and told them "all about it."

"TACKLE 'EM LOW," SANG OUT MR. SCOTT, AS HE FETCHED DOWN GASPARDO.



New Zealand: Waterlow Series.

OF all the current series of our Colonial stamps few are more full of philatelic interest than the handsome pictorial series of New Zealand, commonly known amongst stamp collectors as the Waterlow series, because the engraving was the work of the firm of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, of London.

In 1894 a suggestion was made to the Postmaster-General of the Colony that a series of stamps which would be illustrative of local scenery, &c., would be both popular and profitable. Acting on this hint, the Government offered prizes of £150 and £100 for the best series of designs. About 2,400 competitive drawings were submitted. A committee of selection awarded the prizes, and selected the designs. The approved designs were forwarded to the Agent-General in London, with instructions to get them engraved on steel, and the work was eventually entrusted to Messrs. Waterlow and Sons.

A six months' supply was printed by Messrs. Waterlow, and sent out to the Colony with the plates. The values, colours, designs, and numbers printed, were as follows :—

One Halfpenny, lilac-brown. View of Mount Cook. Number printed, 6,000,000.

One Penny, light brown with blue centre, View of Lake Taupo, with Ruapehu in background, and cabbage palm in foreground. Number printed, 13,000,000.

Twopence, claret. View of Pembroke Peak, Milford Sound. Number printed, 6,000,000.

Twopence-halfpenny, blue. View of Mount Earnslaw, and head of Lake Wakatipu, with cabbage palms in foreground. Number printed, 300,000.

Threepence, light brown. Pair of huias on branch. Number printed, 300,000.

Fourpence, rose-lake. View of White Terrace, Rotomahana. Number printed, 400,000

Fivepence, brown-lake. View of Otira Gorge, with snow peak in background, also small circular view of Mount Ruapehu. Number printed, 130,000.

Sixpence, sap green. Pair of kiwis on branch Number printed, 900,000.

Eightpence, steel blue. Large figure 8 with fern-trees and cabbage palms. Number printed, 80,000.

Ninepence, purple. View of Pink Terrace, Rotomahana, with tree-fern and nikau-palm at sides. Number printed, 80,000.

One shilling, orange-red. Pair of kakas on branch. Number printed, 300,000

Two shillings, blue-green. View of Milford Sound, with clump of cabbage palms. Number printed, 70,000.

Five shillings, vermilion. View of Mount Cook. Number printed, 35,000

In this first printing from the plates by the engravers, an error was early discovered in the 2½d., "Wakatipu" being misspelt "Wakitipu" This was at once corrected in a redrawn plate The printings already made from the error were, however, issued for use. The redrawn plate differs in more than the correction of the word "Wakatipu." As will be seen from our illustrations, the words "Postage and Revenue" are removed from under the words "New Zealand," and inserted at the base of the stamp, from which place the words "Mt. Earnslaw" have been removed. A large number of the error must have been printed, as it is almost as common as the corrected type. Another marked variety in this London supply is found in the 5d. There are two very distinct shades, one sepia, and the other red-brown. So distinct are these prints that they might almost be called different colours Here are the catalogue quotations, showing how

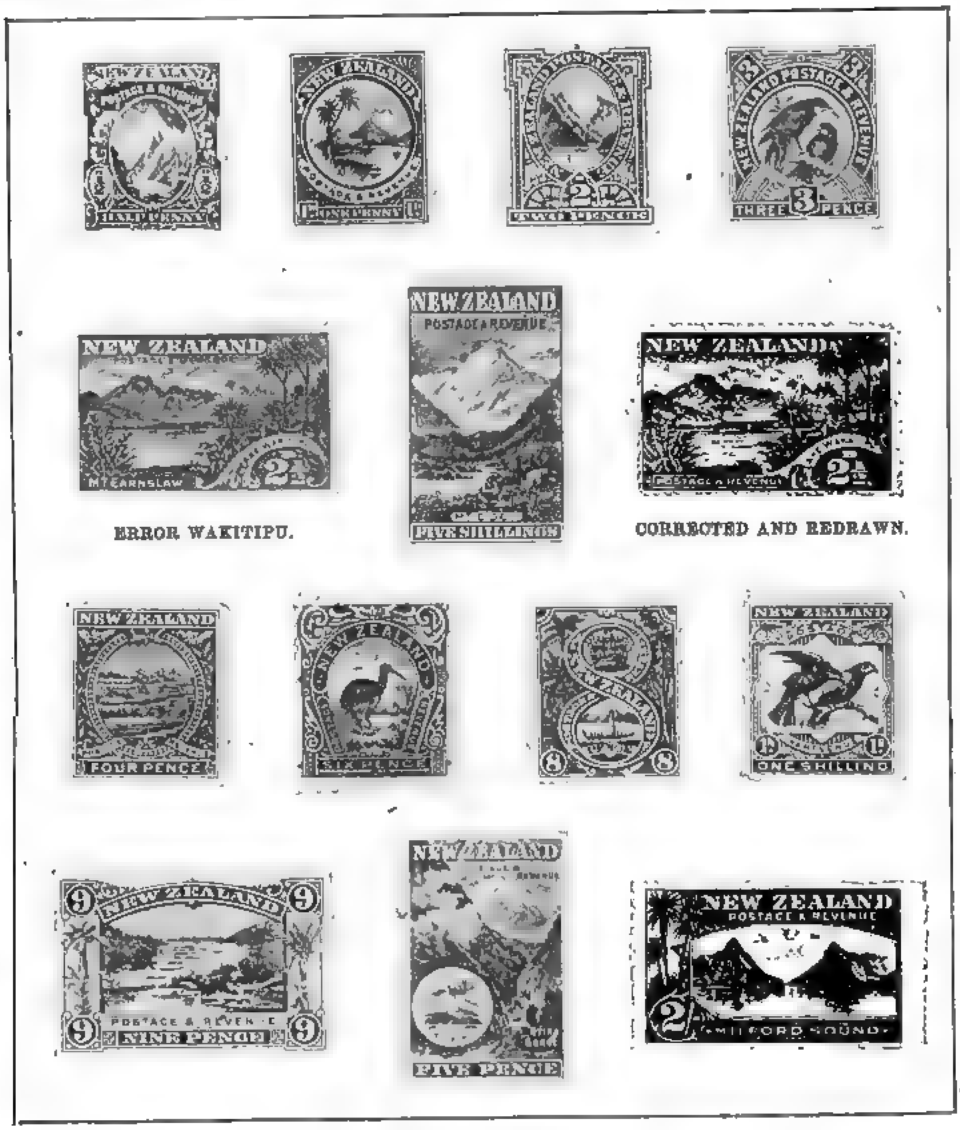
these London printings have ranged in favour since their issue :—.

1898. Waterlow prints. No wmk.

Perf. 12 to 15.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. lilac-brown	0 1	0 1
1d. brown and blue	0 3	0 1
2d claret	0 4	0 1
2½d. blue (Wakitipu)	0 6	0 6
2½d blue (Wakatipu)	0 5	0 4
3d. yellow-brown	0 6	0 6
4d. rose	0 8	0 4
5d. sepia	12 0	—
5d. chocolate-brown	3 6	0 6
6d. green	4 0	0 3
6d. Prussian blue	2 0	2 0
9d. purple	3 6	2 6
1s. vermilion	3 6	1 6
2s. blue-green	6 0	6 0
5s. vermilion	15 0	17 6

After a six months' supply had been printed by Messrs. Waterlow, the plates and skilled printers were sent out to New Zealand to initiate the local printers into the difficult work of printing from steel plates. And the next series that



we stamp collectors recognise as a separate issue is the local printing from the same plates, still on unwatermarked paper, but very clearly distinguished from the London issue by being perf. 11. But for this clear distinction of perforation

we should have considerable difficulty in saying in many cases which is London and which local printing, for the local work is remarkably well done.

1900. Colonial printings. Perf. 11.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
2½d. blue	0 5	0 3
3d. yellow-brown	0 6	0 3
6d. yellow green	15 0	—
6d. green	4 6	5 0
8d Prussian blue	1 3	1 3
9d. purple	1 3	1 3
1s. red	1 6	0 9
2s. blue-green	3 0	2 0
5s. vermillion	7 6	6 6

The yellow-green in this list is a very scarce variety, and quite distinct in its pale yellow-green shade from the ordinary stamp, which is dark green. It will be noted that the ½d., 1d., and 2d. values do not figure in this list. They were never printed in the Colony on unwatermarked paper. Therefore they come later in a list to themselves on watermarked paper.

In further printings sundry changes were made. The bi-coloured 1d. was found to be too expensive for a stamp of which such large numbers were needed. Hence the one penny was altered into a fourpence stamp, and the fourpence design was utilised for the 1d. value. For technical reasons connected with the convenience of printing, the fourpence, when altered to 1d., and the 2d., were slightly reduced in size when their turn came to be printed in the Colony on watermarked paper.

Wmk. double-lined star and NZ. Perf. 11.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. green	0 1	0 1
1d. rose-red	0 2	0 1
2d. mauve	0 4	0 1

Then the 4d. was issued in bi-colour in the design formerly used for the 1d., and the 6d. was altered in colour from green to rose-red. These two stamps were printed on unwatermarked paper. Hence, we put them in a list by themselves.

1901. Change of colours. No wmk. Perf. 11.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
4d. brown and blue	0 9	0 4
6d. rose-red	1 0	0 3

Lastly, we have the Waterlow designs all printed on paper watermarked with a single-lined NZ and star. A new design appears for the 1d., which was specially engraved and issued to mark the adoption of the universal penny rate by New Zealand. Otherwise the designs and values and colours undergo no further change.

1902. Wmk. Single lined NZ. and Star.

Perf. 11.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. green	0 1	0 1
1d. carmine	0 2	0 1
2d. purple	0 3	0 1
2½d. blue	0 4	0 1
3d. yellow-brown	0 5	0 3
4d. brown and blue	2 0	—
5d. red-brown	0 7	—
6d. rose-red	0 8	—
8d. blue	0 10	—
9d. purple	1 0	—
1s. vermilion	1 4	1 6
2s. blue-green	2 6	—
5s. vermilion	6 6	—

The reason why the 4d. appears in the above list catalogued at 2s. is because the smaller stamps are now being perforated 14, and very few of the 4d. were perf. 11 on the single-lined watermarked paper now in use.

1901—4. Wmk. NZ. and Star. Perf. 14.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. green	0 1	0 1
1d. carmine	0 2	0 1
2d. purple	0 3	0 2
4d. brown and blue	0 6	0 4

Catalogues for 1904.

I HAVE received Part I. of the British Empire portion of the Stanley Gibbons Catalogue for 1904. In general get-up it is much the same as before, but sundry little improvements have been introduced, the most interesting being the insertion of the name of the printer, and the method of the printing of the various issues, and the clearer illustration of watermarks from accurate tracings. British East Africa has been rewritten, and a few other countries have been revised

In the all-important matter of pricing, reductions have been the rule wherever they have been possible, but here and there stamps that are undeniably getting scarce are further increased in price.

Messrs. Bright and Son send me a supplement to their A.B.C. catalogue, bringing it up to date in a very artistic and neatly-printed form, with excellent illustrations.

Notable New Issues.

We are promised what should be a really artistic set of new designs for Italy. It is reported that King Victor Emmanuel has not been satisfied with the artistic merit of the current series of Italian stamps. Hence an eminent Italian painter, Michetti, was commissioned to prepare a new and separate design for each value. And we now hear that the designs have been completed and approved. The 1c. is dedicated to Volta, the Italian physicist, famous for his researches and inventions in electricity. It depicts the birth of new industries, and is

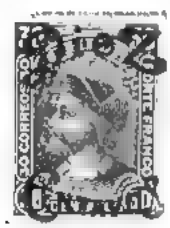
ornamented with a luminous crown of electrical sparks. The 2c. is devoted to Marconi, and shows electrical waves crossing the celestial spaces, while wires, henceforth useless, hang from a telegraph post. The 5c. reveals a flight of swallows, surrounded by the Italian coat of arms. The 10c. shows the Alpine chain, crowning the portrait of the King. That of the 15c. bears the portrait of his Majesty in the centre of a maritime horizon. On that of 25c. is the portrait of the King in profile, breaking into the meridian of Italy. That of the 40c. represents a full-face portrait of the King, surmounting the Shield and Star of Italy. The one lira stamp has a portrait of the King with an eagle and a fortified castle as supporters. We are not told what system of engraving and printing will be employed. To be seen at their best such a series should be printed from steel plates. There is no word yet of the issue of the promised portrait set for Russia.

Argentine Republic.—A new value, 6 cents has been added to the current set. The stamp is printed in black. The watermark, small sun, and perforation, 12, is the same as in the rest of the current series.

Wmk. small sun. Perf. 12.

6 centavos, black.

Chili.—I have received the 30 centavos of the Waterlow type of 1900, surcharged "Diez Centavos," as illustrated. "Diez," as every boy who collects stamps knows, is the Spanish for "ten." The supply of 10 centavos stamps ran short, hence the issue of this provisional. The surcharge is in dark blue.



10c. in blue on 30c., orange.
Waterlow type of 1900.

East Africa and Uganda.—The full set is now reported. All the anna values are of the small size as illustrated, and the rupee values of the larger size, and similar in design to the British Central Africa 2s. 6d., which we illustrate. It will be seen that the large design is practically a mere enlargement of the small design. As usual, the small stamps are watermarked CA., and the larger CC.

Wmk. CA. and Crown. Perf. 14.

1 anna carmine and grey-black.
2½ ,, blue.
3 ,, grey-green and brown.
4 ,, black and grey-green
5 ,, yellow-brown and grey-black.
8 ,, pale blue and grey-black.

Wmk. CC. and Crown. Perf. 14.

3 rupees black and grey-green.
4 ,, green and grey-black.
5 ,, carmine and grey-black.
10 ,, blue and grey-black.
20 ,, dark grey and grey-black.
50 ,, red-brown and grey-black.

Jamaica.—This Colony has issued two stamps, ½d. and 2½d., of a new design. The arms of the Colony form the central and major portion of the design. These stamps are presumably the pioneers of a complete series of this arms type.

Arms type.
Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

½d., arms black, frame green.
2½d., arms grey-black, frame ultramarine.

Panama.—This new republic, as anticipated last month, has surcharged its current map stamps, and, apparently with a view of stimulating their sale, and so filling a very needy treasury, the surcharge has been subjected to all sorts of ludicrous varieties. A Chicago daily paper states that the Postmaster-General, with stamps of seven denominations, has managed thus far to turn out about forty different varieties. This he did by printing the words "Republica de Panama" across the face of the old Colombian stamps in as many different ways as his ingenuity could devise—perpendicularly, horizontally, diagonally, upside down—in red ink, in blue ink, in green ink. Readers of THE CAPTAIN will do well to confine their attention to the normal surcharge, or, far better still, to neglect the lot. Central American and North Borneo rubbish are not worth collecting.

Paraguay.—The whole series of the design chronicled and illustrated last month is now reported as follows:—

1c. yellow-green.
2c. orange.
5c. blue.
10c. violet.
20c. vermilion.
30c. dark blue.
60c. ochres.

Sierra Leone.—The high values have been issued, and may now complete the list given in the last number of THE CAPTAIN. The design as illustrated is the same for all.

King's Head.
Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

½d. purple, name and value green
1d. purple, name and value carmine.
1½d. purple, name and value black.
2d. purple, name and value orange.
2½d. purple, name and value blue.
3d. purple, name and value green.
4d. purple, name and value carmine.
5d. purple, name and value black
6d. purple, name and value purple
1s. green, name and value black.
2s. green, name and value blue.
5s. green, name and value carmine.
£1 lilac on red

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Stella Street (Vryburg).—The stamps of which you send photos are all fiscals of the Orange Free State, and therefore do not figure in a catalogue of adhesive postage stamps.

J. O., Jr. (Paisley).—Whilst sympathising with all you write about the difficulties in the way of forming and conducting Exchange Clubs for boys, I fear I cannot persuade the "Old Fag" to help, as you suggest, in the formation of CAPTAIN Exchange Clubs. He has a strong objection to anything that will expose his boys to unprincipled companionship, and of course a public announcement would afford information to harpies who are always on the watch for openings for fraud. In Exchange Clubs you have to trust those on your list with your property; therefore, you must confine yourself to those who are personally known to you. By all means collect the stamps of the Argentine Republic. They are most interesting, and some of the older issues are much sought after. Argentine stamps are of good repute, barring only two commemoratives issued in 1892. Some of our most eminent specialists have very fine collections of Argentines. Yes, avoid Officials.

A. J. C.—If your 10s. Transvaal is postmarked Nov., '97, it is a good stamp; none of the catalogues price it, but you may put its value at about 40s. to 50s. The later issue of 1895 is catalogued at 40s.

A. H. C. (Liscard).—Recent Liberia stamps are not worth collecting at any price

R. E. P. (Henfield).—The ½d. Orange Free State stamp you refer to was overprinted with the arms of the Republic, and was issued on post-cards. It is not a rarity by any means; indeed, it ranks as a post-card, and not as a postage stamp

J. C. (Natal).—Thank you very much for your good wishes, and the samples of Natal stamps

J. G. W. (Glasgow).—Oh, yes. All South African Republic stamps are obsolete. I cannot tell you the value of your 1d. and 2½d., as there are several issues of those values, and you give no clue as to the date of yours.

E. G. U.—Your Mexican is only a Registration stamp, affixed by the postal officials

J. B. (Rutherglen).—The *American Journal of Philately* is published in New York, by the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 18, East 23rd Street, and the subscription is only 75c., equal to 3s. 1d. I believe Mr. W. T. Wilson, 192 Birchfield Road, Birmingham, receives subscriptions in this country for it

H. B. (St. Andrew's School, Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia).—I have not seen the Canadian 2c of the book issue, but I am not surprised to learn that it is a different shade from the ordinary stamp. Canadians run into several shades. The English small ½d. plate 2 was never issued. Jamaica, fiscal 1d. rose, used fiscally, is catalogued at 6d.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd. (London), for Argentine Republic 6c., Chili 10c. on 30c.

Whitfield King and Co. (Ipswich), for Chili 10c. on 30c., Jamaica, ½d.

THE SONG THRUSH

"MY FAVOURITE QUOTATION."

[I MUST congratulate my readers on the taste they displayed in this competition. The selection of quotations printed below gives indications of varied and profitable reading.—ED.]

"Let the man who is to make his fortune in life prove this maxim: attacking is the only secret; dare, and the world always yields; or, if it beats you sometimes, dare it again and it will succumb."—*Thackeray.*

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."
—*Gray's "Elegy."*

"No fatigue was too great to make him forget the courtesy of less wearied moments; no business too engrossing to deprive him of his readiness to show kindness and sympathy."—*From "The Life of Charles Kingsley."*

"Character is a perfectly educated will."—*Novalis.*

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit."
—*Shakespeare.*

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast" (This is my favourite quotation at present, because I have often tried to win a CAPTAIN Prize, but never succeeded.—R. H. K.)

"My honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done."
—*Shakespeare.*

"Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And, ascending and secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.
Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky"
—*Longfellow*

"He who puts off the hour of living aright is like the clown waiting till the river flow by; but it glides on, and will glide on with rolling waters for all time."—*Horace.*

"Under the blue and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Gladly did I live, and gladly die,
And laid me down with a will.
These be the words you grave for me:
'Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"
—*R. L. Stevenson.*

"In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves for a bright manhood there is no such word as—fail"
—*Bulwer Lytton.*

"Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."—*Bonar.*

"Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears."
Sir Philip Sydney.

"I live for those that love me.
For those that love me true,
For the heaven that shines above me,
And waits my coming to,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything
I would not change it." —*Shakespeare.*

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."
(This seems particularly applicable as regards the CAPTAIN competitions, as this is the 28th attempt and no prize yet. Never mind: "better luck next time."—T. S.)

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
—*Keats.*

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

"Be guid and dae guid, and guid'll come ower ye"
—*Old Scottish Proverb*

"They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful."—*Cicero.*

"Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy." *Shakespeare*

"There's nothing so kingly as Kindness,
And nothing so royal as Truth."
—*Alice Cary.*

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."—*Michael Angelo.*

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness,
So in the ocean of life we pass and speak one another—
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence." *Longfellow.*

"Make a point of doing something every day that you do not want to do. This is the golden rule for acquiring a habit of doing your duty without pain."
Mark Twain.

"A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop;
A black beard will turn white; a curled pate
Will grow bald; a fair face will wither: but
A good heart is the sun and moon; or, rather,
The sun and not the moon, for it shines bright and never
Changes, but keeps his course truly."
—*Shakespeare.*

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"—*Browning.*

INTERIOR OF A CLASS ROOM AT VICTORIA COLLEGE, PALGHAT, MADRAS, IN WHICH FIVE CLASSES ARE AT WORK

The room is foreshortened. It is 120 feet by 24. Though the faces look very black, as a matter of fact about 75 per cent of the students are of a light brown colour, and not at all black.

INDIAN SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLBOYS.

By Cecil M. Barrow.

PART OF THE FRONT OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

A large block of buildings, recently erected, to the left of the photo. does not appear.

FAR away from Europe, but immediately to the north of Ceylon's "spicy isle," lies the great triangular-shaped continent of India, containing nearly three hundred million people, speaking a vast variety of languages. Formerly, say, fifty years ago, if a native of the Punjaub met a native of Madras, neither could speak to the other; now they can talk to each other, should they meet, in *English*. This curious and very encouraging fact has been brought about by the labours of the great Departments of Education, now operating from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. We must confine ourselves, in this paper, to the Madras Presidency; but, *mutatis mutandis*, our remarks will apply equally well to the other Presidencies and Provinces of India. In the Madras Presidency there is a University somewhat on the model of that of London. For the matriculation examination of this University, all high schools, which must be placed on a recognised list, prepare their pupils. There are two grades of colleges, first grade and second grade. Those of the first grade educate up to the B.A. standard, those of the second grade up to the F.A. (*i.e.*, first examination in Arts) standard. Each of these courses occupies two years; and students must attend the F.A. classes in some college affiliated to the University for two years, and pass a stiffish examination at the end, before they can enter for the B.A. course, which also requires two years' attendance in some first grade affiliated college.

No one can enter a First Arts class until he has passed the matriculation examination. In our first illustration you will see the principal of a second grade college—the Victoria College, Palghat, in the Malabar District of the Madras Presidency—surrounded by the students of both the senior and junior F.A. classes, all of whom have matriculated. They have had to pass rather a severe examination in English, in one of the native languages or Sanskrit, in mathematics (the whole of arithmetic, algebra to simple equations inclusive, and in three books of Euclid), in elementary physics and chemistry, in geography and in two histories (English and Indian). For the F.A. examination they have to study such English writers as Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Scott, Addison. They also have to bring up algebra, trigonometry, six books of Euclid, physiology, and Roman and Greek history. For the B.A. examination in a first grade college they have a further and more extended course in English, but may specialise in other subjects. The peculiarity of nearly all educational institutions in India is that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they are day-schools and day-colleges. In a good many cases, though not in all, the

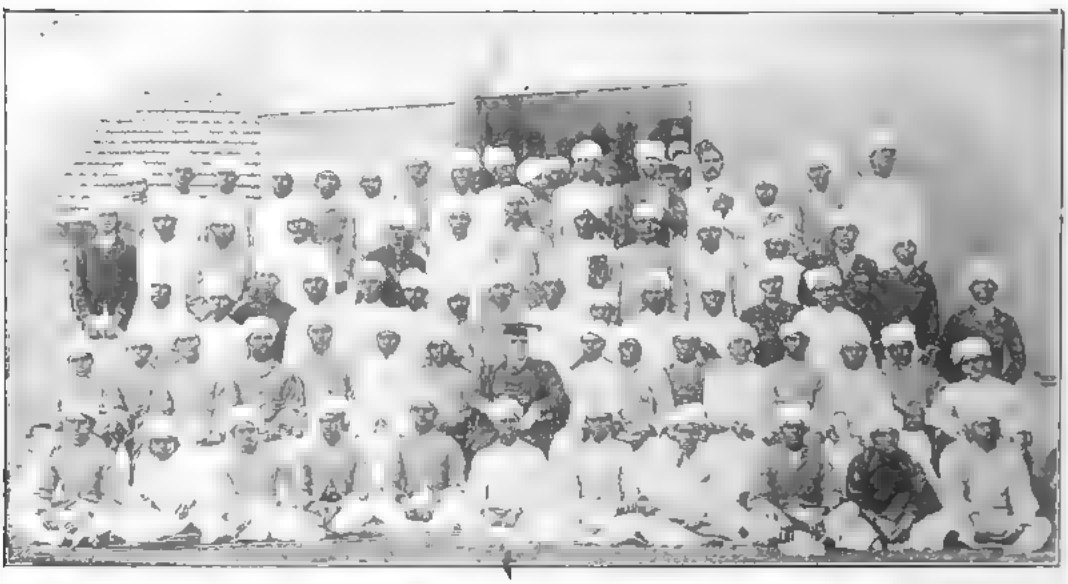
principal, or headmaster, is a European graduate, but the staffs, except in the biggest colleges, are all Hindoos. The next illustration shows the interior of a long class-room at the Victoria College. The nearest form is one division of the sixth; there are so many students in it that it has to be made into three sections of 50 each.

The room is over 120 ft. long. It holds, as you will see if you count, five classes, of which the one in the centre is a drawing-class. All schools are obliged by Government (which helps them with money) to have gymnasia, and Hindoo boys make excellent gymnasts. You will like to hear how they get on at cricket and football. They are making very great progress at cricket. They are first-rate bowlers, some of them, and excellent fielders. Their weakest point, at present, is their batting, but with such a miraculous bat as "Ranji" for an exemplar, many of them are improving, and the day is not far distant when we shall see a good many Hindoo stars in the cricket firmament.

To Mr. J. H. Stone, M.A. (King's College, Cambridge), principal of the Government College, Combaconum, belongs the chief credit for the promotion of football in the Madras Presidency. The game is every year attracting more devotees, but, owing to the fact that native boys do not wear boots,* and to their rather feeble physique, it is not a game so likely to flourish as cricket,—more especially as, in the South of India at any rate, there is no cold weather. The writer once saw one of his boys get his leg broken in a charge—two naked ankles met, and snap went the shin of one of them. He turned up smiling again about three months afterwards, and, having escaped the annual examination for promotion, put in an *ægrotat*, and went up gaily from the fifth to the sixth form.

The illustration at the beginning of this article shows a part of the front of the Victoria College, Palghat. The gymnasium and library and playing-fields are behind. The college, like many of those in Southern India, has no upper storey. Many of the rooms are very large, from an English point of view, but this is necessary in such a hot climate. The class-rooms are always full of boys, of whom there are nearly six hundred on the rolls. There are, altogether, three departments in the Victoria College, and in most of the first and second grade colleges in Southern India—a college department, containing the senior and junior F.A. classes; a high school department, containing sixth, fifth and fourth forms; and a middle school department, containing the third, second and first forms. Many of these forms have two or more sections. Every boy in the high schools and colleges can talk English, but, though a large proportion of them speak and write the language fluently and

* Hindoos always go barefooted. A few are now taking to socks and boots, but it is regarded as a sign of denationalisation



GROUP OF THE PRINCIPAL AND SENIOR COLLEGE STUDENTS OF THE VICTORIA COLLEGE.

All these young men have matriculated at the Madras University and are studying for the First in Arts Examination, corresponding to the London Intermediate

with a fair amount of accuracy, they, of course, make curious blunders, just as English boys do in French and German. We will close with a few specimens of "howlers" that have come before us or our friends at different times. In a paper, set to a third form, on English grammar and idiom, the feminines of certain words were asked, and among them the feminine of "*he-goat*." Imagine the astonishment of the examiner at getting "*she-went*" as an answer! At the same examination the boys were asked to give the meanings of certain English words. Perhaps "poultry" produced the greatest number of curious answers. It was said to mean "a kind of fish," "a kind of mutton," "a beast belonging to the cock class" (this candidate was getting "warm"), "domestic of the feathered kind" (a little warmer!), and (very cold!) "a common noun for all quadrupeds." In the first examination in Arts, a candidate, asked to say what was meant by "Mantua's bard," wrote, "This means the Virgin Mary." Strange though this answer is, it is a highly ingenious one. A note said simply "Virgilius Maro," but a Hindoo teacher, thinking to show his profound knowledge of the Latin tongue, translated the name into the Virgin Mary. In a short passage for paraphrase occurred the words "Corrupt the strength of heaven-descended will." These words were "transmogrified" into "Destroy the powers of the celestial William."

HANDICAPPED.

I OFTEN complain, with the world-renowned Dane,
  At Dame Fortune's behaviour erratic;
Deploring that she ever forced me to be
  In the least degree aristocratic!
For big fortunes are made in all Finance and Trade
  —From Banking to Bacon and Butter—
By those persons alone who can truthfully own
  To an infancy spent in the gutter!

And even in Art all the cracks made a start
  (With impressionist studies on pavement),
Outrageously drest, with no sign to suggest
  That they knew what a wash or a shave meant.
No wealth or position helps gilded ambition
  To rise in the H. Beerbohm Tree-line;
Whilst each singer of note gains control of his throat
  As "purveyor of meat" to the feline!

While the mite, whom Success was predestined to bless,
  In some noisome and horrible slum fought
A hand-to-hand fight with Privation's grim might,
  I was reared in smug, imbecile comfort—
Unprecocious in wit and deficient in grit—
  By highly respectable parents,
In a part of the Town of unsullied renown
  Where the domiciles fetched very fair rents.

Now my rival, instead of encumb'ring his head
  With a dangerous sprinkling of knowledge,
Has been years on the spot to discover what's what,
  While I lingered at School and at College.
So I've reason to fear that, in any career,
  My progress must be mediocre
If I take a back seat ev'ry time I compete
  With that self-made, illiterate joker!

ARTHUR STANLEY.

NATURALISTS' CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
EDWARD STEP F.L.S.

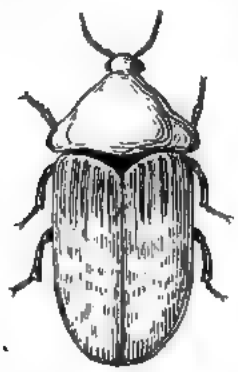
Doggy Queries. E Friedrichs (W. Hampstead) wants to keep a fox-terrier; his pater wants a garden, and thinks the first is incompatible with the second. Could I give E. F. instructions how to keep a dog so that the garden would not suffer. I am afraid that unless you can be sure of getting a dog that has already been broken in to keep to the paths, the borders and plants will have to suffer until the dog has been taught. The cost of a puppy depends entirely upon its breed and parentage. In a walk through the streets of the Seven Dials you will see various dogs on sale, and can inquire the price of the one that most takes your fancy. W. D. Wilson (Liverpool) has got a dog whose back has been scalded and wants advice on how to make the hair grow again. This is a matter for the vet. rather than the naturalist. I have never scalded the back of my dog, so have no experience to fall back upon. There are many patent lotions advertised warranted to produce a new crop of hair on bald places; but here again I have no experience. You will see by my portrait that I have not yet got to the stage when such aid is required. The O. F. might know—but, there, I see that your letter was addressed to him, and he has passed it on to me, so I suppose he does not know. Perhaps he has tried them all and found them failures. Give Nature a chance.

Bird Queries.—I have several letters this month relating to birds, and it will be convenient to deal with these in one paragraph.—B. Poole (Waterford) suggests that I should publish "a list of dates at which various birds' eggs may be found. For instance, I know the whereabouts of a number of magpies', hawks', and other nests, and would like to know about when I might expect to find eggs in them." In the first place, let me say, B. P., that the date varies as the season varies, and also with the geographical range of the individual nest-builder. Such a list would be of little value except in the precise district where it was compiled. Another point is that such a list tends to do away with the necessity for local observation, and egg-collecting that is pursued without observation should be discountenanced as worse than useless. A. N. Nicholson (Oswestry).—(1) Early in April. (2) See answer to "Tandrago" in August CAPTAIN. (3) *Canary Keeping for Amateurs*, by Dr. W. T. Greene. (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.) H. D. Jones (Brixton) writes that whilst walking on the outskirts of a wood at Weston-super-Mare, on December 27th, he saw a bird flying which, from its white breast and forked tail, he took to be a swallow. He asks: Could it have been a swallow, and, if so, are there many instances on record of a swallow being seen at this time of the year? The white breast, H. D. J., indicates the martin rather than the swallow. There *are* records of swallows having been observed in this country as late as November and December, but my own opinion is that other birds have been mistaken for them. The purely insect food and the habit of taking this on the wing makes it difficult to understand how swallows could exist here in winter. Of course, if the bird were captured or shot, there could be no question, but, so far as I have read, the supposition that such birds are swallows is based upon a momentary sight at a distance. Let me give you an item of my own experience which may help to elucidate yours. Some years ago, whilst resident in Cornwall, I was told one winter evening that a swallow was flying weakly about a part of the village Being sceptical, I suggested it should be caught. This was done, and the bird was brought to me alive. It proved to be a storm petrel that had been exhausted by long buffeting with a gale at sea and had got blown ashore. It is possible that your swallow may have been a petrel. True, the petrel has not a white breast, but seen at dusk it has a very swallow-like appearance.

Preserving Marine Animals.—"Beginner" (San Remo) sends me rather a large order in asking for "a short account of the manner in which ordinary scale-fish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, &c., are preserved. Also, please state if it is possible for me to preserve sea-anemones, &c.?" To do this satisfactorily would need several pages, and the O. F. is always complaining that he has got no room to spare. Fishes may be preserved in methylated spirit, or a solution of formalin, without other preparation than well washing in fresh water. The same treatment will do for sea-cucumbers, and the formalin for sea-anemones. The great difficulty about the last-named is to get them to die with their tentacles extended, and this can only be arrived at with considerable patience and caution. Place them

in a small vessel of clear sea-water, and wait (an hour, or a day) till they are pleased to expand fully; then add, *a drop at a time*, a solution of corrosive sublimate, and so gradually destroy their power of contraction. When dead, remove to the bottle of formalin solution. Sea-urchins must be cleaned out by cutting through the leathery skin round the mouth and removing the masticatory apparatus; then the entire contents may be extracted, the interior scraped and *thoroughly* cleansed with fresh water, then allowed to dry in a shady, draughty place *without heat*. Methylated spirit must be diluted with an equal volume of water, or it will distort and shrivel the specimens. Formalin is sold as formaldehyde, 40 per cent. solution. This should be further diluted with water until it is equal to only 2 per cent. The bottles in which specimens are preserved must be securely corked to prevent evaporation.

Furniture Beeties.—Miss A. Friedrichs (W. Hampstead) writes:—"In our boxroom we had several large wicker-baskets, which some time ago we discovered to be quite worm-eaten. We soaked them in water for a few days, but it did not kill the animals. Upon a subsequent examination of the room we found traces of them everywhere. Some pieces of furniture and our trunks they have attacked only slightly. As we intend moving into a quite new house very shortly we are afraid of taking them there if we are not careful, and yet we do not like leaving all these things behind." My fair correspondent asks my opinion of several remedies that have been suggested. Let me say at first that the mischief is done by several small species of beetle and their larvæ. These beetles may be heard in the stillness of night calling to each other by a peculiar ticking sound which has earned them the name of Death Watch, because superstitious old ladies believe that the ticking foretells a death in the house. The best plan for destroying them is to eject into the upper holes of a piece of furniture, with a syringe, methylated spirit, in which corrosive sublimate has been dissolved. This not only kills the insects but renders the wood permanently uneatable by them, whilst the spirit soon evaporates. Paraffin oil will also kill them, but evaporates less readily, and will consequently give off an evil odour for some time. I should advise the immediate burning of the baskets.



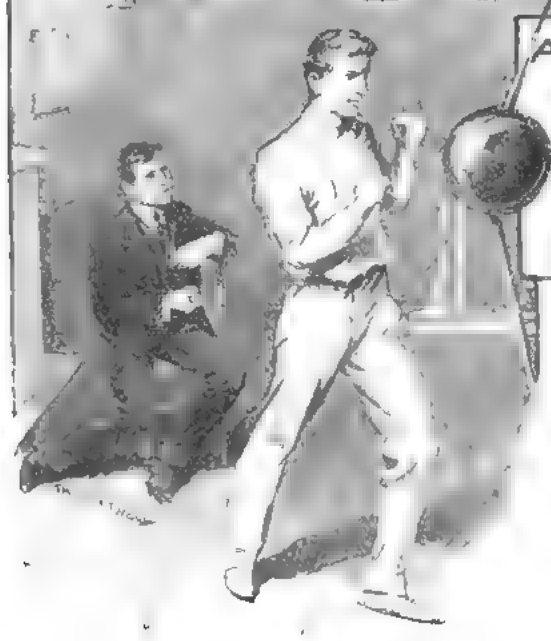
DEATH-WATCH BEETLE.—THE LINE AT SIDE REPRESENTS THE NATURAL SIZE.

Book and Other Queries.—Willie Davies (Llandyssul) asks for a "book that will give him most information about natural history in one volume," and adds that he would like rather full information concerning flowers, birds, and butterflies. You want a little too much, Willie. Furneaux's *Out of Door World* (Longmans, 6s.) will give you a general elementary knowledge of all orders, including those you have specially named, but it is necessarily brief. Why not get separate books on each of these subjects, each treated by a specialist, and at greater length than is possible in the encyclopædic volume? J. E. Malcolm (Muswell Road).—(1) *Butterfly and Moth Collecting* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.) (2) A pair of dormice will cost a shilling or two. (3) Silver-grey or Dutch rabbits you will find easy to rear. (4) No; you had better keep rabbits and guinea-pigs in separate hutches.

Name of Shell.—Dorothy Hooper (Bournemouth). Your shell is the smooth cockle (*Cardium norvegicum*); it is illustrated in my *Shell Life* (p. 142), but the specimen there photographed is larger and fresher than those you sent, so the rays are covered by the epidermis, worn off in yours. Glad you have found the books so useful. Forty-five species is very good for one holiday.

Water Beetles.—B. F. Cummings (Barnstaple) has been studying two books on beetles, one of which states that "all beetles die before winter," while the other says the *Dytiscus* may be obtained at midwinter. B. F. C. does not mention the authors of these books, but it may be very safely stated that the first of these knew very little of his subject. Hundreds of species of beetles, both aquatic and terrestrial, may be obtained throughout the winter by hunting among dead leaves and moss, under the bark of trees, or, in the case of aquatics, among the dormant weeds and the mud at the bottom of ponds. If B. F. C. will try such places in his own locality he will soon be convinced of the truth of this.

THE GOLD BAT



A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE
AUTHOR OF
"THE POTHUNTERS"
"THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS"
ETC ETC

SYNOPSIS

THE "gold bat" from which this story takes its title is a small ornament worn by Trevor, captain of the Wrykyn School XV, on his watch-chain. This bat Trevor has lent to O'Hara, an unruly Irishman, who, whilst employed on a midnight expedition whereof the object is tarring and feathering the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses the little bat, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for, should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, Trevor sees that he will be placed in an exceedingly awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand Brown, a big three-quarter in the Second XV, would seem to be the most likely selection, but he is observed to funk badly in a trial match, and so Trevor overlooks him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter, who has hitherto played for the Third XV. Soon after this, the school learns that a mysterious League has been formed by a number of fellows unknown who intend to enforce their views and wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor in an anonymous letter that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play for the First XV. Trevor disregards the letter and the League retaliates by mutilating his books, smashing his pictures, and turning his study upside down. Suspicion falls on Rand Brown, but it is pointed out that he could not have wrecked the captain's room, at least since he was in the field at the time the latter outrage was perpetrated. Then another prefect's study is wrecked, and the conspirators are still undetected, when, one morning, Trevor receives another letter informing him that the gold bat is in the hands of the League. Thereupon he tackles Rand Brown in his study, and, having accused him of writing the anonymous letters, proceeds to search his study for the gold bat, and requests him to turn his pockets out. But the missing trophy is not hidden in the study, nor is it in Rand Brown's pockets. A little later in the term, however, the headmaster instructs Trevor to search the studies in Dexter's house for tobacco, and in the course of these investigations, to his great surprise, he comes across the gold bat in the study of a slack, colourless sort of fellow called Ruthven.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LEAGUE REVEALED

"WHAT do you think of that?" said Clowes.

Trevor said nothing. He could not quite grasp the situation. It was not only that he had got the idea so firmly into his head that it was Rand-Brown who had sent the letters and appropriated the bat. Even supposing he had not suspected Rand-Brown, he would never have dreamed of suspecting Ruthven. They had been friends. Not very close friends—Trevor's keenness for games and Ruthven's dislike of them prevented that—but a good deal more than acquaintances. He was so constituted that he could not grasp the frame of mind required for such an action as Ruthven's. It was something absolutely abnormal.

Clowes was equally surprised, but for a different reason. It was not so much the enormity of Ruthven's proceedings that took him aback. He believed him, with that cheerful intolerance which a certain type of mind affects, capable of anything. What surprised him was the fact that Ruthven had had the ingenuity and even the daring to conduct a campaign of this description. Cribbing in examinations he would have thought the limit of his crimes. Something backboneless and underhand of that kind would not have surprised him in the least. He would have said that it was just about what he had expected all along. But that Ruthven should blossom out suddenly as quite an ingenious and capable criminal in this way, was a complete surprise.

"Well, perhaps *you'll* make a remark?" he said, turning to Ruthven.

Ruthven, looking very much like a passenger on a Channel steamer who has just discovered that the motion of the vessel is affecting him unpleasantly, had fallen into a chair when Clowes handed him off. He sat there with a look on his pasty face which was not good to see, as silent as Trevor. It seemed that whatever conversation there was going to be would have to take the form of a soliloquy from Clowes

Clowes took a seat on the corner of the table.

"It seems to me, Ruthven," he said, "that you'd better say *something*. At present there's a lot that wants explaining. As this bat has been found lying in your drawer, I suppose we may take it that you're the impolite letter-writer?"

Ruthven found his voice at last.

"I'm not," he cried; "I never wrote a line."

"Now we're getting at it," said Clowes. "I thought you couldn't have had it in you to carry this business through on your own. Apparently you've only been the sleeping partner in this show. Though I suppose it was you who ragged Trevor's study? Not much sleeping about that. You took over the acting branch of the concern for that day only, I expect. Was it you who ragged the study?"

Ruthven stared into the fire, but said nothing.

"Must be polite, you know, Ruthven, and answer when you're spoken to. Was it you who ragged Trevor's study?"

"Yes," said Ruthven.

"Thought so."

"Why, of course, I met you just outside," said Trevor, speaking for the first time. "You were the chap who told me what had happened."

Ruthven said nothing.

"The ragging of the study seems to have been all the active work he did," remarked Clowes.

"No," said Trevor, "he posted the letters, whether he wrote them or not. Milton was telling me -you remember? I told you. No, I didn't. Milton found out that the letters were posted by a small, light-haired fellow."

"That's him," said Clowes, as regardless of grammar as the monks of Rheims, pointing with the poker at Ruthven's immaculate locks. "Well, you ragged the study, and posted the letters. That was all your share. Am I right in thinking Rand-Brown was the other partner?"

Silence from Ruthven.

"Am I?" persisted Clowes.

"You may think what you like. I don't care."

"Now you're getting rude again," complained Clowes. "Was Rand-Brown in this?"

"Yes," said Ruthven.

"Thought so. And who else?"

"No one."

"Try again."

"I tell you there was no one else. Can't you believe a word a chap says?"

"A word here and there, perhaps," said Clowes, as one making a concession, "but not many, and this isn't one of them. Have another shot."

Ruthven relapsed into silence.

"All right, then," said Clowes, "we'll accept that statement. There's just a chance that it may be true. And that's about all, I think. This isn't my affair at all, really. It's yours, Trevor. I'm only a spectator and camp-follower. It's your business. You'll find me in my study." And putting the poker carefully in its place, Clowes left the room. He went into his study, and tried to begin some work. But the beauties of the second book of Thucydides failed to appeal to him. His mind was elsewhere. He felt too excited with what had just happened to translate Greek. He pulled up a chair in front of the fire, and gave himself up to speculating how Trevor was getting on in the neighbouring study. He was glad he had left him to finish the business. If he had been in Trevor's place, there was nothing he would so greatly have disliked as to have some one—however familiar a friend—interfering in his wars and settling them for him. Left to himself, Clowes would probably have ended the interview by kicking Ruthven into the nearest approach to pulp compatible with the laws relating to manslaughter. He had an uneasy suspicion that Trevor would let him down far too easily.

The handle turned. Trevor came in, and pulled up another chair in silence. His face wore a look of disgust. But there were no signs of combat upon him. The toe of his boot was not worn and battered, as Clowes would have liked to have seen it. Evidently he had not chosen to adopt active and physical measures for the improvement of Ruthven's moral well-being.

"Well?" said Clowes.

"My word, what a hound!" breathed Trevor, half to himself.

"My sentiments to a hair," said Clowes, approvingly. "But what have you done?"

"I didn't do anything."

"I was afraid you wouldn't. Did he give any explanation? What made him go in for the thing at all? What earthly motive could he have for not wanting Barry to get his colours, bar the fact that Rand-Brown didn't want him to? And why should he do what Rand-Brown told him? I never even knew they were pals, before to-day."

"He told me a good deal," said Trevor. "It's one of the beastliest things I ever heard. They neither of them come particularly well out of

the business, but Rand-Brown comes worse out of it even than Ruthven. My word, that man wants killing."

"That'll keep," said Clowes, nodding. "What's the yarn?"

"Do you remember about a year ago a chap named Patterson getting sacked?"

Clowes nodded again. He remembered the case well. Patterson had had gambling transactions with a Wrykyn tradesman, had been found out, and had gone.

"You remember what a surprise it was to everybody. It wasn't one of those cases where half the school suspects what's going on. Those cases always come out sooner or later. But Patterson nobody knew about."

"Yes. Well?"

"Nobody," said Trevor, "except Ruthven, that is. Ruthven got to know somehow. I believe he was a bit of a pal of Patterson's at the time. Anyhow, they had a row, and Ruthven went to Dexter—Patterson was in Dexter's—and sneaked. Dexter promised to keep his name out of the business, and went straight to the old man, and Patterson got turfed out on the spot. Then somehow or other Rand-Brown got to know about it—I believe Ruthven must have told him by accident some time or other. After that he simply had to do everything Rand-Brown wanted him to. Otherwise he said that he would tell the chaps about the Patterson affair. That put Ruthven in a dead funk."

"Of course," said Clowes; "I should imagine friend Ruthven would have got rather a bad time of it. But what made them think of starting the League? It was a jolly smart idea. Rand-Brown's, of course?"

"Yes. I suppose he'd heard about it, and thought something might be made out of it if it were revived."

"And were Ruthven and he the only two in it?"

"Ruthven swears they were, and I shouldn't wonder if he wasn't telling the truth, for once in his life. You see, everything the League's done so far could have been done by him and Rand-Brown, without anybody else's help. The only other studies that were ragged were Mill's and Milton's—both in Seymour's."

"Yes," said Clowes.

There was a pause. Clowes put another shovelful of coal on the fire.

"What are you going to do to Ruthven?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Hang it, he doesn't deserve to get off like that. He isn't as bad as Rand-Brown quite—but he's pretty nearly as finished a little beast as you could find."

"Finished is just the word," said Trevor. "He's going at the end of the week."

"Going? What! sacked?"

"Yes. The Old Man's been finding out things about him, apparently, and this smoking row has just added the finishing-touch to his discoveries. He's particularly keen against smoking just now for some reason."

"But was Ruthven in it?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you? He was one of the fellows Dexter caught in the vault. There were two in this house, you remember?"

"Who was the other?"

"That man Dashwood. Has the study next to Paget's old one. He's going, too."

"Scarcely knew him. What sort of a chap was he?"

"Outsider. No good to the house in any way He won't be missed."

"And what are you going to do about Rand-Brown?"

"Fight him, of course. What else could I do?"

"But you're no match for him."

"We'll see."

"But you *aren't*," persisted Clowes. "He can give you a stone easily, and he's not a bad boxer either. Moriarty didn't beat him so very cheaply in the middle-weight this year. You wouldn't have a chance."

Trevor flared up.

"Heavens, man," he cried, "do you think I don't know all that myself? But what on earth would you have me do? Besides, he may be a good boxer, but he's got no pluck at all. I might outstay him."

"Hope so," said Clowes.

But his tone was not hopeful.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

SOME people in Trevor's place might have taken the earliest opportunity of confronting Rand-Brown, so as to settle the matter in hand without delay. Trevor thought of doing this, but finally decided to let the matter rest for a day, until he should have found out with some accuracy what chance he stood.

After four o'clock, therefore, on the next day, having had tea in his study, he went across to the baths, in search of O'Hara. He intended that before the evening was over the Irishman should have imparted to him some of his skill with the hands. He did not know that for a man absolutely unscientific with his fists there is nothing so fatal as to take a boxing lesson on the eve of battle. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

He is apt to lose his recklessness—which might have stood by him well—in exchange for a little quite useless science. He is neither one thing nor the other, neither a natural fighter, nor a skilful boxer.

This point O'Hara endeavoured to press upon him as soon as he had explained why it was that he wanted coaching on this particular afternoon.

The Irishman was in the gymnasium, punching the ball, when Trevor found him. He generally put in a quarter of an hour with the punching-ball every evening, before Moriarty turned up for the customary six rounds.

"Want me to teach ye a few tricks?" he said. "What's that for?"

"I've got a mill coming on soon," explained Trevor, trying to make the statement as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world for a school prefect, who was also captain of football, head of a house, and in the cricket eleven, to be engaged for a fight in the near future.

"Mill!" exclaimed O'Hara. "You! An' why?"

"Never mind why," said Trevor. "I'll tell you afterwards, perhaps. Shall I put on the gloves now?"

"Wait," said O'Hara, "I must do my quarter of an hour with the ball before I begin teaching other people how to box. Have ye a watch?"

"Yes."

"Then time me. I'll do four rounds of three minutes each, with a minute's rest in between. That's more than I'll do at Aldershot, but it'll get me fit. Ready?"

"Time," said Trevor.

He watched O'Hara assailing the swinging ball with considerable envy. Why, he wondered, had he not gone in for boxing? Everybody ought to learn to box. It was bound to come in useful some time or other. Take his own case. He was very much afraid—no, afraid was not the right word, for he was not that. He was very much of opinion that Rand-Brown was going to have a most enjoyable time when they met. And the final house-match was to be played next Monday. If events turned out as he could not help feeling they were likely to turn out, he would be too battered to play in that match. Donaldson's would probably win, whether he played or not, but it would be bitter to be laid up on such an occasion. On the other hand, he must go through with it. He did not believe in letting other people take a hand in settling his private quarrels.

But he wished he had learned to box. If only he could hit that dancing, jumping ball with a fifth of the skill that O'Hara was displaying, his wiriness and pluck might see him through.

"GO AS HARD AS YOU CAN," SAID O'HARA TO TREVOR.

O'Hara finished his fourth round with his leathern opponent, and sat down, panting.

"Pretty useful, that," commented Trevor, admiringly.

"Ye should see Moriarty," gasped O'Hara. "Now will ye tell me why it is you're going to fight, and with whom you're going to fight?"

"Very well. It's with Rand-Brown."

"Rand-Brown!" exclaimed O'Hara. "But, me dearr man, he'll ate you."

Trevor gave a rather annoyed laugh. "I must say I've got a nice, cheery, comforting lot of friends," he said. "That's just what Clowes has been trying to explain to me."

"Clowes is quite right," said O'Hara, seriously. "Has the thing gone too far for ye to back out? Without climbing down, of course," he added.

"Yes," said Trevor, "there's no question of my getting out of it. I daresay I could. In fact, I know I could. But I'm not going to."

"But, me dearr man, ye haven't an earthly chance. I assure ye ye haven't. I've seen Rand-Brown with the gloves on. That was last term. He's not put them on since Moriarty bate him in the middles, so he may be out of practice. But even then he'd be a bad man to tackle. He's big an' he's strong, an' if he'd only had the heart in him he'd have been going up to Aldershot instead of Moriarty. That's what he'd be doing. An' you can't box at all. Never even had the gloves on."

"Never. I used to scrap when I was a kid, though."

"That's no use," said O'Hara decidedly. "But you haven't said what it is that ye've got against Rand-Brown. What is it?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you. You're in it as well. In fact, if it hadn't been for the bat turning up, you'd have been considerably more in it than I am."

"What!" cried O'Hara. "Where did you find it? Was it in the grounds? When was it you found it?"

Whereupon Trevor gave him a very full and exact account of what had happened. He showed him the two letters from the League, touched on Milton's connection with the affair, traced the gradual development of his suspicions, and described with some approach to excitement the scene in Ruthven's study, and the explanations that had followed it.

"Now do you wonder," he concluded, "that I feel as if a few rounds with Rand-Brown would do me good?"

O'Hara breathed hard.

"My word!" he said, "I'd like to see ye kill him."

"But," said Trevor, "as you and Clowes have been pointing out to me, if there's going to be a corpse, it'll be me. However, I mean to try. Now perhaps you wouldn't mind showing me a few tricks."

"Take my advice," said O'Hara, "and don't try any of that foolery."

"Why, I thought you were such a believer in science," said Trevor in surprise.

"So I am, if you've enough of it. But it's the worst thing ye can do to learn a trick or two just before a fight, if ye don't know anything about the game already. A tough, rushing fighter is ten times as good as a man who's just begun to learn what he oughtn't to do."

"Well, what do you advise me to do, then?" asked Trevor, impressed by the unwonted earnestness with which the Irishman delivered this pugilistic homily, which was a paraphrase of the views dinned into the ears of every novice by the school instructor.

"I must do something."

"The best thing ye can do," said O'Hara, thinking for a moment, "is to put on the gloves and have a round or two with me. Here's Moriarty at last. We'll get him to time us."

As much explanation as was thought good for him having been given to the newcomer, to account for Trevor's newly-acquired taste for things pugilistic, Moriarty took the watch, with instructions to give them two minutes for the first round.

"Go as hard as you can," said O'Hara to Trevor, as they faced one another, "and hit as hard as you like. It won't be any practice if you don't. I sha'n't mind being hit. It'll do me good for Aldershot. See?"

Trevor said he saw.

"Time," said Moriarty.

Trevor went in with a will. He was a little shy at first of putting all his weight into his blows. It was hard to forget that he felt friendly towards O'Hara. But he speedily awoke to the fact that the Irishman took his boxing very seriously, and was quite a different person when he had the gloves on. When he was so equipped, the man opposite him ceased to be either friend or foe in a private way. He was simply an opponent, and every time he hit him was one point. And, when he entered the ring, his only object in life for the next three minutes was to score points. Consequently Trevor, sparring lightly and in rather a futile manner at first, was woken up by a stinging flush hit between the eyes. After that he, too, forgot that he liked the man before him, and rushed him in all directions. There was no doubt as to who would have won if it had been a competition. Trevor's guard was of the most rudimentary order, and O'Hara got through when and how he liked. But though he took a good deal, he also gave a good deal, and O'Hara confessed himself not altogether sorry when Moriarty called "Time."

"Man," he said regretfully, "why ever did ye not take up boxing before? Ye'd have made a splendid middle-weight."

"Well, have I a chance, do you think?" inquired Trevor.

"Ye might do it with luck," said O'Hara, very

doubtfully. "But," he added, "I'm afraid ye've not much chance."

And with this poor encouragement from his trainer and sparring-partner, Trevor was forced to be content.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT RENFORD SAW.

THE health of Master Harvey of Seymour's was so delicately constituted that it was an absolute necessity that he should consume one or more hot buns during the quarter of an hour's interval which split up morning school. He was tearing across the junior gravel towards the shop on the morning following Trevor's sparring practice with O'Hara, when a melodious treble voice called his name. It was Renford. He stopped, to allow his friend to come up with him, and then made as if to resume his way to the shop. But Renford proposed an amendment. "Don't go to the shop," he said, "I want to talk."

"Well, can't you talk in the shop?"

"Not what I want to tell you. It's private. Come for a stroll"

Harvey hesitated. There were few things he enjoyed so much as exclusive items of school gossip (scandal preferably), but hot new buns were among those few things. However, he decided on this occasion to feed the mind at the expense of the body. He accepted Renford's invitation.

"What is it?" he asked, as they made for the football field. "What's been happening?"

"It's frightfully exciting," said Renford.

"What's up?"

"You mustn't tell any one."

"All right. Of course not"

"Well, then, there's been a big fight, and I'm one of the only chaps who know about it so far."

"A fight!" Harvey became excited. "Who between?"

Renford paused before delivering his news, to emphasise the importance of it.

"It was between O'Hara and Rand-Brown," he said at length

"By *Jove!*" said Harvey. Then a suspicion crept into his mind.

"Look here, Renford," he said, "if you're trying to green me — "

"I'm not, you ass," replied Renford indignantly. "It's perfectly true. I saw it myself."

"By Jove, did you really? Where was it? When did it come off? Was it a good one? Who won?"

"It was the best one I've ever seen."

"Did O'Hara beat him? I hope he did. O'Hara's a jolly good sort."

"Yes. They had six rounds. Rand-Brown got knocked out in the middle of the sixth."

"What, do you mean really knocked out, or did he just chuck it?"

"No. He was really knocked out. He was on the floor for quite a time. By Jove, you should have seen it. O'Hara was ripping in the sixth round. He was all over him."

"Tell us about it," said Harvey, and Renford told.

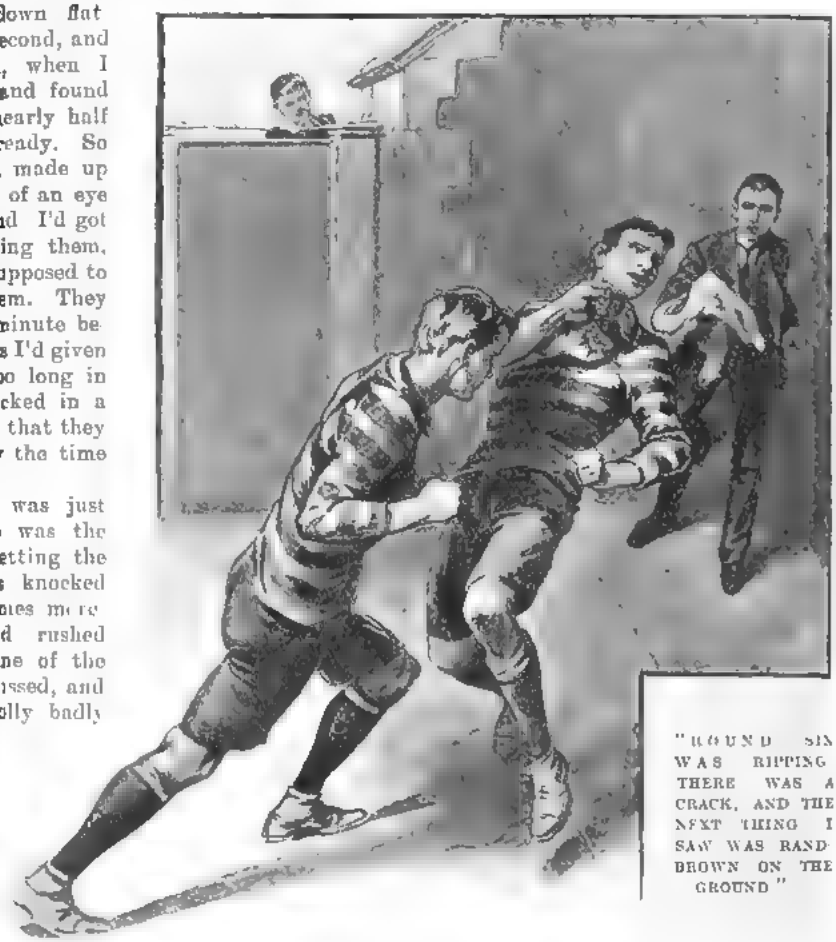
"I'd got up early," he said, "to feed the ferrets, and I was just cutting over to the fives courts with their grub, when, just as I got across the senior gravel, I saw O'Hara and Moriarty standing waiting near the second court. O'Hara knows all about the ferrets, so I didn't try and cut or anything. I went up and began talking to him. I noticed he didn't look particularly keen on seeing me at first. I asked him if he was going to play fives. Then he said no, and told me what he'd really come for. He said he and Rand-Brown had had a row, and they'd agreed to have it out that morning in one of the fives-courts. Of course, when I heard that, I was all on to see it, so I said I'd wait, if he didn't mind. He said he didn't care, so long as I didn't tell everybody, so I said I wouldn't tell anybody except you, so he said all right, then, I could stop if I wanted to. So that was how I saw it. Well, after we'd been waiting a few minutes, Rand-Brown came in sight, with that beast Merrett in our house, who'd come to second him. It was just like one of those duels you read about, you know. Then O'Hara said that as I was the only one there with a watch—he and Rand-Brown were in footer clothes, and Merrett and Moriarty hadn't got their tickers on them—I'd better act as timekeeper. So I said all right, I would, and we went to the second fives-court. It's the biggest of them, you know. I stood outside on the bench, looking through the wire netting over the door, so as not to be in the way when they started scrapping. O'Hara and Rand-Brown took off their blazers and sweaters, and chucked them to Moriarty and Merrett, and then Moriarty and Merrett went and stood in two corners, and O'Hara and Rand-Brown walked into the middle and stood up to one another. Rand-Brown was miles the heaviest—by a stone, I should think—and he was taller and had a longer reach. But O'Hara looked much fitter. Rand-Brown looked rather flabby.

"I sang out 'Time' through the wire netting, and they started off at once. O'Hara offered to shake hands, but Rand-Brown wouldn't. So they began without it.

"The first round was awfully fast. They kept having long rallies all over the place. O'Hara was a jolly sight quicker, and Rand-Brown didn't seem able to guard his hits at all. But he hit frightfully hard himself, great, heavy slogs, and O'Hara kept getting them in the face. At last he got one bang in the mouth which knocked him down flat He was up again in a second, and was starting to rush, when I looked at the watch, and found that I'd given them nearly half a minute too much already. So I shouted 'Time,' and made up my mind I'd keep more of an eye on the watch next round I'd got so jolly excited, watching them, that I'd forgot I was supposed to be keeping time for them. They had only asked for a minute between the rounds, but as I'd given them half a minute too long in the first round, I chucked in a bit extra in the rest, so that they were both pretty fit by the time I started them again.

"The second round was just like the first, and so was the third. O'Hara kept getting the worst of it. He was knocked down three or four times more and once, when he'd rushed Rand-Brown against one of the walls, he hit out and missed, and barked his knuckles jolly badly against the wall. That was in the middle of the third round, and Rand-Brown had it all his own way for the rest of the round—for about two minutes, that is to say. He hit O'Hara about all over the shop. I was so jolly keen on O'Hara's winning that I had half a mind to call time early, so as to give him time to recover. But I thought it would be a low thing to do, so I gave them their full three minutes.

"Directly they began the fourth round I noticed that things were going to change a bit. O'Hara had given up his rushing game, and was waiting for his man, and when he came at him he'd put in a hot counter, nearly always at the body. After a bit Rand-Brown began to get cautious, and wouldn't rush, so the fourth round was the quietest there had been. In the last minute they didn't hit each other at all They simply sparred for openings. It was in the fifth round that O'Hara began to forge ahead. About half way through he got in a ripper, right in the wind, which almost doubled Rand-Brown up, and then he started rushing again. Rand-Brown looked awfully bad at the end of the round.



"ROUND SIX WAS RIPPING THERE WAS A CRACK, AND THE NEXT THING I SAW WAS RAND-BROWN ON THE GROUND"

"Round six was ripping. I never saw two chaps go for each other so. It was one long rally. Then—how it happened I couldn't see, they were so quick—just as they had been at it a minute and a half, there was a crack, and the next thing I saw was Rand-Brown on the ground, looking beastly. He went down absolutely flat; his heels and head touched the ground at the same time.

"I counted ten out loud in the professional way like they do at the National Sporting Club, you know, and then said 'O'HARA WINS.' I felt an awful swell. After about another half-minute Rand-Brown was all right again, and he got up and went back to the house with Merrett,

Google

and O'Hara and Moriarty went off to Dexter's, and I gave the ferrets their grub, and cut back to breakfast."

"Rand-Brown wasn't at breakfast," said Harvey.

"No. He went to bed. I wonder what'll happen. Think there'll be a row about it?"

"Shouldn't think so," said Harvey. "They never do make rows about fights, and neither of them is a prefect, so I don't see what it matters if they *do* fight. But, I say——"

"What's up?"

"I wish," said Harvey, his voice full of acute regret, "that it had been my turn to feed those ferrets."

"I don't," said Renford cheerfully. "I wouldn't have missed that mill for something. Hullo, there's the bell. We'd better run."

When Trevor called at Seymour's that afternoon to see Rand-Brown, with a view to challenging him to deadly combat, and found that O'Hara had been before him, he ought to have felt relieved. His actual feeling was one of acute annoyance. It seemed to him that O'Hara had exceeded the limits of friendship. It was all very well for him to take over the Rand-Brown contract, and settle it himself, in order to save Trevor from a very bad quarter of an hour, but Trevor was one of those people who object strongly to the interference of other people in their private business. He sought out O'Hara and complained. Within two minutes O'Hara's golden eloquence had soothed him and made him view the matter in quite a different light. What O'Hara pointed out was that it was not Trevor's affair at all, but his own. Who, he asked, had been likely to be damaged most by Rand-Brown's manœuvres in connection with the lost bat? Trevor was bound to admit that O'Hara was that person. Very well, then, said O'Hara, then who had a better right to fight Rand-Brown? And Trevor confessed that no one else had a better.

"Then, I suppose," he said, "that I shall have to do nothing about it?"

"That's it," said O'Hara.

"It'll be rather beastly meeting the man after this," said Trevor, presently. "Do you think he might possibly leave at the end of term?"

"He's leaving at the end of the week," said O'Hara. "He was one of the fellows Dexter caught in the vault that evening. You won't see much more of Rand-Brown."

"I'll try and put up with that," said Trevor.

"And so will I," replied O'Hara. "And I shouldn't think Milton would be so very grieved."

"No," said Trevor. "I tell you what will make him sick, though, and that is your having milled with Rand-Brown. It's a job he'd have liked to have taken on himself."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

INTO the story at this point comes the narrative of Charles Mereweather Cook, aged fourteen, a day-boy.

Cook arrived at the school on the tenth of March at precisely nine o'clock in a state of excitement.

He said there was a row on in the town.

Cross-examined, he said there was no end of a row on in the town.

During morning school he explained further, whispering his tale into the attentive ear of Knight of the School House, who sat next to him.

What sort of a row, Knight wanted to know.

Cook deposed that he had been riding on his bicycle past the entrance to the Recreation Grounds on his way to school, when his eye was attracted by the movements of a mass of men just inside the gate. They appeared to be fighting. Witness did not stop to watch, much as he would have liked to do so. Why not? Why, because he was late already, and would have had to scorch anyhow, in order to get to school in time. And he had been late the day before, and was afraid that old Appleby (the master of the form) would give him beans if he were late again. Wherefore he had no notion of what the men were fighting about, but he betted that more would be heard about it. Why? Because, from what he saw of it, it seemed a jolly big thing. There must have been quite three hundred men fighting. (Knight, satirically, "*Pile* it on!") Well, quite a hundred, anyhow. Fifty a side. And fighting like anything. He betted there would be something about it in the *Wrykyn Patriot* to-morrow. He shouldn't wonder if somebody had been killed. What were they scrapping about? How should *he* know?

Here Mr. Appleby, who had been trying for the last five minutes to find out where the whispering noise came from, at length traced it to its source, and forthwith requested Messrs. Cook and Knight to do him two hundred lines, adding that, if he heard them talking again, he would put them into the extra lesson. Silence reigned from that moment.

Next day, while the form was wrestling with the moderately exciting account of Cæsar's

doings in Gaul, Master Cook produced from his pocket a newspaper-cutting. This, having previously planted a forcible blow in his friend's ribs with an elbow to attract the latter's attention, he handed to Knight, and in dumb show requested him to peruse the same. Which Knight, feeling no interest whatever in Cæsar's doings in Gaul, and having, in consequence, a good deal of time on his hands, proceeded to do. The cutting was headed "Disgraceful Fracas," and was written in the elegant style that was always so marked a feature of the *Wrykyn Patriot*.

"THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT IT WASN'T THE SAME PEOPLE," SAID O'HARA

"We are sorry to have to report," it ran, "another of those deplorable ebullitions of local Hooliganism, to which it has before now been our painful duty to refer. Yesterday the Recreation Grounds were made the scene of as brutal an exhibition of savagery as has ever marred the fair fame of this town. Our readers will remember how on a previous occasion, when the fine statue of Sir Eustace Briggs was found covered with tar, we attributed the act to the malevolence of the Radical section of the community. Events have proved that we were right. Yesterday a body of youths, belonging to the rival party, was discovered in the very act of repeating the offence. A thick coating of tar had already been administered, when several members of the rival faction appeared. A free fight of a peculiarly violent nature immediately ensued, with the result that, before the police could interfere, several of the combatants had received severe bruises. Fortunately the police then arrived on the scene, and with great difficulty succeeded in putting a stop to the *fracas*. Several arrests were made.

"We have no desire to discourage legitimate party rivalry, but we feel justified in strongly protesting against such dastardly tricks as those to which we have referred. We can assure our opponents that they can gain nothing by such conduct."

There was a good deal more, to the effect that now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party, and that the constituents of Sir Eustace Briggs must look to it that they failed not in the hour of need, and so on. That was what the *Wrykyn Patriot* had to say on the subject.

O'Hara managed to get hold of a copy of the paper, and showed it to Clowes and Trevor.

"So now," he said, "it's all right, ye see. They'll never suspect it wasn't the same people that tarred the statue both times. An' ye've got the bat back, so it's all right, ye see."

"The only thing that'll trouble you now," said Clowes, "will be your conscience."

O'Hara intimated that he would try and put up with that.

"But isn't it a stroke of luck," he said, "that they should have gone and tarred Sir Eustace again so soon after Moriarty and I did it?"

Clowes said gravely that it only showed the force of bad example.

"Yes. They wouldn't have thought of it, if it hadn't been for us," chortled O'Hara. "I wonder, now, if there's anything else we could do to that statue!" he added, meditatively.

"My good lunatic," said Clowes, "don't you think you've done almost enough for one term?"

"Well, 'myes," replied O'Hara thoughtfully, "perhaps we have, I suppose."

The term wore on. Donaldson's won the final house-match by a matter of twenty-six points. It was, as they had expected, one of the easiest games they had had to play in the competition. Bryant's, who were their opponents, were not strong, and had only managed to get into the final owing to their luck in drawing weak opponents for the trial heats. The real final, that had decided the ownership of the cup, had been Donaldson's v. Seymour's.

Aldershot arrived, and the sports. Drummond and O'Hara covered themselves with glory, and brought home silver medals. But Moriarty, to the disappointment of the school, which had counted on his pulling off the middles, met a strenuous gentleman from St. Paul's in the final, and was prematurely outed in the first minute of the third round. To him, therefore, there fell but a medal of bronze.

It was on the Sunday after the sports that Trevor's connection with the bat ceased—as far, that is to say, as concerned its unpleasant character (as a piece of evidence that might be used to his disadvantage). He had gone to supper with the headmaster, accompanied by Clowes and Milton. The headmaster nearly always invited a few of the house prefects to Sunday supper during the term. Sir Eustace Briggs happened to be there. He had withdrawn his insinuations concerning the part supposedly played by a member of the school in the matter of the tarred statue, and the headmaster had sealed the *entente cordiale* by asking him to supper.

An ordinary man might have considered it best to keep off the delicate subject. Not so Sir Eustace Briggs. He was on to it like glue. He talked of little else throughout the whole course of the meal.

"My suspicions," he boomed, towards the conclusion of the feast, "which have, I am rejoiced to say, proved so entirely void of foundation and significance, were aroused in the first instance, as I mentioned before, by the narrative of the man Samuel Wapshott."

Nobody present evinced the slightest desire to learn what the man Samuel Wapshott had had to say for himself, but Sir Eustace, undismayed, continued as if the whole table were hanging on his words.

"The man Samuel Wapshott," he said, "distinctly asserted that a small gold ornament, shaped like a bat, was handed by him to a lad of age coeval with these lads here."

The headmaster interposed. He had evidently heard more than enough of the man Samuel Wapshott.

"He must have been mistaken," he said briefly. "The bat which Trevor is wearing on his watch-chain at this moment is the only one of its kind that I know of. You have never lost it, Trevor?"

Trevor thought for a moment. *He* had never lost it. He replied diplomatically. "It has been in a drawer nearly all the term, sir," he said.

"A drawer, hey?" remarked Sir Eustace Briggs. "Ah! A very sensible place to keep it in, my boy. You could have no better place, in my opinion."

And Trevor agreed with him, with the mental reservation that it rather depended on whom the drawer belonged to.

THE END.

VOLUME XI.

FURTHER TALES OF ELIZA'S.

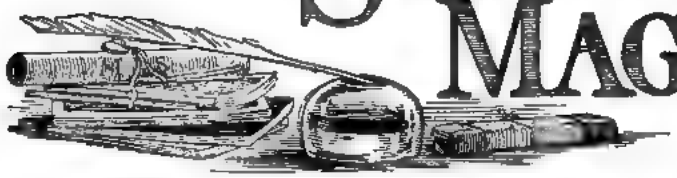
A SERIES OF PUBLIC SCHOOL STORIES

BY

FRED SWAINSON,

Author of "ACTON'S FEUD."

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Aluredian (King's College, Taunton).—The principal contribution is a curious medley in verse entitled "Water Sprites." The writer, we should imagine, is capable of producing really good stuff, but in the present case he has set himself deliberately to play the buffoon. Even so, his work is clever, and the distorted "tags" from well-known poems are most amusingly introduced. Thus, in the following lines we have a description of the field in the school steeplechase approaching the water jump:—

"But to proceed. The cry is 'Here they come!'
And now the lookers-on can plainly see,
In costumes light, and gay, and variesome,
The blowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea."

Later on a doubt is expressed as to what exactly the poem is all about. A suggestion that the classic story of Horatius is being related elicits the following answer:—

"Nay, mine is something new: that story's oft been told
How well Horatius won at bridge in the brave days of old."

Finally, the poem concludes with this fine apostrophe of the water jump:—

"Roll on, Thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
(If once again I may from Byron borrow)
Roll a brief space o'er thy tarpaulin bed,
For Dominey will roll it up to-morrow!"

Cranleighan.—A member of the non-commissioned ranks of the corps contributes an amusing account of last year's camp at Aldershot. The interior of a tent immediately after reveille is thus described:—

"The scene was a mass of mingled blankets, clothes, and palliasses, whereon half naked savages danced, yelled, and fought each other indiscriminately

O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to retrieve,
Our Trousers."

Dudleian.—This is a new-comer, and the editor will 'esteem any advice on this our initial number." We have but few remarks to make. At present there is a notable lack of literary contributions, but, as the magazine expressly purports to be a "chronicle," this is not of prime importance. If news, however, is to be the strong feature of the *Dudleian*, we would impress upon the editor the advisability of *organising* a good and extended news service, especially with regard to the doings of Old Boys. It is of no use to trust to chance communications, and to insert a request for news (as is so often done) without taking any steps to secure information independently, is as feeble as the perennial demand for contributions from an editor who does not grasp the fact that it is his business to *find* stuff—*i.e.*, to "discover" and awaken latent talent, not merely to sit on a stool and pass pages for press. An excellent feature introduced into this first number of the *Dudleian* is the list of historical tales, &c., accessible to boys through the medium of the library, dealing with the period of history at present being studied in the upper forms.

Grammar School Magazine (Aberdeen).—A rather poor number. We must protest against the unworthy practice of padding out the "School Notes" with scissors-and-paste work—in other words, by the interpolation of two- and three-line jokes, humorous no doubt, and excellent in their way, but quite out of place in the position they are here forced into. In his essay on "Nothing," the author has chosen a difficult subject, which only a greater skill than he possesses could have made interesting. In the article on "Tall Americans" are collected some characteristic specimens of the American humour. The best story (albeit a "chestnut") is that of the dogs which had a fatal liking for a forbidden sofa. Thrice their master thrashed them for disobedience. On the first occasion he found them asleep on the prohibited furniture; on the second, the seat, though the dogs were curled innocently on the rug, betrayed a tell-tale warmth; the third time he returned unexpectedly and caught the errant tykes in the act of blowing on the sofa to cool it!

Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School Magazine.—The second number of this new periodical lies before us: well printed, well turned out, and properly sober. The chief contribution, "Bridging the Ganges," describes at length the work of building a bridge in India. In a short paper is quoted the substance of remarks made by the *National Review* on the vexed question, "What is the use of learning Latin at School?" It is pointed out that the charge that after a "classical education" at school, a boy leaves with only a smattering of Latin and Greek, holds good in respect of science and history, and that the real point at issue is lost sight of.

"But if a little classics is useless, why is a little history or a little science so valuable? At every turn we are brought back to the real question. Is the object of scholastic education the formation of the pupil's mind and of his *power* of knowledge, or is it to impart information which shall be immediately and directly useful?"

"A True Tale of the Boer War" recounts the plucky escape of a prisoner from the hands of the enemy.

Haileyburian.—There is not much to interest the non-Haileyburian in the last issue to hand. A large portion of the number is taken up by a series of remarkable tributes to the memory of the Rev. James Robertson, a former Headmaster of Haileybury. An extract from Bishop Gibson's letter in the *Cape Church Monthly*, quoted in these columns, may, perhaps, reassure the anxious people (referred to above) who ask, "What is the use of learning Latin at School?" The

Bishop undertook a missionary journey from Cape Town to St. Paul de Loanda and back.

"The mixing with so many different people involved, of course, at times, difficult situations from the linguistic point of view. This was particularly the case on two occasions. On April 30th, while my knowledge of Portuguese was still practically 'nil,' I called on the Bishop at Loanda, and found to my dismay that he did not speak French. I then lannched (for the first time in my life) into Latin, but, unfortunately, could not free myself from the old English pronunciation. The Bishop then suggested that we should write to each other, so we took our seats at the table, and for half-an-hour kept up an animated conversation on paper in Latin!"

Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint).—The December number is devoted almost entirely to records of the Play, which annually forms so important a feature of life at Hurst. "Mummerdom" is a fascinating essay—fantasy, one might say—from the pen of "J. K. S.," reprinted from a former issue of 1888. In it we witness the ghostly revels of all the varied figures that have strutted upon the Hurstpierpoint stage. An editorial article, entitled "There be Players," recounts the history of the Play, and records some amusing *contretemps* that from time to time have arisen. Such was the moving moment when Mark Antony, after an impassioned burst of eloquence over the corpse of Cæsar, gently removed the face-cloth and disclosed the dead man's boots! Such was the combat (in *King John*) between the Duke of Austria and the Bastard, when the onslaught of the Bastard, becoming too vehement, there fell from the ducal lips the beseeching request: "Hi! Steady on, old flick!" In 1859 the Rev. S. Baring-Gould played an impromptu part in the witches' scene in *Macbeth*:—

"He was in charge of the elements and the witch's cauldron. To get a more realistic effect, he squatted in the calico cauldron, and mixed his red and green fires with much effect. Suddenly the cauldron caught fire, and out of it scrambled a very un-Macbeth-looking gentleman in a ruined dress suit, and then a wicked smoke rose up as the curtain went hurriedly down that made the audience cough and blink, and convinced them of the truly realistic nature of the scene of witchery."

Johnian.—It seems a pity that there should be two magazines with titles so likely to be confused, as the "Johnian" and the "Hurst Johnian." We suggest that the *Johnian* should adopt as a subtitle, "The Magazine of St. John's School, Leatherhead," seeing that there is not a word in the whole number before us to show whence the magazine hails.

Lower School News (St. Paul's).—Another first number—this time of the intended organ of the Lower School at St. Paul's—which we are requested to criticise. But the paper contains so little, and that little so unnecessary (as it seems to us), that we will postpone further comment until the arrival of the promised Christmas Number.

Malvernian.—Malvern gunners are indignant over a telegram which was received on the very eve of the field day at Marlborough, from the sapient War Office, forbidding the firing of the guns. It may be asked very reasonably, Of what use are gun drills, or, for that matter, of cadet corps, if paternal authorities will not permit what has been learned to be put into practice? We are reminded irresistibly of the terror-stricken crew in that delightful absurdity, "The Revenge" (*not* by Tennyson), when (we quote from memory)—

"Through the ship the whisper runs,
They're going—to fire—the guns!"

"The Passive Seasons" is a little essay in verse which shows remarkable promise for a writer of fifteen

Ousel (Bedford Grammar School).—"Slacker!" if not a poem of particularly fine qualities, at least echoes from the heart the feelings of the exiled "Old Boy." Runs the final chorus:—

"Think where the Ouse runs cool, Slacker!
Think of an eight-oared crew,
Oh, the curses of the cox,
Tho' you're sweating like an ox!
Alma Mater, can't you take me back to you, you, you?
Alma Mater, can't you take me back to you?"

Sedberghian.—As usual, there is plenty to read in the *Sedberghian*, and something to ponder over as well, which is more than can be said of most. "The Sister Isle" is an instructive little paper, suitably brief, on the Irish Question, and the article "On Novels" contains some sensible remarks. The writer, however, is occasionally a trifle Hibernian.

"A fair test as to whether a book is worth reading is to think of it about a year after it has been read, and to try to remember anything about the principal characters in it. The patron of Guy Boothby, and other writers of the same class, will probably find that he cannot remember anything about the characters of the book; possibly in some cases he cannot even remember what the book was about. If such is the case it was a pity he ever wasted his time in reading it. But who would ever forget 'Colonel Newcome,' or Mr. Bennett,' and the memories associated with them?"

This seems to demand that the intending reader shall first discover whether he will be able, a year hence, to remember anything about the book he is now proposing to tackle. Surely a somewhat difficult task! "Unknown to History" recounts some interesting experiences of a despatch rider in the Transvaal War. There is a lot of verse in the number, but none that calls for special comment.

Tonbridgian.—We are glad to see the *Tonbridgian* at last arrayed in a cover, and a very pleasing, tasteful cover, too. A large part of the number before us is taken up with a report of the proceedings on "Skinners' Day." The Latin orations are given *in extenso*, that delivered by the Captain of the School to the "Pelliparii," and the reply by Mr. L. S. Amery, M.A., on behalf of the Governors. "Westminster Abbey" is a long (and excellent) poem by R. R. Maconachie, winner of the School Prize for English Verse, but it is not stated whether this is the prize composition. Unfortunately we have no space here to quote sufficient stanzas to do justice to the verse, and must refrain from making an extract. Further on in the magazine the reader will find this paragraph:—

"In spite of the terrific crowd and the necessarily inadequate police force available, there were no casualties of any kind."

What was it? A Bread Riot or a Royal Progress? No; the occasion was merely the return of the victorious Tonbridge VIII. from Bisley last July. We are glad to see that the good citizens of Tonbridge are proud of the school which adorns their town, and are not backward in maintaining the national tradition of enthusiasm for *le sport*. As for the school—naturally they ran amok that day; for this was the first time Tonbridge had won the Ashburton Shield. The Corps, with a company of local Volunteers, marched to the station to meet their triumphant comrades.

"The VIII. were received with a 'General Salute,' and conducted to the brake, which was magnificently decorated, and harnessed by fourteen members of the School, and driven by the celebrated 'Morley,' who must have enjoyed hugely his strange experience in handling a 'team.' To the sounds of deafening cheers and music the procession, in spite of

many checks and tremendous side pressure, made its way safely to the School, where the Shield was formally handed to the Headmaster for safe keeping."

The Soccer.—This is not strictly a school magazine, being the recently initiated organ of the Renfrew United Second Football Team. This seems a somewhat small public to appeal to, but doubtless the rest of the club will give support and find their literary wants attended to. The first number is reproduced on foolscap paper by a process known (we believe) as "mimeographing," and may be recommended to those anxious to publish a private journal but unable to bear the expense of a printer's bill. The type-written characters are clear and legible, and the cover bears an elaborate pictorial design. As regards the contents, we are handicapped in criticism by the fact that nearly all the contributions are full of local allusions, naturally lost upon a stranger. We are likewise at a disadvantage in reviewing the production as a whole, by the fact of being personally unacquainted with the promoters and their friends, and consequently unable to judge their tastes. If we might venture a word of warning, we would suggest that the Editors take heed lest, in their anxiety to shun the Scylla of dulness, they fall into the Charybdis of vulgarity. *The Soccer*, however, starts well, and we hope its staff will overcome that fatal lassitude which generally seizes upon the promoters of similar journals after the appearance of the first few numbers.

We also beg to acknowledge receipt of the following, a selection of which will be reviewed in our April number:—*Allan Glen's Monthly, Alperton Hall Magazine, Avonian, Bancroftian, Baptist Outlook, Blue* (2), *Bradfordian, Bridlingtonian, Cadet* (2), *Cooper's School Magazine, Dovorian, Durban High School Magazine, Fettesian, Harrovian* (2), *Holmwood Magazine, Ipswich School Magazine, Lily* (2), *Nelsonian, Olavian* (2), *Owlet, Quernmorian* (2), *Review, Salopian* (2), *Sotoniensis, Stanley House School Magazine, Southlands High School Magazine, Truro College Magazine, Williamsonian, Wyvern.*

TENNYSON'S ULYSSES.

TENNYSON

TENNYSON is a poet of great conscious moral purposes, and Ulysses may be well chosen to illustrate this characteristic. Ulysses, the greatest of the Greek heroes of the Trojan War, returned home to Ithaca after an absence of twenty years. Yet the opening lines of the poem show him as weary of rest and eager for travel and adventure.

"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees."

He is taken as a type of the indefatigable striver after knowledge; knowledge and ever fresh knowledge is his food. Though he has seen much, endured much, experienced much, yet all this does not end his desire to see more.

"I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!"

He is, in fact, an embodiment of the modern "passion for knowledge, for the exploration of its limitless fields, for the annexation of new kingdoms of science and thought." (Hales, Folia Literaria.) "How dull it is to pause!" How empty does life become, when there is no desire to progress. Satisfaction with one's efforts is a fatal thing, and no material progress can be achieved in such a frame of mind. Contentment cuts at the root of all progress, for this depends on a deep, unsatisfied craving. Old as Ulysses is, his spirit yearns "in desire to follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of human thought." Each man has his work to do, and though "Death closes all," yet "something ere the end, some work of noble note, may yet be done."

Ulysses is a man of action and stern purpose, which he pursues unflinchingly to the end.

"For my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew."

We have a work to do, and it is only when we recognise this great principle that we may be said to live. To breathe, to sleep, to eat, is not to live. There is a great ethical end, a purpose in life.

Such determination can alone make progress possible. The progress may be little, the progress may be much, but to desire to progress is the great thing. Here life is displayed in one aspect as the pursuit of an ideal, and that is knowledge.

Thus two lessons may be drawn from this poem: (1) we must strive after fresh knowledge; (2) it is only by having this desire for knowledge that practical progress is achieved.

GOLCONDA

AN OLD-TIME STORY.

By B. E. Macleod.

THE Professor of History did not interest me that morning. I had taken part in a Rectorial riot the night before, and was talking in disjointed whispers to Ingram, my left-hand neighbour, of our exploits. Occasionally a few sentences about the Union of Scotland and England reached me, but they conveyed no particular meaning. Suddenly Ingram touched my arm.

"Dost thou know that John Græme is to be executed to-day?" he said.

"What!" I answered, "have the Lords then determined to hang him!"

"Yes; I have it from my uncle. They have declared that an example must be made, and that Græme shall hang at twelve in the Grassmarket."

"By Heaven, this shall never be," I whispered, for his hand lay restrainingly upon my shoulder. "Have we not sworn to rescue him by force if need be!"

I looked round the room. The Professor was talking about verbs which, though passive in form, were active in meaning; the low ceiling came to within a foot of his head, and I remember wondering if I shouted, "Græme is to hang to-day!" if his head would strike the roof; the walls seemed dirtier and in worse disrepair than ever; the faint morning light coming through the small windows—two panes broken in one, three in another—made the gloom, ill-lit by two flaming candles, more miserable. Several men were asleep, one with his head in his gown—a ludicrous sight—and beside me, Ingram's face, white and set, gave back my own thoughts. My hand went to my rapier. The Professor plodded on.. The clock struck eight. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight. The sleeping man woke with a start at the sound, and, losing his balance, fell on the floor. The Professor gathered his notes together and walked out with dignity, the students standing. Then, before the rush for the door, I drew my rapier and shouted, "To me, scholars all." The well-known rallying cry arrested them. Fifty faces turned to me, and a silence fell upon the room. I raised my rapier aloft.

"John Græme hangs at twelve to-day," I said. A shudder ran through the room, then an ominous groan. But I still held my rapier aloft, and they listened. "We have sworn, if need be, to rescue him by force. The vow binds us all. Ingram, hold the door, and ye all listen. No man stirs from here till I give the word. Seton, go to the Grassmarket, learn what tidings ye can—the hour, the way they bring him from the Tolbooth, the guard—and hasten."

The long minutes dragged on as we waited Seton's return. If any man's heart turned faint the sight of Ingram with bare rapier by the door restored his courage. We talked in whispers of Græme, of his trial, of his crime. His crime! no crime were it to denounce that accursed Union and preach a fanatic resistance. His trial! a mockery. His death! nay, it should not be, we had sworn it.

As the day brightened I took count of my followers. Several fanatics, like Græme himself, extreme Presbyterians, and hating the talk of Union as they hated the Pope, I could depend on. Half a dozen, like myself, Highlanders sent to the capital to gain a little learning—dare-devils all—would stop at no obstacle. The others, some quiet scholarly youths of little use; some belonging to the town, good men in a fight; some again, little

known to their fellows, from outlandish parts, were more or less to be trusted.

The clock struck ten. On its stroke a hammering at the door and Seton appeared bonnetless and his gown awry. "They fear a rescue," he shouted, "and even now they lead him to the Grassmarket." A shout of anger, a waving of swords and rapiers and stout sticks. "Rescue! rescue! Lead us on, Macdonald." And still Ingram stood unmoved by the door with bare rapier. I raised my hand for silence. "Those who fear may go," I said; "those who fear not will follow me." Then only did Ingram stand aside, but no man moved.

With haste I marshalled the men seven abreast, four deep, the two rear ranks to spread out on either side when we attacked, the second to guard our rear. Then at the word we came with a rush, but with silence, into the street. Four minutes had passed since Seton's return, and we were hurrying towards the Grassmarket. The rabble had got wind of the execution, but they scattered before us as down the Candlemaker Row we rushed. At the foot we stopped. He had not yet passed, and here the crowd was dense. "To Mother Luckie's," I whispered, and in twos and threes we forced our way to the beershop. There we awaited his coming. Presently a murmur ran along the street, then we heard the tramp of feet, then the procession came in sight. A troop of horse led the way, behind them walked the City Guard, and in their midst the hangman and their prisoner. I whispered my instructions, the troop passed, then "Rescue, scholars all!" and with a rush and shout we were on the Guard. At the first onset they broke, and we well-nigh reached Græme; but they rallied, and sword rang on sword, and shouts and curses mingled in the din. Ingram by my side, we forced our way towards Græme; down went a guard, a halberd grazed my shoulder; Ingram reeled, blood spouted over my face, no breath for shouting now. Ha! a good blow! and we are by Græme's side. "To me, scholars all!" We cut the ropes

WITH A RUSH AND SHOUT WE WERE ON THE GUARD.

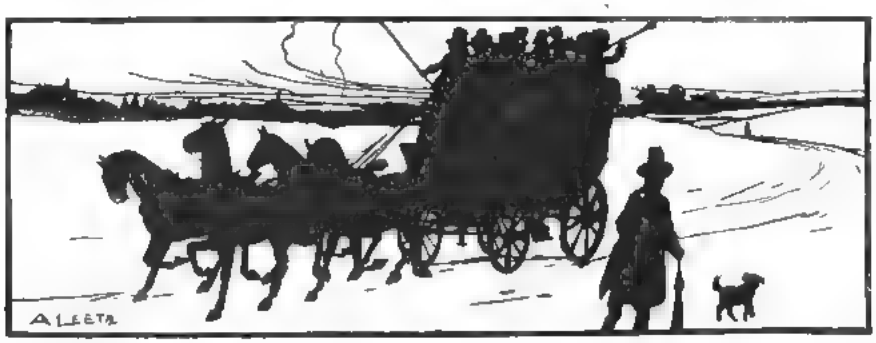
which bind him—a sound of horses' hoofs—Ingram is down, my point goes home, a stunning blow—darkness.

We had failed. I stood faint and dizzy on the outskirts of the crowd, powerless to help the man on the scaffold. By me were Ingram, scarce able to stand, and Seton, with an ugly cut on his face. The Guard, anxious for the safety of their prisoner, had left us where we fell, and Seton had chafed us back to life. Between us and the scaffold a silent, seething mass, and no hope for Græme. I hid my face. To see him die thus and we his comrades impotent! A groan arose from the crowd, and Seton touched my elbow. "It is over," he said. I raised my eyes and saw that which had been Græme swaying in the wind. A fierce desire for vengeance seized me. My rapier was broken. It was well; a claymore would suit the work in hand better. We ran quickly to Mother Luckie's. There many of our fellows had gathered, and the bitterness of failure and the horror of what they had witnessed was on every face. In a few brief words I addressed them. The Union was to be our cry. "We'll rouse the mob," I said.

It was wild work. The mob, sickened by the execution, responded readily to our call. Up the West Bow we went, Ingram, Seton, and I leading, and hard ado had the Guard to keep the hangman from our clutches. All that day and night we held the High Street. Queensbury himself we dragged from his couch and demanded reparation. We drove the Guard to their holes, and burnt the gallows to the ground. No supporter of the Union dared show his face. The rabble got out of hand. One of the judges' houses was sacked, and the windows of the others broken. Then the military were called out, and the High Street threatened to become a shambles. But at the sight of the muskets the coward rabble scattered; and we and half a dozen others were left alone. So, raging, we retreated, and vowed they should not take us. Nor did they. One scuffle we had on the street itself, and another at the head of Bell's Wynd. And then we returned to Mother Luckie's.

We were weary, and so slept soundly, though the pain of our wounds was at times great. We were awakened by Mother Luckie hammering at the door to warn us that the Guard and the military were without. Through a hole in the thatch I saw them, thirty in all, and my blood boiled within me. I turned to my fellows. "We must fight our way out, and then separate, or we are taken," I said, "and then—remember Græme." So we unbarred the door cautiously, and with a wild shout flung ourselves upon them. I went down, strove to rise, and fell again. Ingram and Seton stood over me; the rest had broken through and escaped. I raised myself slowly and got my back against the wall, a staunch friend on either side. On came the Guard. My strength came back—I was fighting my last fight. Seton fell with a groan and lay still. A blow from a halberd, only half turned, almost stunned me. A rush, a dozen waving swords, a groan from Ingram, and I was alone. "Fire!" shouted a voice. The report of a musket——

Ingram was lifting my notebook from the floor. The Professor of History was remarking, "And, gentlemen, it may interest you to know that then, as now, the students of the University took a prominent part in the riots, so much so indeed that the Principal was requested to keep his students under a strict control, and a Special Proclamation warning them of the pains and penalties attaching to rioting was issued."



Testing Shutters.

MORE than once lately we have been asked how to test a shutter, and have had to admit that there is no simple way by which the speed of a shutter can be determined. I recently came across the following paragraph in an American photographic paper:—"I had always," the writer remarks, "had a suspicion that the speeds marked on my shutter were not exactly correct, and I was somewhat unpleasantly surprised on testing mine. A silvered glass ball, attached to a black thread, the whole forming a seconds pendulum, was allowed to swing over a graduated arc and photographed. The actual time of exposure was found from the number of divisions covered by the pendulum during the exposure. The apparatus is simple and effective, as well as accurate. Below I give the result of the test:—

Speed Indicated.	5×4	Actual Speed. (½ plate).
½ second	—	·53
¼ "	·20	·22
1/25 "	·04	·02
1/100 "	·04	·02

From this it will be seen that while the ½ and 1-5th of a second may be relied upon as fairly correct, the shutter when set at the more rapid speeds does not work at anything like the speed indicated. It is my opinion that in general these shutters, although marked 1-100th, do not give much quicker exposures than 1-30th, or thereabouts. At all events, any one wishing to do careful work should test his shutter to make sure."

A Cheap Washer.

The metal print and negative washer of commerce is not always satisfactory, as the enamel soon wears off, causing the metal to rust, and rust should be avoided, as it attacks both plates and paper. We recently saw a description of a washer made out of an American lard bucket, which may be purchased for a few pence at any grocer's or provision merchant's. Clean thoroughly with soap and warm water. When dry, bore a fairly large hole near the bottom and drive into it, not too tightly, a square peg; this will permit water to run out very slowly; place the bucket under the tap and allow the water to run sufficiently to keep it full; the prints are placed loose in the water, and will be kept constantly on the move by the flow. Plates may be placed in a rack, and the hypo precipitated will pass out at the bottom.

Daylight Development.

Messrs. Wm. Butcher and Sons, of Camera House, St. Bride-street, London, E.C., introduced, some time ago, a solution called Coxin, the application of which renders a negative insensitive to light. Coxin is put up in a tin bottle and is orange-brown in colour, with which tint the film becomes stained when used. The Coxin is poured into a dish—preferably of ebonite, papier maché, or other non-reflecting substance—which should be turned away from the light. The dish should contain, at least, half-an-inch of solution. The exposed plate must be transferred from the dark slide or sheath to the dish containing Coxin, by means of a changing bag, and allowed to remain in the solution about two minutes, film side upwards; it may then be placed in the developing solution; any developer can be used, except those containing salts of iron. Development proceeds in the ordinary way, care being taken that no stray light falls upon the solution, and the plate must never be removed from the developer for inspection; development must be judged by looking on the surface of the plate, and not by transmitted light. When fully developed, the negative is fixed and washed in the usual way.

"Coxin" may be used over and over again. Messrs. Butcher and Son sell a special changing bag, with short sleeves, and a cover for fitting over the dish. Such a bag is an absolute necessity, and by its use success with "Coxin" is assured.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. Simpkins (Cheltenham).—(1) You will not be very successful in glazing self toning paper, as it is made with a Matt surface. You might try "Lustrene," which is used for giving a glazed surface to bromide and even platinotype paper (2) Write direct to the Paget Plate Company, Watford Herts.

Amy (Braughty Ferry).—Special colours are sold for colouring photographs. The best we know are Q. Q. Barnard and Sons' "Velvotint," which are sold as a colouring outfit, and cost about 6s Any good photographic dealer should be able to supply you. The Bertha Crystal Colours are good and quite transparent.

Carn (Newcastle).—There should be no unpleasant smell to your toning bath; it must be caused by some impurity in the water. If the distilled water has been kept in an open vessel, it may have become contaminated.

G. E. Beaumont (Oxford).—The photograph of "Blowing Stone" is very interesting; if possible, we will reproduce in an early issue.

Geo. S. B. Cushine (Liverpool).—Very good for a guinea camera: the makers are a reliable firm. The field of view, included in your photograph, is too extensive for so small a plate.

Harold V. Love (Southsea).—Your negatives are all underexposed; you should try and master exposure.

Murray (Cheltenham).—There are several hand cameras of the magazine type sold at one guinea. Send for catalogues to Geo. Houghton and Sons, Wm. Butcher and Sons, Hobbies, Limited, Gamage's. These firms all list guinea cameras, and their addresses will be found in the advertisement pages. **Inquisitis** (Longton).—The reply to "Murray" practically answers your query. If you want a film camera, write to Kodak, 43, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. **Nevis** (Chislehurst).—We strongly advise you to take a course in photography, and recommend either the Birkbeck Institution, the Polytechnic, Goldsmiths' Institute, or the Cripplegate Institution. If you could join the last-named, you would learn much by attending the photographic lectures given by that very capable teacher, Mr. John Gear, F.R.P.S.

H. C. B. (Oxford).—Thank you. It was a printer's error.

Harry B. Jones.—A capital letter.

E J. Crampton.—Sorry no space for your description of trick photography.

O. A. (Sheffield).—For useful medium-priced cameras we advise "Premo," "Autocrat," or "Wizard." These can all be used in the hand or on a stand; they are extensively advertised, and retailed by most photographic dealers.

Frank E. Buck (Acton).—If you are going to take up photography seriously, get a stand camera; you can use plates or cut films. "Kodoid" plates, as they are called, have many things to recommend them. They are little more expensive than glass plates, take up much less space, and are not so liable to be broken.

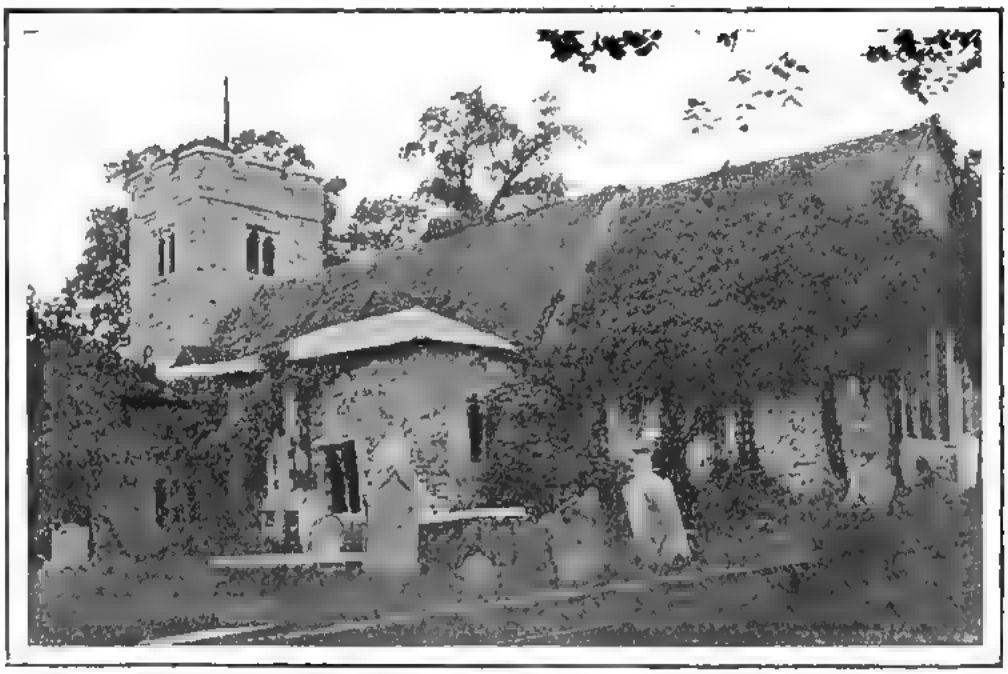
Edward L. Dickin (Reigate).—Use "Dekko" paper, and the developing powders recommended.

M. Richman.—You can print photographs on sensitised postcards, just as you would on paper. Photographic postcards can be obtained in P.O.P. bromide, or for gaslight printing. Any dealer will supply them.

P. Raggett (Blackpool).—If your magazine has only a small circulation, why not reproduce the print on bromide or gaslight paper? The price you name for a small half-tone block is about right.

F. P. K. (Sutton).—(1) Consult the booklet sent out with camera. (2) Turn the light down, or develop in a dark corner of the room. (3) No. (4) Use a 10 per cent. solution of bromide of potassium. (5) For "Dekko" paper use the developer advised by the makers. Amidol is an admirable developer for bromide paper.

C. G. W. (Southsea).—You will have either to make a light-tight case, or fix your camera into a window frame, blocking out all light—except that falling upon the negative. You will not find it an easy job to rig up a hand-camera for enlarging purposes, but it can be done.



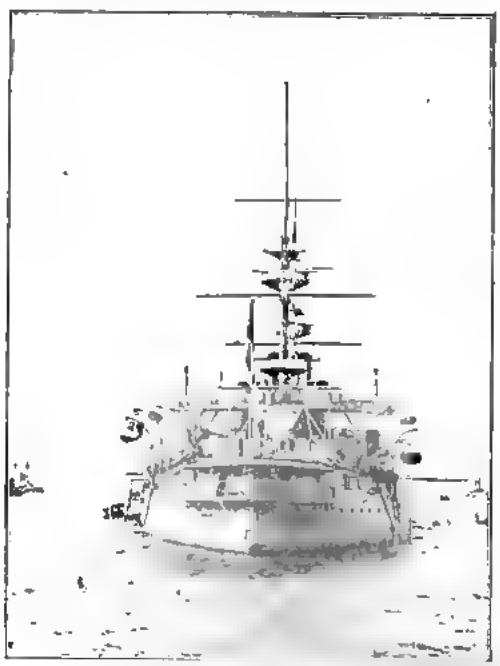
CHINGFORD OLD CHURCH.
Photo by Herbert Shaw

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to "C. E. H. P.," "Un Petit Belge," R. C. Tharp, and Cecil J. Allen. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address and at the same time to select a book.

Submarines in Modern Naval Warfare.

A MODERN naval war has, with the advent of the submarine boat, become practically an impossibility! How can a battleship possibly defend itself from, and much less attack, a submarine? It cannot be heard, it cannot be seen, and it cannot be detected in any way—at any rate, not at present! It creeps close up to the doomed battleship, discharges a torpedo, and before any one on board has the least idea of the proximity of the deadly submarine, the great ship is at the bottom!



H.M.S. MAJESTIC.
Snapshotted by O. L. Fisher, Senecale.

On the other hand, the efficiency and scope of the submarine is to a certain extent rather limited. Under the water it is very hard to distinguish objects beyond a certain distance from the boat, and as yet a "sub" cannot "steam" much more than eight or ten knots per hour.

As a means of destroying the mines defending an enemy's harbour, one would be invaluable, for it could easily cut the wires attached to the mines, thus rendering them useless.

There are, of course, many different types of submarines, one of which, invented by Mr. Simon Lake, runs along the bottom of the ocean on wheels like a carriage. This seems to have solved to a great extent the somewhat difficult problem of steering submarines. On this "ocean carriage" a small wheel at the stern is used to steer the boat just as a wheel is used to steer, say, a tricycle. In spite of the disadvantages attached to submarines, I think that they will prove to be the real fighting power of a fleet in the next great naval war.

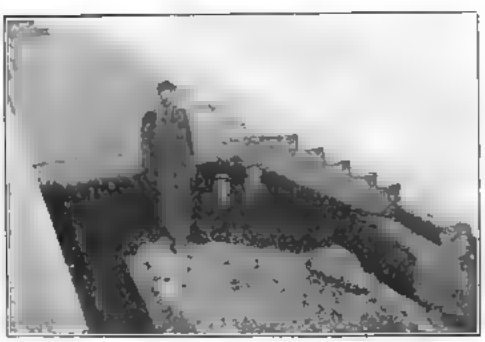
C. E. H. P.

The Trinidad Pitch Lake.

SIR CHARLES KINGSLEY, in his *At Last*, says that the Pitch Lake of Trinidad is not one of the "Wonders of the World," but just a curious phenomenon. True, it may not be anything wonderful, but where else in this wide world does such a supply of pitch exist? The Pitch Lake is not, as would be expected by its name, a lake of liquid pitch, but is just an inexhaustible supply of hard pitch, while here and there it is soft and bubbling. Perhaps the Pitch Lake has been called a "lake" on account of the numerous pools of water which accumulate in the holes caused by digging. The

whole of La Brea, where the lake is situated, is nothing but hard pitch, and the houses have to be built on high wooden pillars at a certain height from the ground. The reason for this is that, when the pitch sinks, if the pillars were brick they would surely crack. The Pitch Lake itself is owned by a certain company, while the remainder of the pitch at La Brea is private property. Some of the pitch is boiled, and put into barrels for exportation in sailing vessels, which have not the accommodation for taking the raw pitch. Most of the pitch from the lake is exported in the raw state by steamers. To any one who looked upon the Pitch Lake fifty

THIS PHOTO, WITH THE ONE BELOW, SHOWS WHAT DAMAGE CAN BE DONE TO A PARADE BY A ROUGH SEA.



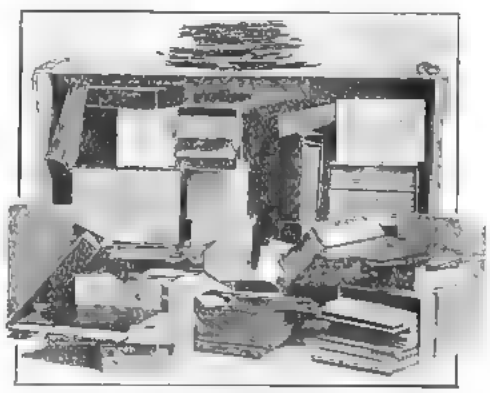
These two photos of Sandgate parade were photographed by Joe Sillibourne.

years ago, and who looks upon it to-day, it does not seem to have undergone the slightest change, although so many thousand tons of pitch have been dug from it. The following is the legend connected with the Pitch Lake:—When Trinidad was inhabited by the Indians, the Spaniards from the Spanish Main came over and massacred the largest tribe, which lived on the spot where the Pitch Lake is now situated. On this spot also was situated a forest, abounding in game, which the Spaniards no doubt wanted for their own. Some of the tribe who escaped swore vengeance, and said that the forest should sink beneath the earth. This, according to the legend, appears to have happened, and in the place of the forest the Pitch Lake rose. No matter how small Trinidad may be, it will always be considered as one of the leading West Indian Islands on account of its "Wonderful Pitch Lake."

FRANK NORRIS BRISELY.

Films versus Plates.

NEVER before, perhaps, have the combined results of so much human hardship and effort been concentrated into one single photograph as in the accompanying picture, which represents the total photographic negatives taken during the *Southern Cross* Antarctic Expedition, many of which are reproduced in that highly interesting account, "First on the Antarctic Continent," (George Newnes, Ltd.), and also the films exposed by



HERE WE HAVE THE 267 CELLULOID FILM NEGATIVES AND THE 488 GLASS PLATES

Mr. Harry De Windt whilst making his memorable journey from "Paris to New York Overland." The former collection, consisting of 488 glass plates, totalling a superficial area of 10,972 square inches, is piled inside and in front of the packing-case; while the whole of Mr. De Windt's collection, in all 267 celluloid roll-film negatives, the surface area of which amounts to 6,045 square inches, is contained in the small bundle on the top of the case!

A still greater consideration in favour of films for travelling photographers is that of weight. The plates, packed for safe transit, weighed 1 cwt., and the films done up for post were no heavier than twenty-nine ounces! After all allowances have been made for the difference in quantity and area, the disparity in weight and bulk is still very convincing, and even were

there as many films as plates, and the surface area equal, the films would still weigh under 3 lbs.

Mr. Harry De Windt's thrilling narrative will shortly be published by Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., in their popular series of travel books.

T. W. Prodger.

Cavete, Puelli!

Sultry night,
Room of lumber;
Persons six—
Four in slumber.

Water-jug,
Vague devices—
Men of Italy
Making ices.

Ingredients,
Doubtful medley—
Creamy mess,
Very deadly!

Italian "chefs"
Slumber wedding—
Stock-in-trade
'Neath the bedding.

Bacilli
Exploration;
Little boys—
Expectation.

Men-in-blue,
Vague suspicion;
Moonlight call—
Healthy mission.

Heavy fine—
Praise who caught 'em!
Little boys—
No *post mortem!*

R. C. Tharp.

"Causerie" on How to Learn Modern Languages.

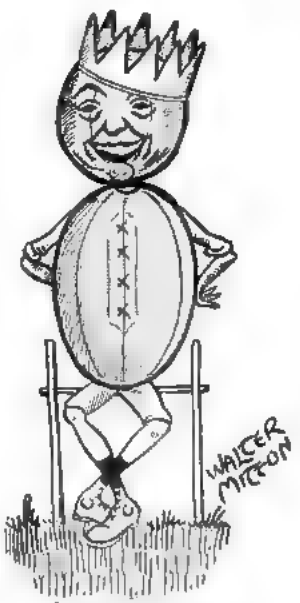
Par "Un Petit Belge."

IT is generally believed that Continental people are better able to acquire the knowledge of foreign languages than Englishmen.

Experience has indeed proved this statement to be true under the present conditions; Englishmen do not, as a rule, acquire foreign tongues as easily as we do, but I believe the cause does not lie in their inability to do so, but because they do not learn modern languages in the proper way.

In English primary and secondary schools many Englishmen teach French or German who cannot hold an easy conversation in those languages with any foreigner. These teachers know the grammatical rules as well as (if not better than) the average Frenchman or German does, but practical French or German is, and often remains, *lettre morte* to the average teacher.

I resided for some time at an English grammar school, where the teacher sent me into another room when about to give the French lesson! I came in after school, and sometimes found mistakes on the blackboard, but when I pointed them out to the boys they would hardly believe me! The teacher was a graduate, and I had "only" learnt French from my mother! Victor Hugo would have said:—*La vie et de ces ironies. . . .*



"I'VE HAD A REAL GOOD TIME, ANYWAY."
By Walter Mitton.

Englishmen always prefer talking their own language to a foreigner; they are afraid to "make fools of themselves," and rather wish *you* to be the fool (or to appear so).

It is just the contrary here; when some one starts learning a modern language, say English, he seeks every opportunity of speaking it either with Englishmen or with compatriots who know the language better.

Besides day and evening classes (mostly taught by Englishmen), we have debating societies where English alone is spoken. In Antwerp, our commercial metropolis, we have half-a-dozen of these clubs; the members are mostly Belgians, but if they can get an Englishman or American to join them, be sure they will not lose the opportunity. Even if no Englishman be present, the members learn a good deal from those who have resided in England, and also through the continual practice of the language.

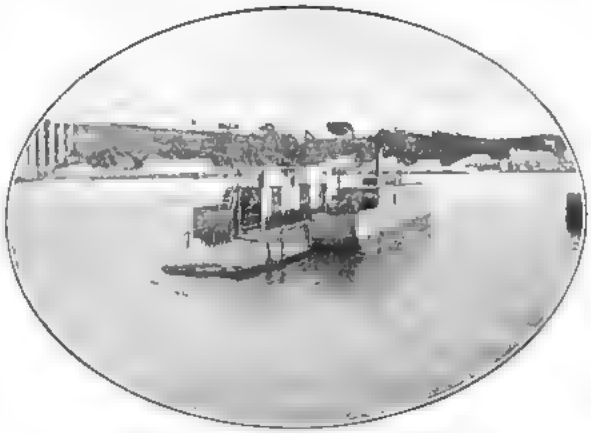
We do not bother much about learning grammatical rules, as is too much the case with Englishmen, but we try as much as possible to get a practical knowledge of the language; *afterwards* we take up a grammar written for Englishmen.

The O.F. will find some mistakes in this essay, but I believe it is fairly good for a foreigner, is it not? You will ask yourself, "How did he learn it?".. *Eh bien!* since six years there was not a day or I *read* a little English, not a week or I *wrote* a letter in English, and not a fortnight or I *spoke* English to some one

Later, in order to learn technical words, I studied mathematics, chemistry, &c., out of English books. Of course, I was in England, but only for six months altogether. They were very enjoyable months indeed, and I am glad to say that there is not a more amiable chum than the English schoolboy, and Froggy (*c'est le surnom de votre serviteur*) has made dear and lasting friendships in good old Britain.

Enfin, let me tell you, dear reader, that if you want to learn a foreign language, you must throw off your British shyness, practise your new language as much and *as soon as possible*, read, write, speak it, and think in it, and remember the saying:

"Labor omnia vincit."



THE QUAINT FERRY-BOAT AT SALTASH.
By L. D. Leonard, Plymouth.

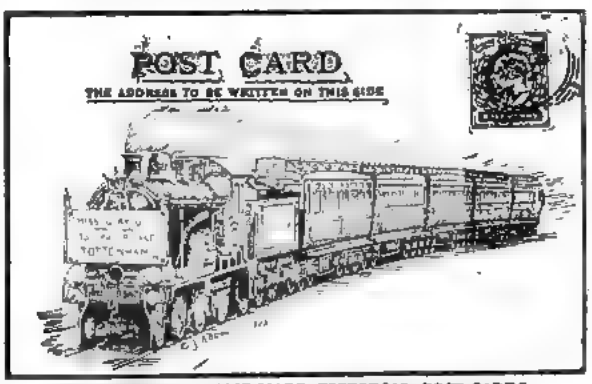
Instinct or Common Sense?

WHAT is instinct? If an animal does anything which we cannot understand, we remark loftily, "Oh, it is instinct." Now, I say that animals do *not* possess "instinct." What we call by that name is merely ordinary, everyday common sense.

When we go out, why do we always return to our own homes, and not to other people's? Common sense, you say. But when I ask why the birds always return to their own nests, the bees to their own hives, the ants to their own burrowings, you answer, "instinct!" I say "common sense!"

Everything in the animal kingdom is done with reason, just as we do things.

The swallows, for instance. At a certain time of the year they all meet together at a certain place to make their way to warmer countries. And people tell me that it is instinct. It is not. They arrange to meet, just as a party of emigrants do, simply by

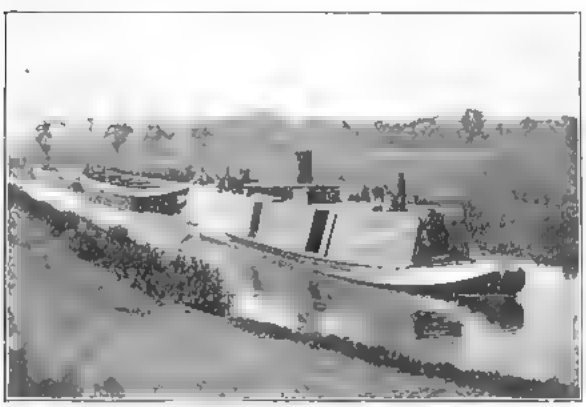


THE LATEST IN HOME-MADE PICTORIAL POST-CARDS.
Designed by Cecil J. Allen, Clapton.

using common sense. Then the bees. They go out every day, gather the honey, bring it to the hive, and seal it up in wax. In fact, they have their profession, and go to business just as we do.

And the ants. They have their kings and queens, their slaves, their wars. Did we send out our regiments to fight the Boers by instinct? No. We knew there was a war, therefore we shipped out our men to do battle for their race and country. Ditto the ants. They conduct their wars in exactly the same manner. Regiments, scouts, leaders, everything (barring guns, &c.), is a counterpart of the action of human beings.

It is true that many animals, particularly dogs, possess a mysterious power of understanding things, without a word



A CANAL TUG, THE "POWERFUL," AT NORTHOLT, TOWING SEVERAL BARGES.
By F. O. Rayner, Harrow.

being spoken. Like a dog I once knew, for instance. He would lie, to all appearance fast asleep, whilst his master ate his own dinner, but the instant a knife was picked up to cut him a morsel, he would jump up and wait for it. This may be instinct. Or, what is more likely, it is transmigration of thought; for I say, and I stick to it, that there is no such thing as instinct amongst animals, what we call by that name being *pure common sense*.

P. Dacre.

A Contrast.

[*By an Anglo-Indian.*]

Driven rain, a clump of pine,
Soughing wind that moans above,
Misty grey the country side—
This is England that we love!

Glorious sun, a cloudless sky,
Day-break flashing saffron dun;
Bloom and brightness everywhere,
That is India that we shun!

Eastward lies my native land—
"Eastward" does my spirit cry!
But in England still I stay,
Stay and must stay—ask you why?

Yes, my birthplace Eastward lies!
Yearningly I stretch my hand,
But *my* native country is
Not my nation's native land.

E. P. Watts.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

Last day for sending in, March 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, The Captain, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by March 18th.

The Results will be published in May.

Age Rule: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—**"Twelve Best Features."** — What, in your opinion, are the twelve best features in the volume of The Captain concluded with this Number? This competition will decide itself by vote, and to the sender of the most correct list in each Class we will award a New Columbia Graphophone. (See The Captain Prizes Page.)

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—**"Comic Sentence."**—Write, on a Captain post-card, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post free, a sentence composed of headings in this number, as, for instance, "*The Loafer* has come *Across the Wilderness* to see *How Wild Animals are Trained*." Prizes: Three of Messrs. G. Houghton and Son's No. 2 "Scout" Cameras.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"The Best Employment for a Wet Afternoon."**—Write an essay, not to exceed 400 words in length, describing how a wet afternoon can be most pleasantly employed. Prizes: Three of Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons' "Imperial Driver" Cricket Bats or Tennis Racquets.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"Drawing of a Clock."**—To the senders of the three best drawings of a clock, in pen, pencil, or colours, we will award three handsome Post-Card Albums.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—**"Photographic Competition."**—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. *Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others.* Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Benetfink's Cricket Bats or Tennis Racquets.

Class I.	...	Age limit. Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—**"The Poets and the Spring."**—Send the best poetical extract you know, dealing with "The Spring." Prizes: Three John Piggott Fishing Rods.

Class I.		Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Eighteen.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

My Dear John,—As your Uncle Charles is so busily engaged on the arduous editorial duties connected with his new magazine—which you will, of course, read most regularly, and tell everybody else to read, as it will cover every branch of outdoor sport, and employ the pens of the first experts in the country—I am writing a few lines in his stead. And I had better tell you before I go any further that your uncle will still continue to act as Athletic Mentor to CAPTAIN readers, and, month by month, deal out kindly and useful advice to correspondents all and sundry.

And now, John, you will be wanting to know about our new volume, which starts with the April number. Well, as you have always evinced a great interest in big ships, and the Navy generally, you will be glad to hear that there will commence next month a splendid serial entitled: "Sailors of the King: A Story of Modern Naval Warfare." This is by Mr. George Hawley, who had a good deal of maritime experience before he adopted the more peaceful vocation of writer and artist. He will illustrate the tale himself, and so you may be sure that, in both a literary and pictorial sense, his yarn will be correct and authoritative in every detail. With all these rumours of war in the air—with actual war in progress, for all I know, by the time this letter reaches you—"Sailors of the King" should prove of immense interest to all who wish to know how a sea-fight is conducted by a modern battleship. As for the other serial, well, I remember how you liked "J. O. Jones," and so it is probable that you will look forward to reading "The Duffer," by the same author. The central figure of the tale is a boy of sixteen, who, in the very first chapter—yes, yes! but you must wait for the April number to see what happens to him in the very first chapter!

VOLUME XI.

NEW SERIALS.

"SAILORS OF THE KING,"

BY

GEORGE HAWLEY.

"THE DUFFER,"

BY

R. S. WARREN BELL.

In addition to these serials, Mr. Franklin Welles Calkins will contribute a series of "Tales of the Far West"—first-rate yarns with good plots, by a man who knows his country and his people as thoroughly as you know your school-fellows. The first tale of the series is called "My Adventure with a Cougar," and I can assure you that, when you read it, your close-clipped locks will stand on end to such an extent that they will assume the semblance of a hair-brush! Mr. Fred Swainson, that virile writer of public school stories, will also be represented in our next volume by "Further Tales of Eliza's."

So now I must bring this lengthy epistle to an end. I enclose a little cheque, as you say you want to purchase a model locomotive "that really goes." Give my kindest regards to Mr. Melhuish, your house-master, and to Mrs. Melhuish, of whose hospitality, when I came to see you last term, I retain very pleasant memories. Your grandmamma and Aunt Peggy send their best love, and hope you will be able to spend a week of your Easter holidays with us.

I am, my dear John,
Ever your affectionate grandfather,
THE OLD FAG.

"The Blind Man." — In our January number, competitors were asked to say what a Man, who had been blind from birth, would regard with the greatest delight if sight were afforded him by means of a surgical operation. The majority of competitors seemed to agree that he would be most eager to scan the features of those near and dear to him—his mother, for instance, or the person who had been most kind to him during the long continuance of his affliction. One competitor says very aptly: "The view and the objects to be seen near him, of which he had heard so much, and formed such vague ideas." Another: "His own features, especially the eyes thus restored to their proper office." (This I regard as a most excellent reply.) Another: "The doctor who cured him, the light, and his father or mother." (That, too, is a very thoughtful reply.) Here are some other answers:

A first-class play.
The sunshine.
Colouring of surrounding scenery.
The sea.
The flowers.
His fellow creatures.
The trees dressed in green.
Nature.
His home.
His best friend.

I fancy—with the "majority" mentioned above—that the last-quoted reply about sums up the principal object the man would take most interest in gazing upon, for he would remember how helpless he had been, and how dependent on another to guide his steps, prepare his food, read to him, and tell him of the beautiful sights all about him, to hear of which would give him great pleasure, you may depend upon it . . . . A very interesting competition this, calling for a good deal of thought, and thought of the best and most sympathetic kind.

Vegetarianism: I quote below an interesting letter criticising the various statements of our meat-eating readers (January number). I do not wish this subject to take up too much space, but I am willing to afford room, in a future number, for an authoritative reply to Mr. Theobald's communication.

To the Editor, "THE CAPTAIN."

SIR,—As a vegetarian of fourteen years' standing, I was much interested in the opinions expressed on this subject by your readers. Some of the critics of vegetarianism have, however, made some glaring mis-statements, which I am sure you will permit me to correct. As space is limited, I must be very brief. "Ama Kef" says "it (meat) is necessary for the brain." This is absolutely untrue, as *every* element requisite for maintaining the entire human system in perfect health can be obtained from the vegetable kingdom alone. He also refers to the preposterous nonsense uttered by some so-called "authority," that in the majority of cases a vegetarian family becomes mad in the third generation! Our lunatic asylums are full to overflowing, it is true, but how many vegetarians will you find there?

Your correspondent, John Leigh Turner, says:—"The various cases in which a vegetarian diet has been found beneficial are not cases of general law, but merely instances of disease requiring special regimen, and the arguments urged against animal food from a hygienic standpoint apply only to its excessive use."

Both these statements are inaccurate. As regards the first, a vegetarian diet is physiologically the natural and best one for man, and this *is* a "general law." As to the second, the flesh of animals *cannot*, under *any* circumstances, be a wholesome food.

The argument of Mr. Maurice P. French that, if you kill a black beetle, you may as well kill a bullock, is somewhat irrelevant. In the first place, no one objects to destroying vermin or noxious animals when necessary; and, secondly, there is a vast difference between the capacity for feeling pain of the lower forms of creation and the higher animals used for food. Moreover, since it can be amply proved that life may be maintained *in full health* without animal flesh, *therefore* there is no moral justification for the constant butchery of myriads of highly sentient creatures.

Mr. French's further argument that because (certain) animals (arbitrarily selected by man) have (in some countries) been used as food, therefore they were intended by the Creator for this purpose, is likewise unsound. It is impossible for man to specify the precise use of every creature on this earth. A cannibal might as reasonably argue that, because he eats missionaries, therefore they were "intended by the Creator for that purpose."

Mr. H. E. Kennedy says:—"Meat is necessary to man. Man is naturally a flesh eating animal. He has the teeth required for such food." All three of these dogmatic assertions are *entirely untrue*, and in direct opposition to the views of the most eminent authorities on comparative anatomy.

Miss Maud M. Lyne says:—"To obtain the same amount of nourishment, a much greater quantity of vegetable than of meat is needed." If by "vegetable," green vegetables, such as cabbage, are meant, this would be true; but vegetarians do not live on green stuffs; their staple foods are cereals, nuts, and

fruits, with some pulses and other vegetables. A properly selected vegetarian dietary is no more bulky than the ordinary mixed fare. This lady further states that "the work of digestion should proceed as easily as possible, and this could not be done on a wholly vegetarian diet." Let me assure her that the latter assertion is entirely erroneous; indeed, quite the reverse is the case.

I am sorry that space forbids my giving more detailed reasons than I have done; but if any of your readers are really interested in this most important question of Food Reform, I for one should be most happy to hear further from them.—Yours truly,

BERTRAM G THEOBALD,
Hon. Sec., Northern Heights Vegetarian Society.

"Digging up the Road:"—The following lines (unsigned) appeared some little time ago in the *Liverpool Weekly Mercury*. I am quoting them in THE CAPTAIN because they exactly represent what is always happening in Fleet Street or the Strand. That some part of the Strand or Fleet Street should be perennially "up" seems inevitable.

THEY took a little gravel,
And they took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it
To lay a water main:
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again
To run a tramway cable
They took it up once more.
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone;
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the electric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;
There are patches everywhere.
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement;
A credit to the town;
They're always diggin' of it up
Or putting of it down.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

P. S. Wigney.—The writer of "Cycling as a Sport" was Mr. Charles H. Larrette, one of the first authorities on cycling in this country. His name was omitted by mistake, as his manuscript was signed right enough

A Lady writes:—"I have just been reading your February number, and notice you would like to be informed of the ages of your readers. You may be amused to find that a grandmother of seventy seven finds as much amusement in it as her grandchildren, to whom she passes it on, and she is now looking forward to the March number."—I need hardly say how pleased I am to receive this letter. I trust my correspondent may live for many years to enjoy her CAPTAIN, and to pass it on, not only to her grandchildren, but to her great-grandchildren as well.

R. H. B.—Our Legal Expert tells me that by 33 and 34 Vic., C. 57, S. 2, a "gun" for licence purposes includes an "air-gun." By S. 2 of the same Act no licence is required for persons using such guns *within the garden or curtilage* (which means a yard or field) of their houses. Your friend who was fined five shillings and sixpence, with costs, does not appear to have been in his "garden or curtilage"—hence the magistrate's decision. I was only half right in my reply to "Dubious." Thanks for pulling me up.

Hugh Morrison, of Glasgow, sends me rather a peculiar question. He wants to know if public-houses are open on Sunday afternoon in England, because a friend of his says they are not. Well, although it is not my practice to frequent public-houses on Sunday afternoon, I am, at any rate, able to inform Mr. Morrison that public-houses in this country are open from 12 to 3, so that the good people of the village or town may fetch their dinner beer, &c. They are then closed from 3 till 6, after which they are open just as they are on week-days.

1864 Pennies.—Several correspondents have written to tell me that the idea that pennies dated 1864 are of extra value has arisen from the fact that it was reported, after the 1864 pennies had been minted, that several bars of gold had been accidentally put in with the bronze. I have looked carefully through my pennies, and regret to say that I have not one of the date of 1864, although, curiously enough, I have three pennies dated 1862—with a hole through them. I have also got a George IV. half-crown, a shilling, and a sixpence, all with a hole through them, and because they have this hole in them I do not like to give them away or spend them. You may think me a foolish old fellow, but there you are!

The A. B. C. of Stamp Collecting.—This is a little shilling book, written by Fred J. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society of London, and described as "A Guide to the Instructive and Entertaining Study of the World's Postage Stamps." From what I can see of it, I think this is just the sort of book that our philatelic readers will be interested in. It seems really a very fine shilling's-worth, and is published by Messrs. Henry J. Drane, Salisbury-square, London, E.C.

Tonbridge wants to know why, when he asked me to "club" him some time ago, I did not state in THE CAPTAIN that I had done so. Well, simply because hundreds of fellows write and ask to be "clubbed," and we club them, and there is an end of it. I cannot fill up the space at the end of these Answers with long lists of such acknowledgments. The same correspondent also wishes to know whether a physician or surgeon who is not an M.D. can lay claim to the title of "doctor." No, he certainly cannot.

"E. S.," who hails from Walthamstow, doesn't

think much of the formation of CAPTAIN Clubs, because, says he: "I think your correspondents are wrong in their suggestions for forming clubs. If any boy is lonely—and I suppose there are many such—and wants companionship, why on earth does he not join the nearest volunteer regiment? In so doing he will not only make friends and acquaintances galore, but he will also be improving his own physique, and discharging a duty which every man, and especially every Englishman, owes to his country. I think that very few of the men who are not volunteers can have any idea of the way in which they are referred to in the canteen and the drill hall. "Shirking skunks" is the term most frequently used, but there are plenty of others, some of them far stronger. The excuses, so-called reasons, which young fellows give for not joining the citizen army, are many and varied, but only in a very few cases will they bear investigation. Because the War Office makes a lot of silly regulations, that is no reason for not joining. No; let the shirkers say what they like, the real reason why they do not join is laziness and nothing more. I hope you will excuse my plain speaking, but I think I am merely voicing the opinion of most volunteers—the willing horses who do the work while the shirkers stay by the fire all the evening, or join clubs which are both insipid and useless."—I hope this letter will result in a great many more fellows joining the volunteers. Of course, my correspondent will bear in mind that a great many youths are not physically strong enough to join the volunteers, or are occupied with pursuits which do not afford them sufficient time to join the Citizen Army. N.B.—The next time E. S. writes to me, I hope he will put a stamp on his letter, as I had to pay 2d. on this one.

"Present Mancunian" sends me a most ornate picture postcard, bearing the arms of Manchester Grammar School. "We have got a grand new Head," he writes, "in place of Mr. King, who went to Bedford. Our new Head, who was an assistant master at Rugby, and afterwards Head of University College School, is awfully decent, and makes the chaps buck up like anything at games. He cheers the School on in matches, and is a real brick if ever there was one."

Proposed "Captain" Club at Bexhill.—J. B. Fonblanque, "Oaklands," St. James's Road, Bexhill, writes as follows:—"I am sure your readers in Bexhill would eternally thank you if you would insert a paragraph asking some one in this district to organise a CAPTAIN Club, as I think I am too young and inexperienced to do so myself. There is not a single place of instruction or amusement where a fellow can pass a pleasant evening or so in the town; nor is there such a thing as a Technical School or a Free Library, the nearest institution of this sort being situated in Hastings, five miles from here. Of course, this is as yet only a small town, but when you see the advantages obtainable by boys in other towns, I see no reason why Bexhill should be backward in this respect."

"H. O. F." When "Tales of Eliza's" are published in book-form, an announcement of that fact will appear in THE CAPTAIN. That is all I can tell you at present.

"El Capitan."—(1) "Tales of Greyhouse appeared in Vols. II. and IV., "Acton's Feud" in Vol. III., "Smith's House" in Vol. V., and "Lower School Yarns" in Vol. VIII. Only Vols. VII. to X. are now obtainable, price 6s. 6d. each, post free. Vols. I. to VI. being out of print. (2) We receive heaps and heaps of "CAPTAIN Club Contributions," but I am only able to accept a limited number. The sort of contribution which has no chance of acceptance is the short story, for, of course, there is no room for anything of that length in the C.C.C. pages, while such short stories as I receive from C.C. members are generally too crude and badly written to be worth publishing in any other part of the magazine. We have enough literary CAPTAIN Club Contributions in hand to last us for a long time, so it is no use anybody sending anything except of the very best. What we receive least of are good poetry and good black and white sketches.

"Clericus" takes up the cudgels on behalf of factory girls, having seen a sketch in our Christmas number by "A. P." representing factory girls as being principally noticeable for their shawls and hats. "You will notice that in this sketch," says my correspondent, "the girls look of a downtrodden, poverty-stricken nature, and this picture will perhaps cause some of your readers to think that all factory girls are of a similar type. Living in a Lancashire factory town, and having worked in a factory office, I can safely say that such girls as are depicted in the drawing are the exception rather than the rule. Factory girls are the pride of factory towns, and although they wear hats and shawls on working days, on Sundays and Saturday afternoons and on their nights out, you will find them well-dressed in the latest of fashions. Factory girls are always ready to work in the house when they get home from the mill, and take a great interest in the management of household affairs. So you see that factory girls ought not to be snubbed, and I can assure you that they are sought after, and looked well after, by the young men in factory districts, because of the fact that they make good wives."—I am very pleased to read this letter from "Clericus," for I have a great respect for the honest, hard-working factory girl who takes a pride in dressing herself smartly, and in being as well forward with domestic work as she is with the work by which she earns her living. "Clericus" must remember, however, that there are all sorts and conditions of factory girls, and that he is probably acquainted with a very superior class in the district from which he hails, viz., Lancashire. At the same time I admire him for coming forward in this way and speaking up so gallantly for a very useful and very deserving class of our feminine community.

O. C. Adamson is a great admirer of Alexandre Dumas, and requires information about the sequence of his novels in the various sets which he wrote, with which I am afraid I cannot supply him. I must refer him to *The Academy* or to *T. P.'s Weekly*. Mr. Adamson would strongly recommend any CAPTAIN reader who has not read the following books to do so at the earliest moment, and in the order given:—"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," "Louise de la Vallière," "The Man in the Iron Mask," and "The Son of Porthos."

A Youthful Editor.—How are you to run your Form Magazine? Well, there's a question for an editor to ask! An editor should be chosen because he is a man of ideas. All I can tell you is that you should run it as a school magazine is run—on a minor scale, of course. Encourage every fellow with a taste for writing to contribute something, even if it be simply an account of an interesting country walk. Record the athletic doings of the fellows in the form, and give the results of the weekly or monthly examinations.

as these are always of interest. Salute newcomers, and say a friendly word of farewell to those who gain promotion to the next form. This is an outline programme. I leave you to fill in other features out of your own head

Mr. John E. Rankin, a pedestrian of great note, who breasted the tape fifth in the Lancashire v Rest of England Walk, writes as follows.—"Dear Old Fag,—I cannot get THE CAPTAIN until my sisters have finished with it. What am I to do?" In answer to this letter I can only say that as Mr Rankin is such a great walker he had better meet the postman down the road and walk away with his CAPTAIN. His sisters will not be able to catch him unless they employ bicycles or a motor-car. This would make a very interesting race, in which I hope the Misses Rankin will prove the victresses.

Sunnyface, A. G. Relton, G. R., Harold W. Wilkinson, and Many Others.—THE CAPTAIN Club has been formed with the object of enabling those readers who support THE CAPTAIN by purchasing it each month to consult our various Editors, a privilege not extended to those who only borrow the magazine. Our correspondence is so heavy, and we go to such expense in providing articles by men whose knowledge and experience make them fully competent to write about the special subjects with which they deal, that we consider it only fair that subscribers should have the preference.

X. Y. Z.—"J. O. Jones" is published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, Soho Square, London, W., price 3s. 6d. **B. Priestman and T. E. Jones.**—See Mr. Fry's reply to Fred. Fielder last month. **Laleham.**—We have not yet had an article on Clifton College. **Cecil G. Waudby.**—Clubbed Writing not too small. Competitors may send in more than one photograph. **"Balbus."**—C. C. Contributions are considered on their merits, and all have an equal chance. **Ericson.**—Send stamped, addressed envelope for reply. **Wilfred Gill and Many Others.**—We cannot undertake the responsibility of putting readers into communication with one another. **Didimus, Enquirer, H. W. R. M., and J. G. B.**—Send full name if you want to be Clubbed. **"Tynesider."**—Consult *The Gas World* for the books you want.

"Civil Service." I have made a note of what you write about. I endeavour to accept only what is entirely original, but of course I cannot read every other paper and magazine going, and I have to rely to a large extent on the honesty and good faith of my contributors. As regards your question about the Civil Service, I should say you had better write to Clark's Civil Service College, Chancery Lane, W.C., where you will obtain full information. I should also advise you to get a book called "How to Enter the Civil Service," by E. A. Carr, published by Grant Richards, 48, Leicester Square, W.C., price 2s. 6d.

H. K. B.—If you are organically sound, you will pass your medical examination for the Civil Service all right. Marks on the body such as you describe will not exclude you unless they indicate that you are suffering from some complaint which will incapacitate you from discharging your duties to the public in a satisfactory manner. Quite the simplest method of satisfying your doubts would be to consult a doctor.

"Scotland's Rights," "A Scotsman," "A Scotchman," "Scotland for Ever," and "Jack L.'s Brother," have all written somewhat strongly-worded letters on the subject of my reply to "Ecossais" in the January number, in which I said that, in writing "England," I often meant the word to include Scotland as well. In future, therefore, as I wish to be at peace with all Scotsmen, when I want to mention this country, speaking of the whole of it, I shall say "United Kingdom." This promise will, I trust, smooth the ruffled plumes of my Scottish readers.

"To the New Year." These lines, which I printed in my January "Editorial," and attributed to "A. L.," were written by C. V. H. F. Thompson, to whom I now tender apologies for my mistake.

Miss Dorothy Wheatley wishes to say that the joke headed "Witty Miss Wheatley" (C. C. C., January number), was not original. She was told it 'second hand" by a friend of the author's, and sent it in because she thought CAPTAIN readers would be interested in it. I think it is very straightforward of Miss Wheatley to make this explanation, which is quite satisfactory.

Official Representatives Appointed.—Walter C. Randolph Rose (Algiers), Walter G. Vann (Durham), N. Ouchterlony (Arbroath, N.B.).

"Christmas Cards." I have to acknowledge the receipt of very pretty and tasteful cards from .—' Clodhopper" (Australia), Colin A. Arrol, Jack L., "Porangi Potae" (New Zealand), L. Wilkinson, W. L. Taylor, Vincent Griffith, E. Lawrie (South Africa), Cyril H. Brown, "F. J. A.," Alfred H. Close, Roy Martinez (Jamaica), Elsie and Eva Corker, Florence Lee and Percy Cocker, "Old Tuds," George Charlton Anne, S. J. Gilbett, Alfred J. Judd, "F. A. J." (New York), "Mastiff," Fred Thompson, Tom Browne, R.I., John Hassall, R.I., W. J. Watt, "Joe the Second" (Natal), Harold Scholfield, Claud Rowson, and W. Moore, all of whom are warmly thanked for their kindly and seasonable thoughtfulness.

Letters, &c., have also been received from: Walter Rose, H. G. M'H., J. W. Chisholm (clubbed), E. J. Penny, "Ric" (a very interesting letter), P. W. Bennett, S. P. C. (hardly think joke quite good enough to print), and others whose communications will receive attention next month.

THE OLD FAG.

[*A number of Answers are held over.*]

Results of January Competitions.

No. I. "The Blind Man."

WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: W. F. Curtis, Hatch Cottage, Tilbury, Wilts.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John Brown, 13 Argyle street, Paisley; Ethel M. Parsons, Victoria-road, Oswestry, Shropshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. G. McHugh, H. Williams, J. W. Marshall, Joseph O. Young, Ernest Wheeler, A. D. Abbott, Egbert S. Roberts-n, Frances Whittingham, Grace Donne, R. Kelly, G. E. Grant, R. Kneese, H. Williams.

No. II.—"The Most Miserable Day I Ever Spent."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Maud M. Lyne, Rycote, St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to Percy Newman Young, 25 Stanthorpe road, Streatham, S.W.

Honourable Mention: Marian Hewitt, Harry Payne, W. H. Butts, N. C. Ouchterlony, David Harley, James J. Nevin, Osmund P. Abey, Alfred Judd, Alex. Scott.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Twenty.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: Shirley Wilson, Castle Holme, Castle road, Bedford.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: P. N. F. Young, Odell Rectory, Beds., Chas. Hardy, Lincrusta Villas, Sunbury Common.

Honourable Mention: Basil Howse, Frances Whittingham, George L. Clue, Victor D. Volta, Andrew B. Whitehill, Frank L. Johnson, W. R. Mackintosh, Wm. Bullough, James Seaton, Archibald Thornton, E. A. Drew.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: H. J. Simkin, 64 Gladstone street, Bedford.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts, Conrad H. Sayce, Sedcot School, Winscombe, Somerset.

Honourable Mention: Douglas Barton, W. H. Palethorpe, N. Cookes, J. A. Millholland, C. H. Bishop, Rosie Merton, Fred Lane, Dorothy Jacobs, C. L. G. Soper, Helen C. Sinclair Smith, Trelawny Greaves.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of Album: E. S. Maples, Hopton, Mirfield.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: W. G. Watt, 16 Albert-terrace, Aberdeen, N.B., Humphrey Foster, "The Woodlands," West Bromwich, Staffs., W. Paterson, 28 Comely Bank place, Edinburgh, Arthur G. Reid, 80 Union grove, Aberdeen, N.B.

Honourable Mention: M. C. Rhodes, Elsie Bobbett, C. B. Tidmarsh, Percival Oppermann, C. Crossley, C. J. Thompson, W. R. Grant, A. D. Pickard, G. Harris, Harold G. Brough, Winifred Wise, H. C. Hall, Margaret M. Small, J. Jefferson Farjeon, Reg. Watson, H. Richmond Hilton.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Eighteen.)

Winner of Album: John Gray, Greenfield Cottage, Alloway, N.B.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: John Harman Young, Balgowan, Dorking; James Richardson, 6 Thornton avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.; A. R. Courtenay, St. Peter's Vicarage, Tunbridge Wells; Walter J. Ahern, 130 Lewis-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

Honourable Mention: Percy Carlile, Andrew W. Dick, Louis Morris, J. K. Rooker, W. Cecil Perryman, Fred W. Thomas, R. Banks, C. D. Grover, Robert Williamson, Geo. H. Webber, C. A. W. Duffield, Geo. Oswin Henzell, Henry Ponsford, Alex. Hutchinson, M. V. Duncan, P. S. Brown, Chris. Pratt, E. R. Stileman, E. G. Woodsend, Bernard F. Manley, Stanley Milborn, Cecil W. Rockley, T. Chas. Thorpe, P. J. Marshall.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

Winner of Album: Marjorie Hervey, The Lowlands, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Edmund G. Gray, Greenfield Cottage, Alloway, N.B., A. Tyas Cooper, Chisworth Park road, Bolton, Robert Gardner, 41 Chorley New road, Bolton.

Honourable Mention: P. W. Owen, Harold Hillen, F. Marshall, F. Cusden, W. W. Anderson, W. R. Hutchinson, Harry Hartley, Claud Rowson, J. D. Calvert, O. G. Philby, O. H. Stocks, Arthur Mills (Ontario), H. J. Simkin.

No. IV.—"A Captain Character."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of "Sandow" Developer: Alfred Judd, South View, Summerland road, Barnstaple.

Honourable Mention: Harry Payne, W. L. Adams, Edith A. Court.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winner of "Sandow" Developer: Frank Haslam, 58 Highbury avenue, Bulwell, near Nottingham.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: H. C. Smith, 52 Windsor-road, The Brook, Liverpool; Leopold A. Field, Winton Grange, Knyveton-road, East Bournemouth.

Honourable Mention: F. T. Reeves, Percival Dacre, George L. Clue, Archibald Thornton, John A. Weber, Harold Schofield, Ingo S. Bell, W. F. Curtis, Phyllis Simon, James H. Skuse, Harry L. Davis, V. L. Manning.

CLASS III. (Age limit, Sixteen.)

Winner of "Sandow" Developer: E. M. Schindhelm, 4 Maley-avenue, W. Norwood.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Stephen Critten, 1 Livingstone-terrace, Franklin-road, Gillingham, Kent, Charles F. Hakanson, 65 Eldon street, South Shields, Durham.

Honourable Mention: F. Bennett, E. C. T. Clouston, Chas. L. Elger, H. Faull, Llewellyn Evans, Moreton Pearson, W. H. L. Gronow, H. P. Shoesmith, R. Horner.

No. V.—"Drawing of a Chair."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

Winners of Hunt-Finn's Hockey Sticks: Winifred D. Ereaut, Belleville St. Saviour's, Jersey; John Brown, 13 Argyle street, Paisley.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Joseph Johnston, 13 St. Peter-street, Dundee; Joseph Dowd, 11 Travis-place, Broomhall, Sheffield.

Honourable Mention: C. Crossley, Maude Parsons, Robert S. B. Wyld, E. Muriel Bennett, Mabel Dora Higgs, Constance H. Greaves, Madeline Clayton.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Eighteen.)

Winners of Hockey Sticks: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.; John Fitzpatrick, 25 Russell street, Falkirk.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Randolph L. Pawlby, 12 Maida Vale-terrace, Mutley, Plymouth; William Charles Boswell.

Honourable Mention: Ernest F. Pate, R. M. Robertson, E. Halliday, H. M. Williams, Edwin John Board, P. Ward, Archie Hamilton, Edgar Neil Boyel, C. G. Mackay, Edwin Cawthron, Clifford S. Maile, Kitty O. Barker, Alva Edison Shuttleworth, George Eldridge, Christian Kirkpatrick, C. F. Hodges, F. P. Newbould, Robert W. Johnston, Victor Grant.

CLASS III. (Age limit, Fourteen.)

Winners of Hockey Sticks: R. Goodman, 63 Claremont road, Bishopton, Bristol; A. Wells, Petermann-terrace, S.W.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Cissie Smith, 64 New-street, Altrincham, Kathleen Mary Daw, St. Mark's Vicarage, Dalston, N.E.

Honourable Mention: J. B. Mahony, B. Cuttriss, Irene Ross, Norman Cheshire, Ronald Ross, Philip A. Taylor, Gilbert S. Beer, Norman Mackellar, Leonard G. Boswell, H. J. Simkin.

No. VI.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit, Sixteen.)

Winners of "Gradidge" Footballs: Norman Lockhart, Aberfeldy, Dunstable, Ernest B. Davies, "Trelawne," Coniston road, Muswell Hill, N., W. S. Leeming, 69 Arbuthnot-road, New Cross, S.E., Frederick J. Davis, 78 Elgin avenue, Maida Vale, W.

Honourable Mention: Frank Pendry, W. E. Emerton, Henry Isaacs, R. C. Vogel, Preston Horan, Mark Tapply, T. Sankey, Arthur S. Beet, R. C. Andrade, A. Victor Pearce, E. W. Marchant, W. B. Thompson.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Twelve.)

Winners of "Gradidge" Footballs: Geoffrey P. Stanley Eastwood, Platt's lane, Hampstead, N.W., A. V. Smith, Cit Police Station, St. Albans, L. Hassell, 159 Grange Park road, Leyton, E., T. Lupton, Turnhill street, West Hartlepool.

Honourable Mention: Harold Gleave, Donald Ferguson, Edwin Cunningham, Harold Brine, L. E. Greening, Jennie Trotter, Jerome Brouwer, Thomas Wayper, Clifford Dunsdale, Doris Fairhead, Harry Reading, Robert Hunter.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer, a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE JANUARY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—See "The Old Fag."

No. II.—The "Miserable Days" were quite miserable enough, and I sincerely hope that our competitors will not see many more like them. It was curious to notice the number of cases in which the cup of misery had been filled to the brim by the effort of Jupiter Pluvius.

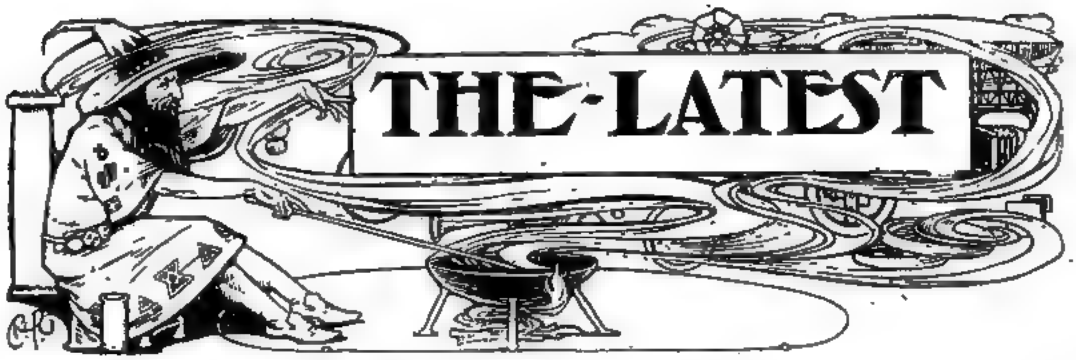
No. III.—Some excellent photographs were entered in each Class, and a selection will be published in due course. I must again point out to competitors the necessity of writing their names and addresses on the back of every photograph.

No. IV.—The characters chosen by the prize winners in each class were, respectively, "John Acton," "J. O. Jones," and "The Long Un." The last named character seems to have been the most popular, while "J. O. Jones" came in a very good second, followed by "John Acton," "James Wreston," "Koka," "A Cavalier Maid," and "Harper."

No. V.—The subject this month was perhaps rather difficult, but nevertheless some very creditable sketches in line and colour were submitted.

No. VI.—The handwriting did not reach the usual high standard of excellence this month, but this was probably owing to the fact that the age limits were reduced in each class.

The Competition Editor.



The Latest in Lifeboats.

A lifeboat that can be lowered into the angriest sea without danger of swamping or overturning, has recently made its appearance in the shape of Captain Dönvig's life-saving globe. Trials with this apparatus have taken place in the Cattegat, notorious for its squally weather. In the accompanying photograph it looks like a large ball floating in the sea, but in reality it is twenty feet in diameter, and inside there is room for about eighteen people. During extensive trials the life-saving globe so successfully established its stability and sea-worthiness that a steamer running between Sweden and this country has already been fitted with similar apparatus

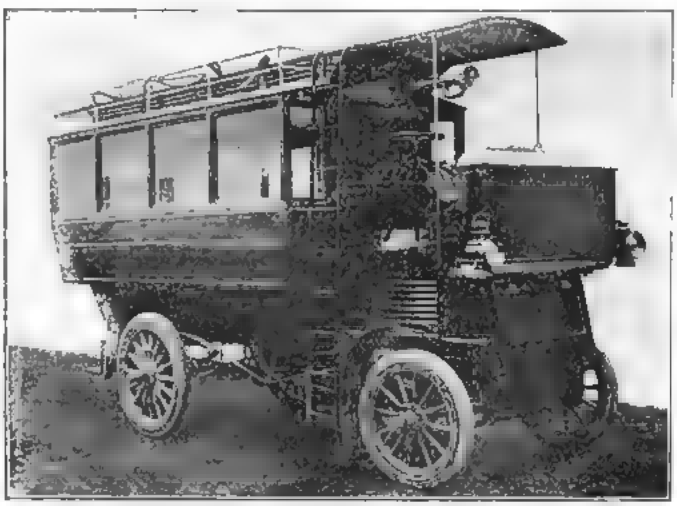
By permission of Messrs.] CAPTAIN DÖNVIG'S LIFE-SAVING GLOBE. [Johnsen and Jespersen.

Railways and Motor Cars.

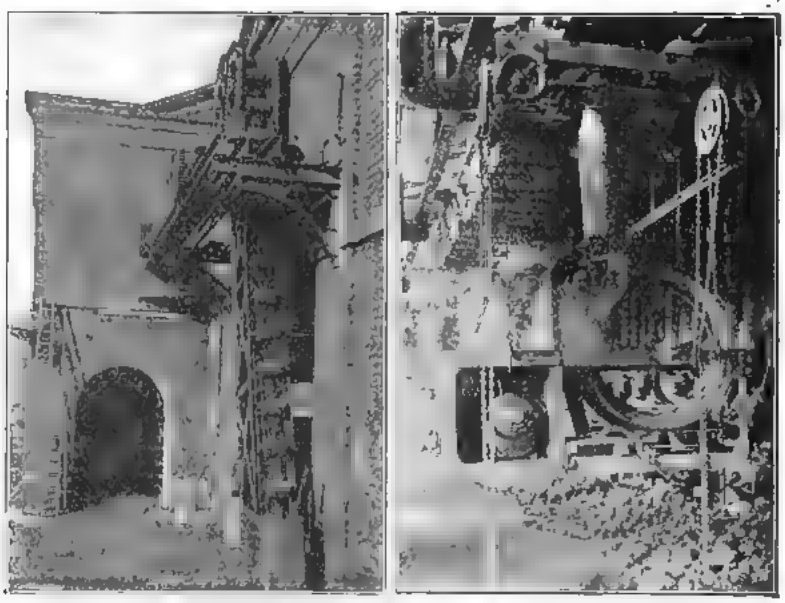
Last summer we illustrated a "rail motor car" on the London and South Western Railway, and now, by the courtesy of the North Eastern Railway Company, we are enabled to publish a photograph showing one of the recently built road motor cars, by which this enterprising line is bringing outlying villages into direct communication with the nearest railway stations. This innovation has been much appreciated.

The De Brouwer Coal Projector.

It has long been the wish of gas engineers



ONE OF THE NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY'S POWERFUL ROAD MOTOR CARS.

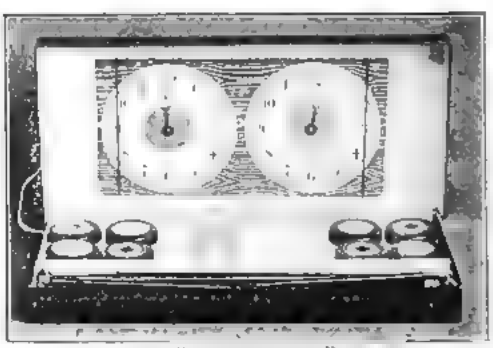


TWO VIEWS SHOWING THE DE BROUWER COAL PROJECTOR AS USED AT THE DERBY GASWORKS.

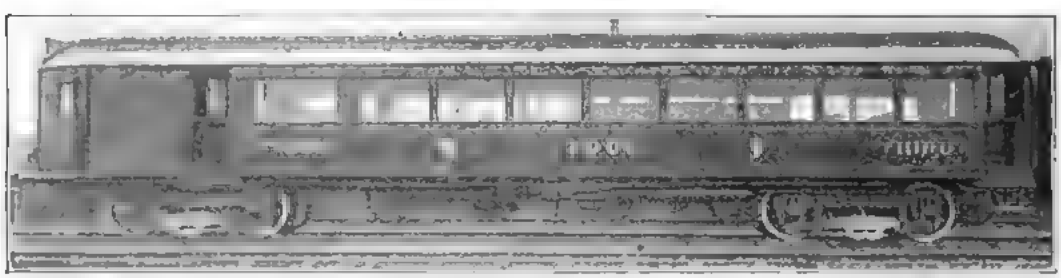
to obtain a machine for charging retorts which shall be at once simple in character and efficient, most of the existing machines of this description being both cumbersome and intricate. This want has now been supplied by M. De Brouwer, the engineer of the Bruges Gas Works, Holland. By means of the elevator shown in one of the accompanying photographs, the coal is lifted to the conveyor, which runs over the top of and feeds the overhead hoppers. Of these there is one in front of every retort, and each has a door at the bottom, which is released by a lever when the time arrives for a fresh charge. This method is much superior to hand charging, and the coal is laid on in a more even layer than is possible by the older method. Messrs. W. J. Jenkins and Co., Ltd., the well-known engineers of Retford, have the sole right of erecting these projectors in England.

The Latest in Games.

In these pages we have recently referred to several amusing new games. Their names sometimes have been curious, to say the least of it (the latest arrival is called "Chuck-chuck"), but that has not made them any less worthy of notice. "Chuck-chuck" is a table game that makes a winter's evening pass away all too quickly. It may be played by any number of players up to eight. We have also received yet another indoor cricket game. This one has the happy title of "Cricket on the Hearth," and its makers and sole patentees are Messrs. Proctor Bros., Call Lane, Leeds.



THE NEW "CHUCK-CHUCK" GAME.



This photograph shows one of the new electric trains which will soon be running between Liverpool and Southport on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. Just as the steam locomotive gradually replaced the old stage coach, so the former in its turn seems destined to be ousted from its present proud position by the "electrified" railway.

City Sale & Exchange

FOOTBALLS.

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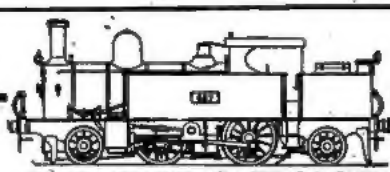

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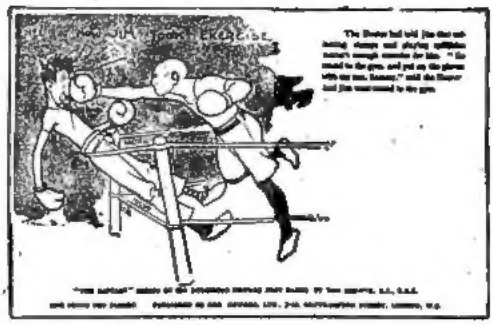

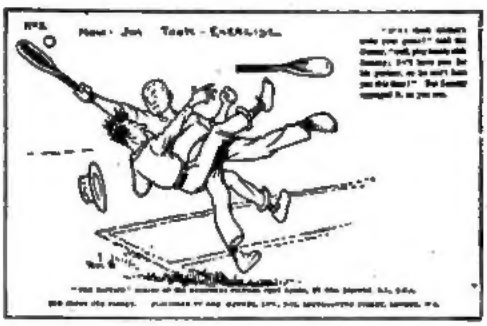

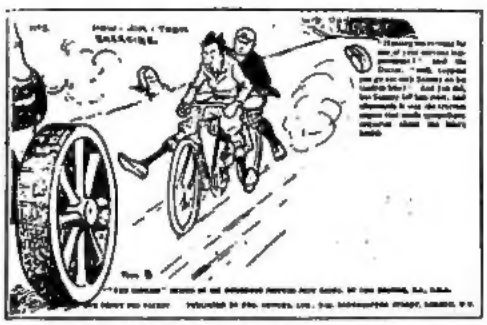

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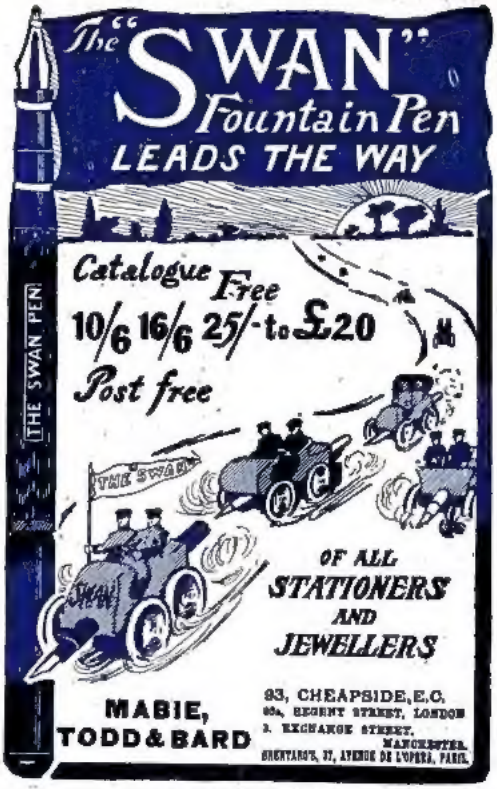

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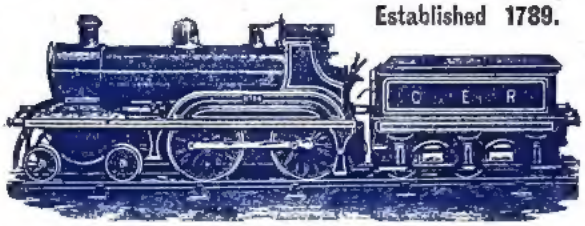

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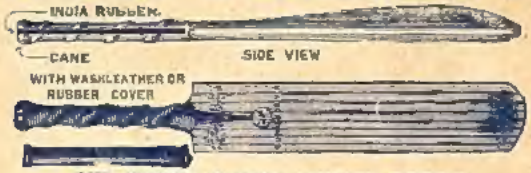

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